E BYSTANDER, Nov., 27, 1931

XMAS Nº Vol. CXII - Nº 1458

the BYSTANDER

christmas number

2/-

1931

PETERSFIELD.—A smart and useful fur felt hat. Suitable for town or country wear. *Colours:* Black, Navy and shades of Brown. - - - - - - - - - - **35/-**

SCOTTS Ltd., 1 Old Bond St., London, W.1.

Telephone: Regent 1408. *Telegrams: "Scotoma, London."*

Famous the world over and always acceptable

VAN HEUSEN

TRADE MARK

Semi - Stiff COLLARS

Obtainable from all high-class Outfitters throughout the world.

Retail Price in Gt. Britain. **1/3** each.

VAN HARDING SHIRTS 10/6. *with detachable cuffs, in 20 designs to match Van Heusen Collars.*

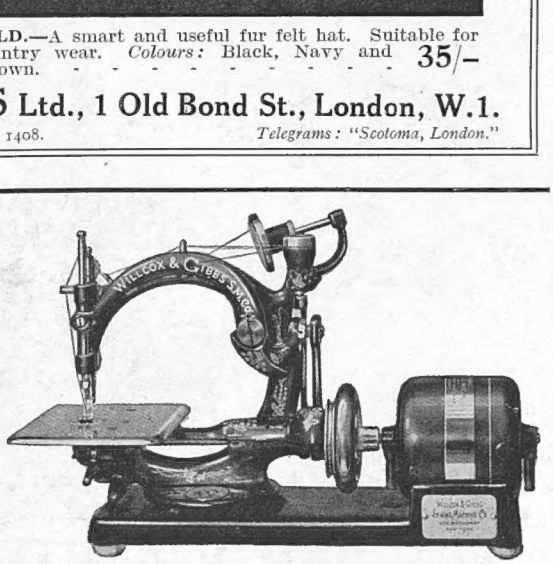
ENTIRELY BRITISH

Sole Manufacturers: HARDING, TILTON & HARTLEY, LTD., LONDON, S.W.1

REGISTERED TRADE MARK

Willing

Pre-eminent as the Standard of Excellence.



Electric, Hand, or Treadle.

WILLCOX & GIBBS

"AUTOMATIC"

SILENT SEWING MACHINE

Beyond comparison The Best for family use.

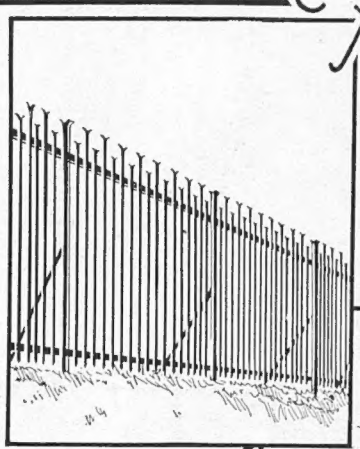
It is noiseless in operation and produces perfect sewing.
It is extremely light and is easily worked.
It is of high-grade manufacture and is very durable.
There are no bobbins to wind nor tension to adjust.
The "Automatic" is the machine which

MAKES SEWING A PLEASURE.

Send for illustrated price list, samples, and particulars of FREE TRIAL.

WILLCOX & GIBBS S. M. Co., Ltd.,
Dept. B. 20, Fore Street, London, E.C.2.
Branches or Agents in many towns.

For **IRON & STEEL FENCING**



FIELD FENCING ETC.

HAMMERED IRON GATES

& IRON GATES

BAYLISS, JONES & BAYLISS LTD

WOLVERHAMPTON & 139-141, CANNON ST LONDON E.C.4.

BEAUTIFUL ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE SENT FREE ON REQUEST

CHRISTMAS NO. TWO SHILLINGS.

the BYSTANDER

The Bystander, November 27, 1931. Vol. CXII. No. 1458a

BY BARRIBAL

"À TOI!"

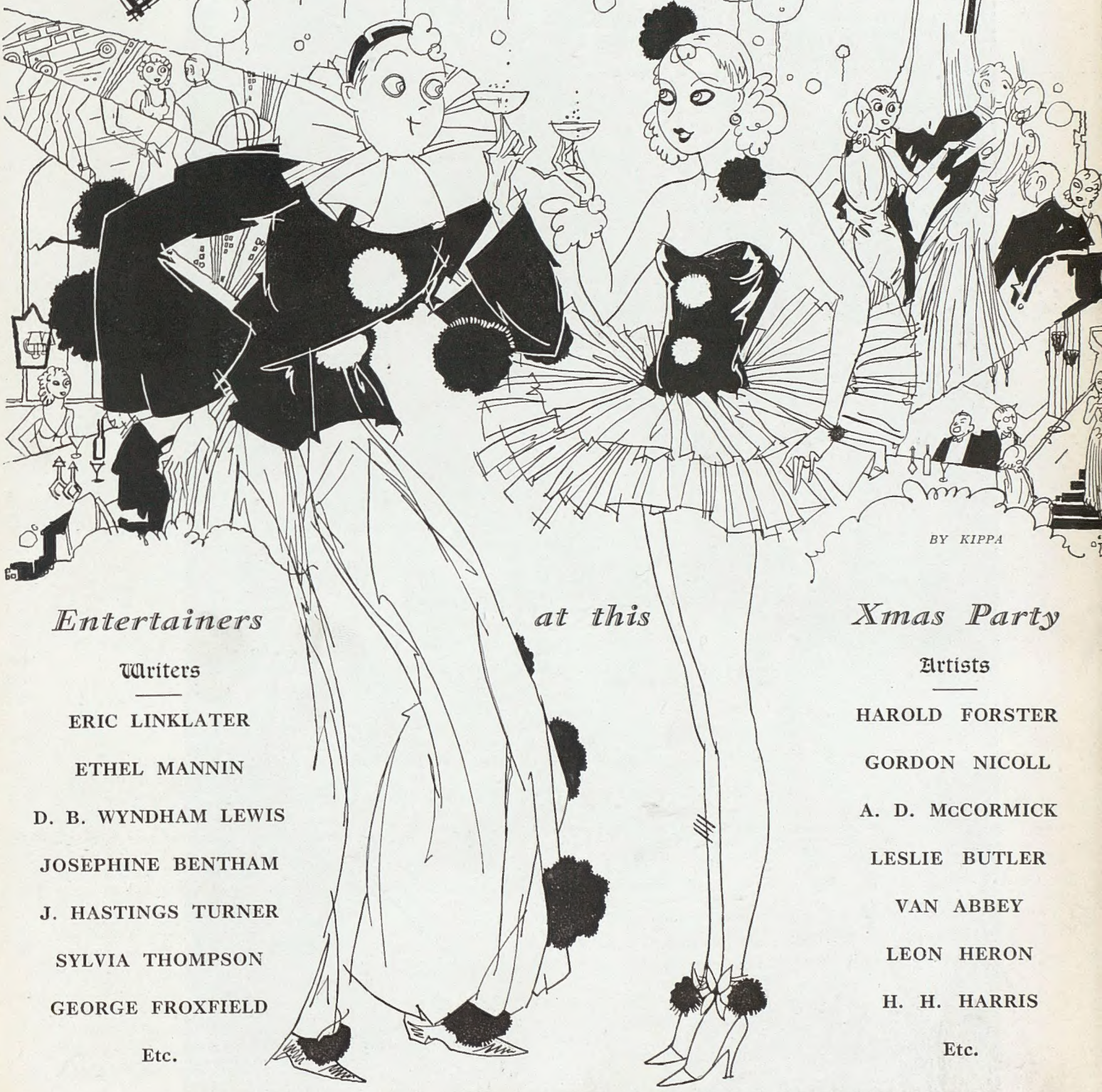
The best Christmas Pudding tastes better with Bird's Custard HOT. When cold and set, Bird's goes like clotted cream with Mince Pies and all Fruits.

BIRD'S CUSTARD

"Something to sing about."

28TH
VOL. CXII. • CHRISTMAS NUMBER • No. 1458. 1/-

BYSTANDER



BY KIPPA

Entertainers *at this* *Xmas Party*

Writers

ERIC LINKLATER

ETHEL MANNIN

D. B. WYNDHAM LEWIS

JOSEPHINE BENTHAM

J. HASTINGS TURNER

SYLVIA THOMPSON

GEORGE FROXFIELD

Etc.

Artists

HAROLD FORSTER

GORDON NICOLL

A. D. McCORMICK

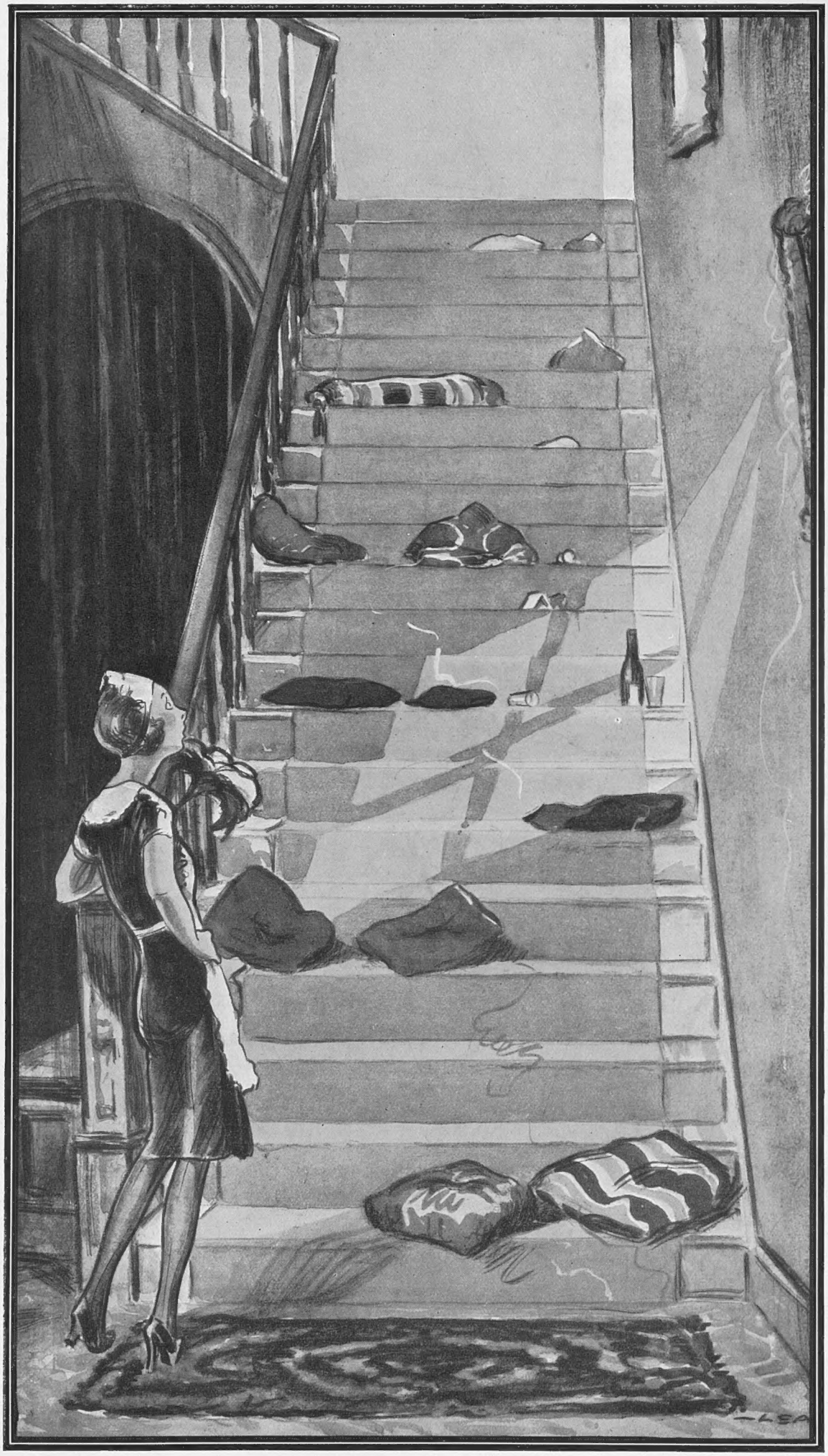
LESLIE BUTLER

VAN ABBEY

LEON HERON

H. H. HARRIS

Etc.



UN ROMAN DES ESCALIERS

BY FRANK LEA

REDUNDANT MIRACLE

BY

ERIC LINKLATER

Author of "Juan in America"

ILLUSTRATIONS BY
H. H. HARRIS

"Smoky Philip was on his knees before a small fire that he blew with patient regularity"

A CERTAIN philosopher, whom his neighbours called Smoky Philip for a reason that will appear, was reduced by circumstances to a state of dire poverty. He was nobly born, and in his youth had been rich enough. But the calamities to which men are always subject—pestilence, famine, civil war, foreign invasion, the treachery of relatives and the hostility of servants—had done much to destroy his property, and when in middle life he became addicted to philosophy the remainder of his fortune was speedily dissipated.

He had two handsome daughters of marriageable age to whom the future offered little but disappointment, as their father could find for neither the dowry necessary to procure a husband. For some time, indeed, he had found it difficult to provide them with food, even of the cheapest kind. They were intelligent and vivacious girls as any to be found in the neighbourhood, and the prospect of an unwedded and scantily nourished life did not please them. One, whose name was Beta, had red hair which she braided in two glowing pigtails reaching to her waist; the other, called Dowsabell, had raven-black tresses and a very white skin. Their mother was dead.

One day, when they had eaten nothing but a crust of brown bread and an onion, Beta said to Dowsabell: "It's high time for us to become sensible and look facts in the face. There is no money in the house, and despite our father's belief in alchemy, there is not the slightest possibility of there ever being any money—that is, unless we obtain it by our own endeavours. We are strong and not uncomely. So far as I can see there is only one thing for us to do if we would escape this life of poverty so extreme that the danger of starvation is never absent."

"Whatever we decide, the prospect is dreadful for girls so nobly born and delicately nurtured as ourselves," said Dowsabell, and sighed. Through the open door she could see a group of soldiers loitering. They were fine, upstanding fellows, laughing loudly at some joke, and the sun shone brightly on their partial armour. "Oh, a dreadful prospect!" said Dowsabell with another sigh.

Beta agreed with her, also looking at the soldiers. "But I am afraid it is necessary," she said. "We cannot live for ever on brown bread and onions—which, incidentally, I detest."

"That crust was the last in the house," said Dowsabell, "and there are very few onions left."

"We appear to have no choice," said Beta, moving so that she could follow with her eyes a sturdy and evidently prosperous merchant riding down the cobbled street on a little donkey.

"We have also our father to consider," Dowsabell pointed out. "He has had nothing to eat for several days, and after he has done so much for us it is clearly our duty to support him, if we can, in the helplessness of his age and philosophic habit of mind."

"You are quite right," said Beta. "Let us go and tell him not to worry about the future, for henceforth we shall look after him."

Smoky Philip was on his knees before a small fire that he blew with patient regularity. Every now and then a cloud of soot emerged and settled on his face and whiskers.

(All rights strictly reserved.)

As he spent many hours a day before the fire, and as he seldom remembered to wash, his whiskers, white in reality, had acquired a permanent dinginess, and his face was black as a collier's. Its lineaments, however, were still kindly, and his brow was extremely noble.

Out of a pot suspended on the fire came a smell, very disgusting, but readily accounted for by the contents of the vessel, which were eggshells, mutton-bones, old iron, frogspawn, brimstone, horsehair, valerian, dandelions, nightshade, and certain fluids which it is unnecessary to name. Smoky Philip continued to blow at his fire.

"Father," said Beta, "we have come to tell you of a decision we have made. There is, as you are aware, no money in the house——"

"In five hours and thirteen minutes," benignly interrupted the philosopher, "provided that I am successful in maintaining this fire at an equable temperature, there will be in that pot a substance out of which, by fermentation, putrefaction, congolation, calcination, and other processes, I shall presently produce the *magisterium*, and with that, making projection upon base metals, deliver to you an infinite quantity of pure gold. Do not disturb yourselves about our momentary embarrassment, for in a very little time—some five months or so—I shall control the riches of the whole world."

"We've heard that tale before," said Dowsabell with some impatience, "and we're still hungry. So are you, my dear father, however much you may endeavour to ignore the fact. And so, for your good as well as our own, we mean to sacrifice our delicacy, our good name, and our very selves. In a word, we propose to barter our virtue for bodily sustenance."

"Virtue!" exclaimed the philosopher. "Now what does virtue mean?"

"This is no time for academic discussion," said Beta coldly. "In case you did not understand the significance of what my sister told you, let me explain that we intend to seek the society of men."

"A womanly pleasure," said her father, blowing a cloud of ashes from the fire.

Angrily Dowsabell seized and shook his arm. "We are going to sell ourselves for bread!" she shouted.

"I shall be greatly obliged if you will also buy me some brass knobs, a packet of sulphur, and a bundle of good dry wood, all of which I require for my experiments," said the philosopher.

"There is no use in speaking to him," said Beta furiously. "He will never, never understand the sacrifice we are making for him! Come, Dowsabell, or it will be too late. The Count's archers are going on guard to-night."

They turned to the door, and were astonished to see, framed in that narrow entrance, the figure of a venerable man whose face, so far as they could discern its expression in a poor light, was not only noble but full of compassion. He wore a pilgrim's grey gown and a broad-brimmed hat made heavy by many saintly images. He carried a heavy staff, and from his shoulders depended a long chain of cockle-shells. His voice, when he spoke, had a clear, bell-like quality, and the air seemed to sparkle with the minute vibrations that it caused.

"I am weary," he said, "for I have journeyed far. I seek rest and comfort. Do I find them here, or must I travel to another door?"

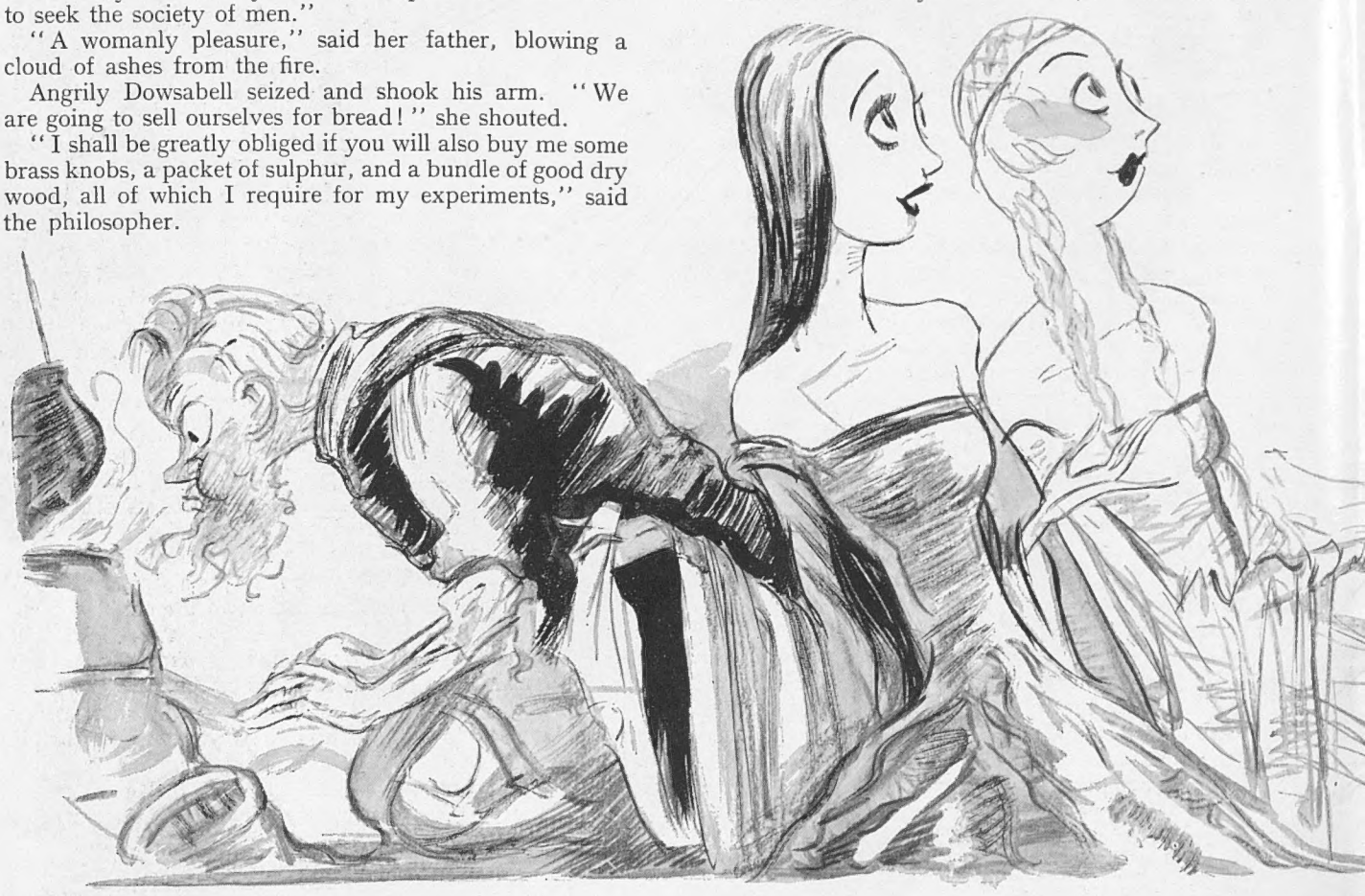
"If you like cold water you are welcome to it," said Beta, "but that is all we can offer you."

"A cup of water is my heart's desire," said the pilgrim, and seated himself upon a stool. In his hands the water changed colour, and many tiny bubbles broke to its surface. He drank it and appeared considerably refreshed.

"I could not help hearing, as I stood in the door, the end of your discussion," he said confidentially, "and I am not exaggerating when I say that I have rarely been so distressed and shocked in the course of all my travels, which I may say have been extensive. Is it really necessary that you should make a sacrifice so painful to consider and so abhorrent to yourselves? For the manner in which you spoke of it convinced me of the loathing with which you regard this awful step. Is it, I repeat, really necessary?"

"The alternative is starvation," said Beta, replaiting one of her splendid red pigtails.

"Starvation not only for ourselves, but for our father."



"They were astonished to see . . . the figure of a venerable man whose face, as far

added Dowsabell, polishing her nails with an old cloth.

"DEAR, dear," said the pilgrim. "Never have I heard anything so sad. Is your father deaf, may I ask?" For all this time the philosopher had continued to blow his fire and stir his evil-smelling pot without paying any attention to his visitor.

"No, I'm not deaf!" said Smoky Philip. "But it's waste of time talking to people, and this furnace needs all the breath I've got." He blew vigorously, and the fringe of his beard caught fire. He extinguished the little frizzle of flame between his blackened hands, and continued with some irritation: "I've told my daughters, time and time again, that if they will only have patience for a while I shall have more money than even they can spend, and I shall give them dowries big enough to buy counts or princes for their husbands. Meanwhile, of course, I admit that we suffer the embarrassment of comparative poverty, and so there's a lot to be said for their idea of going on the street. But if they consider it such a sacrifice, then surely they can endure our present discomfort for another month or two, or perhaps a little longer. Alchemy, as you know, is an exact science, and my search for the Philosopher's Stone is not only governed by reason, but assured of success provided that I remember the proper order of the thirty-seven different processes necessary for its perfection."

"Your toil is an impious one," said the pilgrim, "for you are endeavouring to upset the established order of creation. Metals as well as men should abide in that calling to which they were called."

"Nonsense!" said Smoky Philip. "Every single thing in the world is in a state of flux, and is constantly trying to improve its condition. Lead is only lead because it hasn't had time to become gold. But I'm going to remedy that with my *magisterium*."

"Lead is lead because it was ordained to be lead from the beginning," said the pilgrim.

"You might as well say that eggs were ordained to be eggs, and forbid the hen to sit on them," retorted the philosopher. "But hens are wiser than you, and know that eggs are chickens *in potentia*——."

Beta, who was growing weary of this discussion, plucked at her sister's sleeve, saying, "Come, Dowsabell, or we shall be late. The archers go on guard at sundown."

"Stop," said the pilgrim, and the air sparkled under the weight of his melodious voice as though a sunbeam were in the room. "Stop!" he said. "If there were money in the house to buy but one day's measure of bread, would not your sacrifice be averted?"

"Of course it would," said Dowsabell. "Nothing but dire necessity brought us even to contemplate this awful step."

"There isn't a penny in the house," added Beta. "Come, Dowsabell."

"Look carefully about you before you go," said the pilgrim in a kindly way.

As if by magic all eyes were turned to something that lay on the floor not far from his feet. It was a new penny, brightly shining.

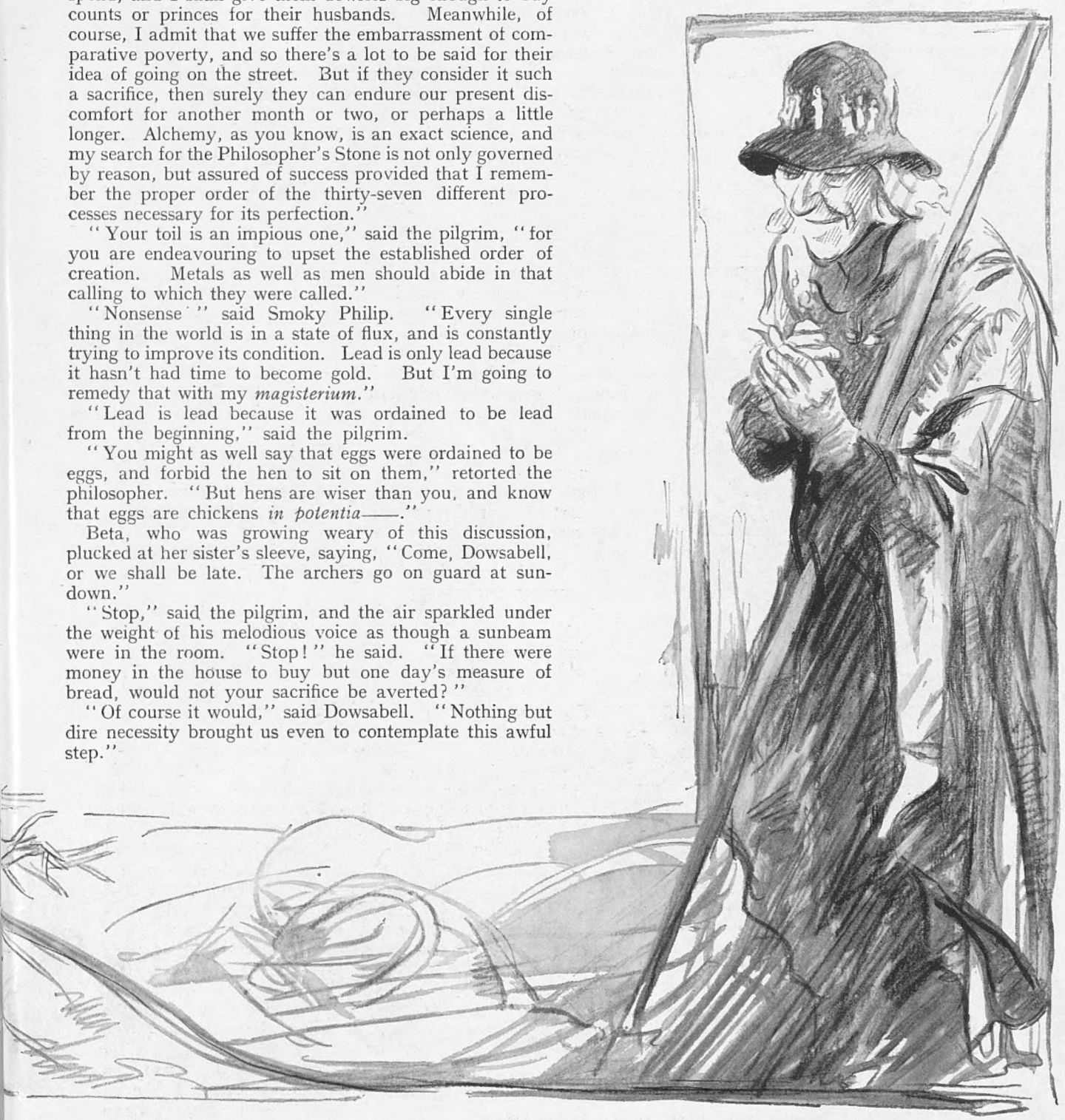
"Well!" said Beta.

"Well!" said Dowsabell.

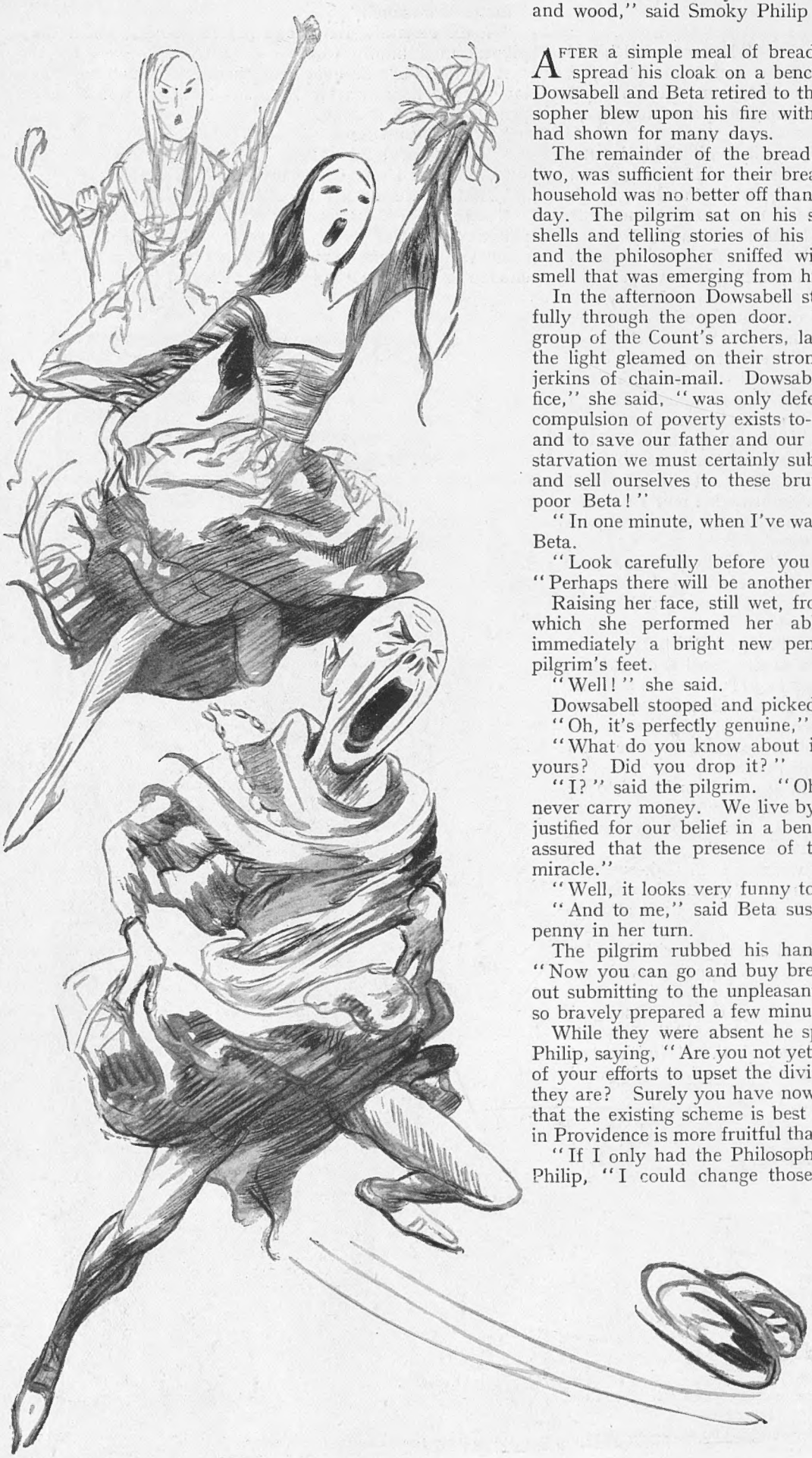
"And after I'd replaited my hair," said Beta.

"And I polished my nails," said Dowsabell.

"A miracle!" exclaimed the pilgrim with some complacency. "And now you are saved from that loathsome though heroic sacrifice, for a penny is more than enough to purchase a sufficiency of bread for us all."



they could discern its expression in a poor light, was not only noble but full of compassion"



"St. Polydore of Cappadocia howled with pain, picked up his skirts, and ran"

"Remember to buy me some brass knobs, sulphur, and wood," said Smoky Philip with his face to the fire.

After a simple meal of bread and onions the pilgrim spread his cloak on a bench and prepared to sleep; Dowsabell and Beta retired to their garret; and the philosopher blew upon his fire with more strength than he had shown for many days.

The remainder of the bread, with another onion or two, was sufficient for their breakfast, but after that the household was no better off than it had been the previous day. The pilgrim sat on his stool, rattling his cockle-shells and telling stories of his journey from Jerusalem, and the philosopher sniffed with great interest a new smell that was emerging from his pot.

In the afternoon Dowsabell stood up and looked wistfully through the open door. In the sunshine stood a group of the Count's archers, laughing at some jest, and the light gleamed on their strong brown faces and their jerkins of chain-mail. Dowsabell sighed. "Our sacrifice," she said, "was only deferred, I fear. The same compulsion of poverty exists to-day as existed yesterday, and to save our father and our guest from the torture of starvation we must certainly subjugate our finer feelings, and sell ourselves to these brutal men-at-arms. Come, poor Beta!"

"In one minute, when I've washed my face," answered Beta.

"Look carefully before you go," said the pilgrim. "Perhaps there will be another miracle."

Raising her face, still wet, from the small tin basin in which she performed her ablutions, Beta perceived immediately a bright new penny lying almost at the pilgrim's feet.

"Well!" she said.

Dowsabell stooped and picked it up.

"Oh, it's perfectly genuine," said the pilgrim.

"What do you know about it?" she asked. "Is it yours? Did you drop it?"

"I?" said the pilgrim. "Oh dear no! We pilgrims never carry money. We live by faith and are constantly justified for our belief in a beneficent Providence. Be assured that the presence of that penny constitutes a miracle."

"Well, it looks very funny to me," said Dowsabell.

"And to me," said Beta suspiciously, examining the penny in her turn.

The pilgrim rubbed his hands in a contented way. "Now you can go and buy bread for our supper without submitting to the unpleasantness for which you were so bravely prepared a few minutes ago," he said.

While they were absent he spoke seriously to Smoky Philip, saying, "Are you not yet convinced of the iniquity of your efforts to upset the divine discipline of things as they are? Surely you have now had conclusive evidence that the existing scheme is best for us all, and that faith in Providence is more fruitful than the impiety of works?"

"If I only had the Philosopher's Stone," said Smoky Philip, "I could change those pennies into gold, and then instead of bread and onions we might sup on quails and pig's feet and wine. I'm very fond of pig's feet."

The following day, and the day after that too, the miracle was repeated: just as Dowsabell and Beta were ready to go out and

(Continued on page 10)

BY FOUET

"*S'all right, constable, I'm only a tweeny, weeny little mushroom!*"

REDUNDANT MIRACLE (*continued from page 8*)

sacrifice themselves for the common good, a bright new penny appeared on the floor and made their immolation unnecessary. The pilgrim was delighted, but in the manner of Beta and Dowsabell there appeared a growing constraint.

Meanwhile the philosopher became more and more engrossed in his researches, and as the smell from his pot grew hourly richer and filthier he busied himself, in preparation for the next process of putrefaction, with the braying of horn in a mortar, the distillation of sour vinegar, and the blending of the contents of many small vials. He paid no heed to his daughters' recurring predicament, to the regular interposition of Providence, or to the entertainment of his guest. He was immersed in his art, and though the house consisted only of one room and a garret, Smoky Philip lived, as it were, alone.

On the fifth day of the pilgrim's visit, however, he was disturbed by a very loud and violent noise which, when he first became aware of it, appeared to emanate from some distant part of the town. It came gradually nearer, and finally, when Smoky Philip really gave his attention to it, was discovered to be the voices of Dowsabell, Beta, and the pilgrim mingled together in angry controversy. Inspecting them with more care, the philosopher perceived that his daughters were not only shouting at the pilgrim, but rudely buffeting, scratching, and slapping him; and had already torn out all his hair.

"What is the matter?" he asked.

"You blundering, smug, impertinent, officious nightmare of untimely piety!" shouted Dowsabell, paying no attention to her father's question.

"Snag, stopper, clog, lumbering obstruction! Beef-wit, wind in the pipes, bird-brain! Robber of a poor girl's honest independence!" yelled Beta.

And the pilgrim shrieked, now to one and now to the other, "I am a saint, I tell you, and I was only doing my duty! I am St. Polydore of Cappadocia, and I go over all the world performing kindly miracles."

"Miracles!" snorted Dowsabell. "Father, he planted those pennies himself! We caught him at it. He was hiding one in the floor when we came in, and he's got dozens more in a leather bag!"

"Dear me," said the philosopher.

"Oh, interference! fish-bone in a cat's throat!" said Dowsabell, and thrust the pilgrim to the door.

"You needless thing, you figseed in a rotten tooth!" added Beta, and, picking up the stool on which he was used to sit, hit the pilgrim very shrewdly between the shoulders.

St. Polydore of Cappadocia howled with pain, picked up his skirts, and ran.

Dowsabell and Beta, looking very handsome with their cheeks red and their eyes still sparkling, glared after him.

"Him and his penny miracles!" said Dowsabell.

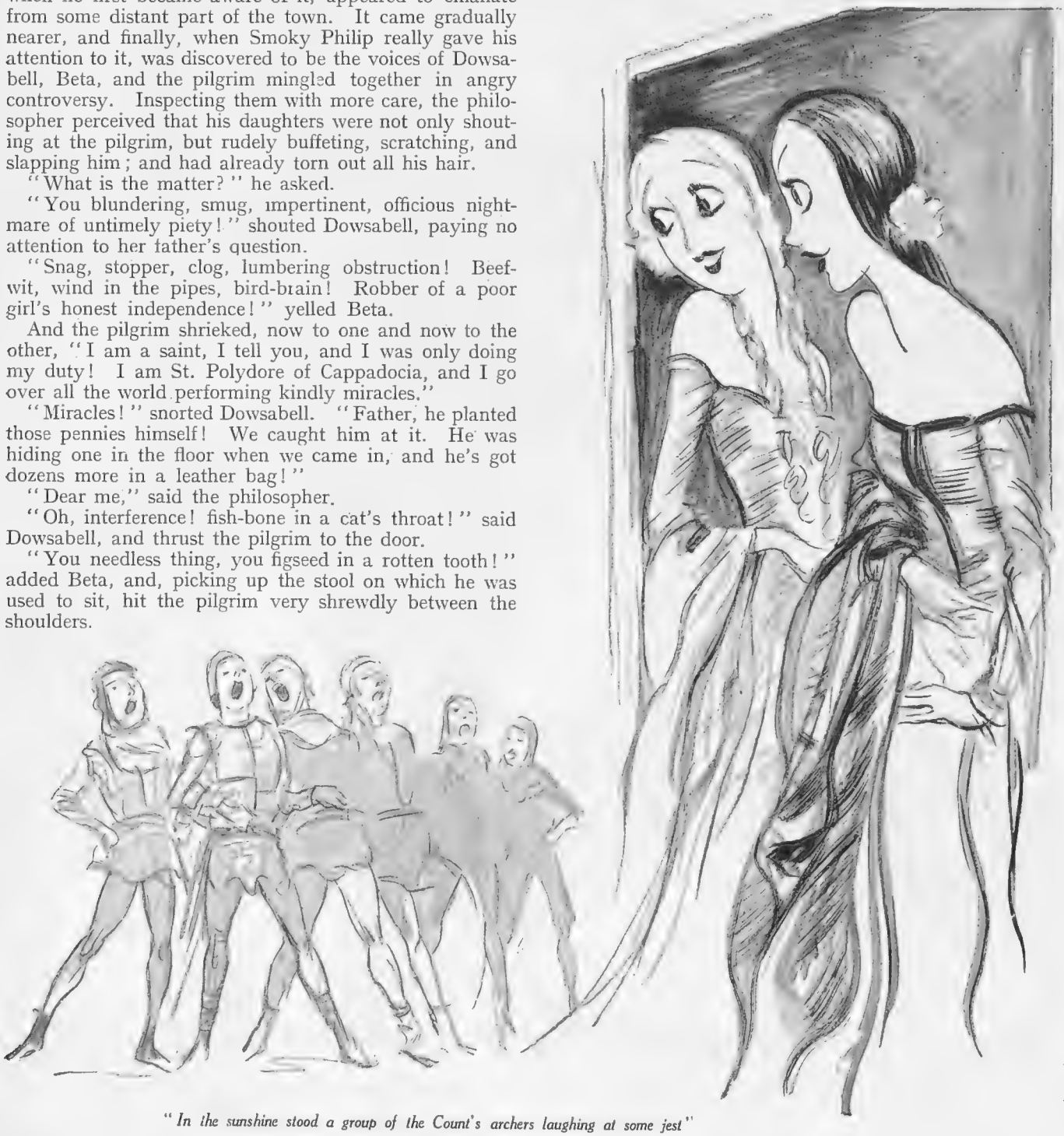
"Wasting our time like that, to no purpose at all!" said Beta.

Dowsabell coughed. "There was certainly no advantage in putting off the evil hour."

"That's what I meant," Beta explained. "Well, shall we go now? Is my hair all right?"

"Very attractive," said Dowsabell. "Do you like the new way in which I've done mine?"

"My children," said the philosopher, "will you remember to buy me some brass knobs, a packet of sulphur, and some nice dry wood? And don't you think we might have pig's feet for supper to-night? I'm so tired of bread and onions." E. L.



"In the sunshine stood a group of the Count's archers laughing at some jest"

BY JEFFRYES

"Which car are you using to-day, sir?"
"Order my yellow Torino-Splutz Sports model"
"Yes, sir, and shall I 'phone the tall blonde?—I think, perhaps, she would go best with the coachwork"

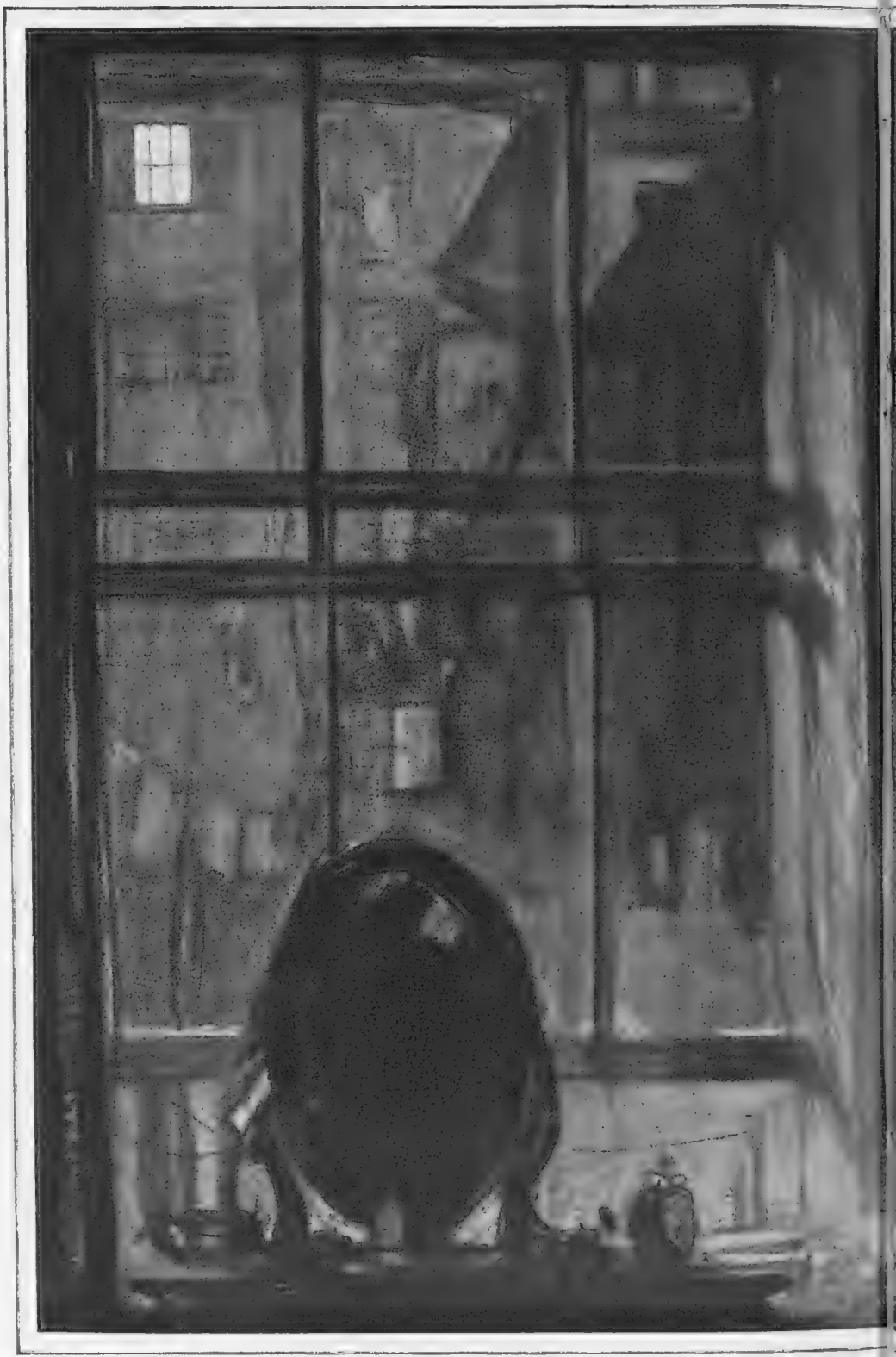
FRENCH FACADE

WHEN Arnold Ormsby's father died worth fifty thousand pounds, and left his only son a contemptuous — but to Arnold not contemptible—five thousand, young Arnold promptly threw up a good post in an insurance office and did what he had always promised himself he would do if he could ever afford it—went and lived in Paris. He had always been sceptic of those people who win fortunes in sweepstakes and competitions and go on living their lives as before. To Arnold Ormsby such conduct showed deplorable lack of imagination, and base ingratitude to a benevolent fate. Five thousand pounds wasn't a fortune, and Arnold did not imagine that it was, but it would bring in a safe five pounds a week, and he reasoned that five pounds a week which you didn't have to earn was preferable to ten pounds which you did. Besides, in Paris you could live on ten shillings a day if you knew how, and Arnold knew how.

So that when people asked him what he was going to do now that he had come into a little money, he replied with enthusiasm, "Nothing." It was another reason for going to live in Paris. It is the ideal city in which to do "nothing" with enjoyment. And if you have to starve, it is the best city to do that in, too. Not that Arnold was going to do that. He was going to live—for the first time in his life. For that, also, Paris is perfect.

ARNOLD'S father, being a self-made man, had always hoped that his son would work hard and make good, by which, being an Englishman, he meant make money. That is why, during his lifetime, he refused to give his son an allowance, but insisted on him earning his own living and making his own way. Arnold inclined to the Lawrencian view that earning life was more important than earning a living. That is why he hated the insurance office, in spite of its excellent prospects. His father had made a fortune out of insurance, but it had taken him thirty years to do it. Arnold thought that life was too short.

It was in this spirit that he invested his legacy in dull but safe stock, and went off to Paris, to a little hotel on the left bank of the Seine—which, of course, was the *right* bank for a "left-winger" such as himself—and prepared for a careless, carefree life in which he never rose before noon and never went to bed before dawn. Ever since he was eighteen, and he was then twenty-five, he had cherished as his idea of utmost heaven a life in which



"At nights, lying in bed with his curtains drawn back so that he could see the lights of the windows

by Ethel Mannin

one could sleep undisturbed until noon. It was, he had always contended, the only decent, civilised hour at which to rise. He thought with voluptuous delight of the long "lie-in" he would have every morning to make up for all those years of early risings when he had been tied to an office. He took his alarm-clock with him, set for seven in the morning, in anticipation of the joy of hearing the beastly thing ring itself out unheeded. . . . *Every* morning should be "Sunday morning" now!

"across the well, he would watch the blank patch or the square of light which was her room"

IN the little hotel which made up for its dinginess by its historic and literary associations and its flavour of the eighteen-nineties, Arnold — on the promise of an indefinite stay if he were made comfortable—was given the best room, and the very bed in which an eminent man of letters had died. It was a large room with pink striped walls and red carpet and curtains. It had a little room opening out of it and overlooking a walled-in garden in which cats amused themselves, and a few privet bushes, a tired lilac tree, an old fig tree, and some potted aspidistras did their best with such little sunlight as managed to give them its encouragement. The fig tree reached up to the window, and across the garden a façade of windows and balconies and shutters, and a persistent smell of mingled drains, coffee, and garlic, said, insistently, "Paris." The big room looked out on to a white glazed well. Arnold thought it all perfectly splendid. With the big room and its annexe he had quite a "suite." He thought that in the little room he might do a little leisurely writing when—if ever—he became bored with doing nothing, or to augment his income when he might need a little extra cash. Working when you haven't got to, he thought, was a very different thing from working of necessity. He had never done any writing, to be sure, but it was obviously very easy—you had only to look at the stuff which got published to be reassured of that. But for a long time he wouldn't write anything—except a few postcards. Letters were too much associated with office life and routine, and "the past."

WITH this happy philosophy and self-assurance, therefore, Arnold went to bed in the pink and red room on his first night of Paris and freedom, to sleep till noon of the next day. Even the fact that his alarm-clock had not survived the journey could not spoil his pleasure in the thought—it was something to know that he hadn't to get the wretched thing repaired. He put his watch under the pillow, to be looked at when he was ready to look at it, and not before. Theoretically, there was nothing to prevent him sleeping the whole of the next day if he felt like it.

Actually, he wakened earlier than he had ever wakened in his alarm-clock and insurance-office days. He wakened at the unearthly hour of six o'cock. Or, rather, was wakened at six.

At first he thought the alarm clock had recovered in the night and gone

ALL RIGHTS STRICTLY RESERVED

"When the door was opened by a pale young woman with thin eyebrows, scarlet lips and waved golden hair, he felt that he had made a faux pas"

off after all, and he lay defiantly, listening. Gradually he realised that it was no clock which had wakened him, but someone beating a mat from a window across the well. Bang. Bang. Bang. Bang-bang. Bang-bang. Bang. Then again, steadily, relentlessly, Bang. Bang. Bang.

ARNOLD turned over and dived under the clothes, pulling the sheets up round his ears to shut out the sound. Let the whole of Paris beat its mat at that ridiculously early hour; he was determined to sleep.

But he was thoroughly awakened, and by seven-thirty, through sheer force of habit, being awake, he began to want his breakfast. By eight-thirty he was out in the streets, just as if he had to go to an office. He resented the fact deeply. Not that it wasn't a beautiful cold, clear morning smelling of coffee and Paris. Not that it wasn't something to be strolling aimlessly with the office-bound crowds hurrying by. But it wasn't what he had planned, what he had promised himself, and he resented having his plans upset just because some absurd person had to beat mats at six o'clock in the morning. He wondered if the creature rose at that hour and started banging away at mats like that *every* morning. . . .

ILLUSTRATED BY
FRANK OLDHAM

The creature did. Every morning. Regular as an alarm clock the banging began at six o'clock. Arnold stood it for a week, and then decided to complain. It was true he might change his room, have one at the front of the hotel, looking on to the narrow little street. But that would be noisier than ever, he reflected, with carts clattering by over the cobbles as soon as it was light. Besides, he liked this room in which the man of genius had died. If he gave up this room he would have to sacrifice the little room looking out on to the garden; there would be no fig tree outside his window. He might go to another hotel—but he liked this one; it was where he had always thought he would live if he ever had the luck to be able to live in Paris. It was absurd to allow his plans to be spoilt by an inconsiderate creature who could not defer banging its ridiculous mats until a more civilised hour. He determined to go and see the offende, and explain.

THE morning after he had come to this decision he leapt out of bed at the first bang and went to the window. He could not see the mat-beater very well, as he was on the first floor, and the mat-beating was going on across the well on the sixth floor. He saw a figure in what looked like a dirty dressing-gown and a mob-cap. Just a silly old French housewife who got up early because she couldn't sleep, he supposed, or was over-zealous in her housewifery. Most certainly he would call upon her, and, "Madame," he would say, in his quite good French, "the so early beating of the mats of your ménage it me disturbs, permit me to explain . . ." Then he would explain, with a good many Madames and Pardons, and Madame would smile—or he hoped she would—and they would part the best of friends, and she would in future not beat her beastly mats until eleven o'clock at the earliest. . . . The French were a charming race, not stubborn like the English; she would not bridle like an English housewife; she would be desolated that monsieur had been disturbed; they might even go off together and have a vermouth to consolidate their friendship . . . being an old woman, too, she might be expected to be all the more susceptible to his charming smile and courteous manners. . . . He was even prepared to kiss her garlic-smelling, work-grimed old hands, if need be, to secure his end. . . .

So, all in the morning early, young Ormsby set out for the sixth floor of the building across the well. He did not know exactly how he would find the right apartment, but there was only one early morning mat-beater.

He knocked at the door of the apartment he thought the most likely, and

(Continued on page 16)

BY LINDSAY CABLE

"I haven't seen Sylvia for ages. What is she doing nowadays?"
"Oh, just resting on her morals!"

FRENCH FAÇADE (*continued from page 14*)

arranged his face along pleasant lines. When the door was opened by a pale young woman with thin eyebrows, scarlet lips, and waved golden hair, he felt that he had made a faux-pas. However, he had to explain himself. He explained that he was living in the hotel opposite, and wished to speak with the lady who was accustomed to beating her mats out of the back window early in the morning. "But she is an old lady," he said, "and I fear I have made a mistake."

The young woman stared at him, and then said slowly, in English, without a trace of French accent, "We *do* beat our mats early, so I expect it *is* us you mean. I am sorry if it disturbs you—but my mother—rises early."

She was, Arnold thought, a remarkably beautiful young woman. Now if it had been *she* who broke the dawn with mat-beating. . . .

His suaveness and self-confidence got lost with the laying aside of his French. He said confusedly that he was a bad sleeper, and he was afraid it had got on his nerves being wakened so early each morning, but he didn't want to be a nuisance, he had not meant to be tiresome. . . .

Suddenly the young woman smiled.

"I do understand," she said, "I am so sorry to have disturbed you—I'll speak to my mother. I'm sure she won't mind doing the mats later in future."

Arnold thanked her, confusedly, and made his escape. Out in the street again he cursed himself for not having left his card. He might never see the young woman again, and he had no further excuse for calling. And he wanted to see her again. She was so lovely. . . . and English, too. He spent the rest of the day thinking about her, wondering about her, what her life was, living in that dingy apartment-house with her mother. When he came back to his room at night he looked out into the well and up to her floor. There was a light in the window. There were lights in all the windows of the façade. Was she at home, or only her mother? It was odd, he thought, all those lives going on all round one, yet one knew nothing about them.

The next morning there was no mat-beating. But he woke at six o'clock expecting it—waiting for it, wondering if it would come. Every morning he found himself awake at six o'clock listening for that bang, bang, bang. Listening even for the absence of it. He did not resent waking early; actually he *wanted* to see the old woman in her dressing-gown at the window again. Even glimpsing her would somehow be getting nearer the girl. If only one of them would come to the window to shake a duster, or put a mattress out to air, French fashion. But though the window was always open, and a light shone in the room at night, he never saw either of them.

At the end of a week he had the inspiration of sending some flowers. He supposed it looked a little odd sending flowers to an address with no name, but it couldn't be helped. He addressed them "Madame ——" and enclosed his card, upon which he wrote, "An expression of appreciation for Madame's courteous consideration." He would have preferred to have sent them to the daughter, but could think of no adequate excuse; but perhaps she would write and acknowledge them, and then later on he could send her some. . . . If Madame herself acknowledged them he would be checkmated. But as a last resource, he told himself, he could always call—on the pretext of thanking Madame in person.

Fate was kind, however, and Mademoiselle herself wrote thanking him for the flowers. "It was so kind of you," she wrote, "and Mother was delighted." The little note was signed "Eloise Lorne." It was something, anyhow, to have advanced as far as knowing her name. He wondered what she would do if he wrote and told her, "I think of you endlessly. I want to know who you are and what you do, and I want to see you." But he was much too shy to write anything of the kind. At nights, lying in bed with his curtains drawn back so that he could see the lights of the windows across the well, he would watch the blank patch or the square of light which was her room, and resolve that he would risk a snub and send a note round to her in the morning. At such times the plan would seem quite reasonable; but in the cold light of day it always appeared fantastic, preposterous. She would be sure to ignore such a letter, and then one day they would meet in the street or at a café, and she would cut him dead. Whereas now, if they chanced to meet. . . . It was for that chance encounter he lived.

Surely, surely, *sometimes* she sat at the same cafés at the same times as he sat at them? And he did so *much* sitting at cafés. Particularly at the Café Deux Magots on a corner in the Boulevard St. Germain. He had begun by sitting there because he liked the place, and he ended by sitting there because it was within a stone's throw of where they both lived, and he reasoned that at some time she *must* pass that corner, even if she didn't come to the café, and then he would speak to her. He did not know what he would say. Only that somehow he would get up and say something to her—anything—

As the weeks went by, and the crisp golden Paris autumn slipped into the bitter winds of Parisian winter, with skeleton trees in the boulevards, and braziers outside the cafés, he felt that if something didn't happen soon—by which he meant if he got no farther than thinking about this Eloise Lorne—he would have to go back to London. She was spoiling Paris for him. Paris, he discovered, could be the most heartlessly lonely place imaginable. It was meant for lovers. He would stay until Christmas, and if nothing had happened by then he would give in and go home.

And then, a week before Christmas, when he had been in Paris nearly three months, on a day of slush and sleet, when he was thinking of packing up and going home the next day, he found her—sitting at "The Maggots." She sat in a corner, and alone, a glass of Dubonnet before her. He did not know whether she was whiter than when he had first seen her, or whether it was the effect of the black astrakhan collar of her coat, but she looked somehow cold and a little forlorn. In his excitement at seeing her he went over to her, hardly knowing what he was doing. What he said in his excitement was a little ridiculous.

He said, "Miss Lorne—I wanted to see you—to ask you—*don't you ever shake your mats nowadays?* I mean—don't mind me—mats *must* be shaken, and I don't think it would bother me now, whatever time you shook them—I mean, if your mother got up at *dawn* to do it!"

She regarded him unsmilingly. She said, "Mother is ill, so you won't be troubled any more. I have no time to shake mats—I have to go out daily to earn my living."

He said, embarrassed, confused, "I say—I'm so sorry—I'd no idea—let me order you another drink—*Garçon!*"

Over her second Dubonnet she melted a little. They ended up by moving from the corner to a table nearer the brazier. A little colour came into her cheeks. She told him that she was a saleswoman at a perfumer's in the Rue Royale. She asked him what he did, and when he told her "Nothing," she smiled. "That must be lovely," she said, "it's my idea of heaven. To be able to lie in bed as long as one likes in the morning."

He assented eagerly. It was his chance to explain to her about the mat-shaking. She laughed. "Those mats!"

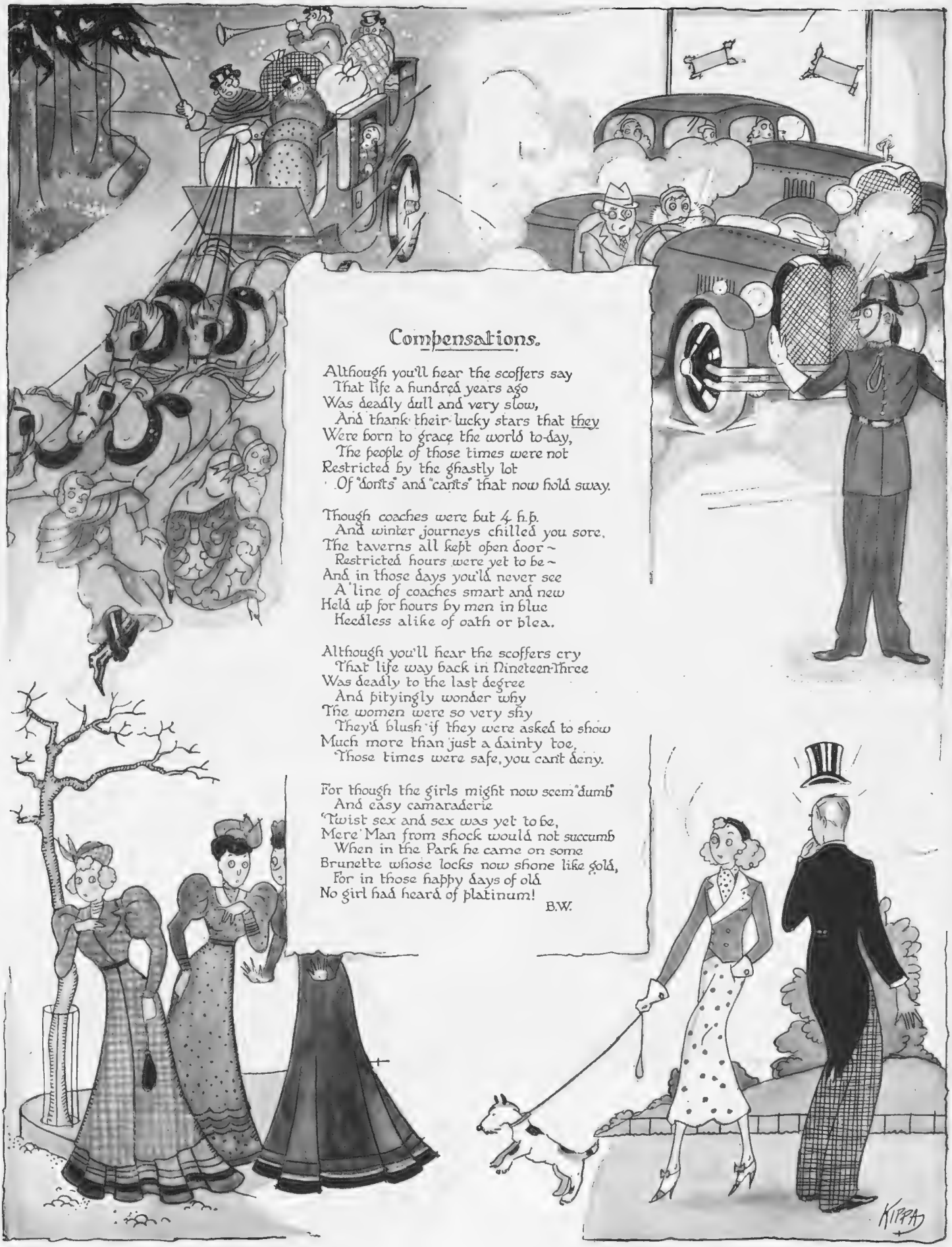
"Yes! But without them we'd never have got to know each other! Fancy living as close to each other as that yet never getting to know each other!" He was as delighted with as surprised at his boldness.

They ended up by dining together, very cheaply, at a little Russian place round the corner, where you could get a bottle of wine for one-franc fifty, and eat a pigeon with salad, and still not spend more than ten francs for the two of you. Neither of them had realised before what fun living cheaply could be.

The sleet had stopped falling when they left the café, and the stars blazed like jewels on black velvet. He took her arm and they walked close together, like lovers. That night they waved to each other from their windows across the wall, she high up, he low down. He left his curtains drawn back so that he could watch the light in her window, and did not close his eyes until it was blacked out into the common darkness.

Thenceforward every evening they sat the Café Deux Magots—"The Maggots" they always called it—

(*Continued on page 18*)



Compensations.

Although you'll hear the scoffers say
That life a hundred years ago
Was deadly dull and very slow,
And thank their lucky stars that they
Were born to grace the world to-day,
The people of those times were not
Restricted by the ghastly lot
Of "don'ts" and "can'ts" that now hold sway.

Though coaches were but 4 h.p.
And winter journeys chilled you sore,
The taverns all kept open door—
Restricted hours were yet to be—
And in those days you'd never see
A line of coaches smart and new
Held up for hours by men in blue
Heedless alike of oath or plea.

Although you'll hear the scoffers cry
That life way back in Nineteen-Three
Was deadly to the last degree
And pityingly wonder why
The women were so very shy
They'd blush if they were asked to show
Much more than just a dainty toe,
Those times were safe, you can't deny.

For though the girls might now seem "dumb"
And easy camaraderie
'Twist sex and sex was yet to be,
Mere Man from shock would not succumb
When in the Park he came on some
Brunette whose locks now shone like gold,
For in those happy days of old
No girl had heard of platinum!

B.W.

BY KIPPA

FRENCH FAÇADE (*continued from page 16*)

together; they would begin with a Dubonnet or a vermouth there, go round the corner to the little whitewashed Russian place and eat, and come back to "The Maggots" for coffee, and occasionally, recklessly, a liqueur, at a table near a brazier. The waiters and the café's habituées got to know them and regarded them as lovers. Snow came, muffling the roar and rattle of the traffic in the Boulevard St. Germain. They did not mind. There was always a sheltered table to be found near a brazier under the striped awning of the café terrace. Arnold began to look forward to his first Christmas in Paris. Eloise would have a few days off from work. They would have long, lovely days together. He was too happy to ask himself whether he was in love with her or she with him.

THE day before Christmas he wandered all over Paris trying to find a suitable present for her—he could not afford much, but he wanted something a little out of the ordinary, and to find the extraordinary for not more than a hundred francs at the outside you must needs do a good deal of tramping and searching. Finally, in an antique shop in the Boulevard Raspail, he found a pair of carved ivory pendants, Chinese, a woman's head and a man's head, Adam and Eve. He had them affixed to a narrow black ribbon. They would look lovely, he thought, on the black dresses she wore, and they were quaint, and would amuse her, and they seemed to him, somehow, "suitable." He would give them to her at "The Maggots" that evening.

It occurred to him that it might be a "nice thought" if he gave Mrs. Lorne a few flowers. It might please Eloise that he had thought of her mother, and anything which might please her was richly worth doing. He bought some pink carnations down by the river, a big bunch of them, and as they were not expensive, and as it was Christmas anyhow, and he felt reckless, he bought a few red ones for Eloise. He thought he would take them round in person—it would be an opportunity to introduce himself to "the old lady," and inquire if she were better, and let her see that her daughter's "young man" was really quite charming; and it would be nice for Eloise when she came in from work on Christmas Eve to find some flowers awaiting her—and *red* ones at that. The pendants he would give to Eloise when they met—perhaps she would think that the few flowers were all he intended giving her, and then the real present would come as a "surprise." He felt very happy going along through the slush with his bunch of street-corner flowers, happy and simply bursting with goodwill towards nice old ladies who gave up shaking their mats at break of dawn on his account. . . .

He ran up the stone stairs of the dingy apartment house near his hotel two at a time, and for the second time rang the bell marked "Lorne." "He came to complain—and remained to adore," he thought, with pleasant sentimentality. He was glad Eloise would be at work. He felt sure he would get on "famously" with the mother—even though his first glimpse of her in her mob-cap and dressing-gown had not been encouraging. . . .

Then the door opened, and he saw Eloise. She stared at him as though she could not believe her eyes.

"Oh—er—it's me," he said, confusedly, "I didn't think you'd be at home. The fact is, I've brought your mother some flowers. Christmas and all that, you know. Thought it would be a nice idea." He held them out to her, awkwardly.

She took them from him, unsmiling. "It was kind of you," she said. "Won't you—come in?" There was curious restraint in her manner, he thought.

She stood aside and he came into a dark, narrow little hall. He said, made apologetic by her manner, "Look here—if I'm being a nuisance—"

"No. I want to talk to you—it's time—"

He followed her into a small sitting room, all faded crimson damask and tarnished gilt. "We got this place furnished—I mean *I* did."

She laid the flowers on the table.

"Your mother is not here?"

She shook her head. "It's what I wanted to tell you—why I'm glad you called—I had to tell you some time—I live here alone. I haven't a mother—she died years ago."

He stared at her. "But the lady I saw shaking the mats—when I first came here—"

She plucked nervously at the flowers. "That was me!"

"You—?"

"Yes! Mob-cap and bedraggled dressing-gown and all! I used to get up and beat the mats at that hour because I had to get off early to work—it was the only chance I had. When you called to complain about it I hadn't the courage to admit it—I had a sudden picture of myself as you'd seen me from my window—it was vanity, I suppose, but—oh, well, almost any woman would have lied about it—no woman likes being caught like that—and you'd have thought it was someone old—you said so. I realised what a fright I must have looked—I lied about it almost before I knew what I was doing—I never thought I'd see you again. . . . And then you sent the flowers round for 'Mrs.' Lorne—and it was too late then to own up—and I had to keep on with the lie—"

He was still bewildered. "But that first time we met at 'The Maggots'—you were miserable—you said your mother was ill—"

"I had to account for my depression—I was miserable because I'd lost my job that day—that was why I was sitting there. I was so sick of myself—I couldn't bear to go home—I hadn't the heart to cook a meal for myself. I bought myself a drink to try and cheer myself up—"

SUDDENLY she was crying, helplessly, quietly. "I'm still out of a job—that's why I'm at home to-day, instead of out as you expected me to be. I'd been making up my mind to tell you—only it's so easy to tell a lie on the spur of the moment like that, and so hard to untell it afterwards. . . . I don't know what you must think of me!" She blew her nose and made an effort at a smile.

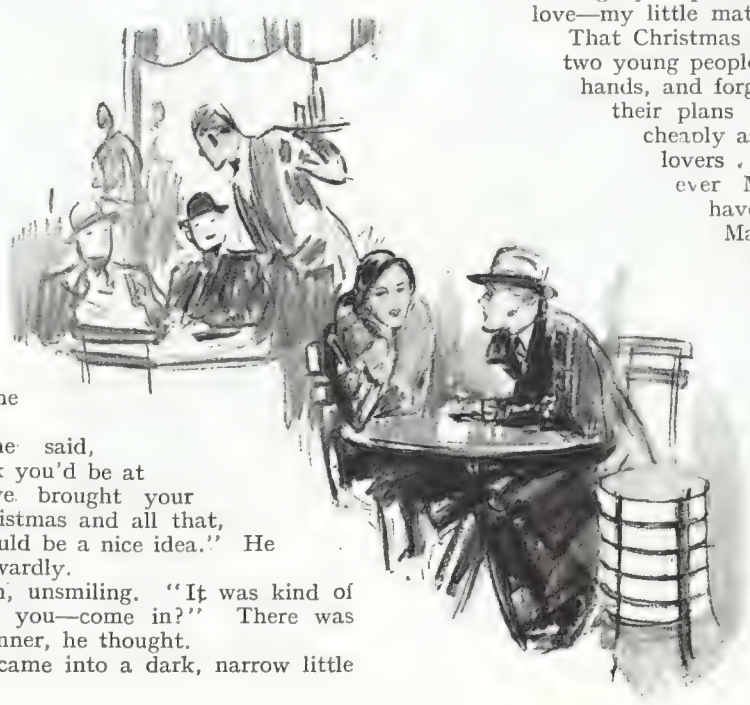
Arnold did what for a shy young man was a very bold thing. He took her hands and held her close to him. "I know *exactly* what I think of you! I think you're the loveliest, silliest, sweetest thing that ever happened!" and kissed her.

Then he picked up the flowers, whipped off the paper, and pressed them all into her hands. "There you are," he said gaily, "pink for friendship, and red for love—my little mat-shaker!"

That Christmas Eve at a street-corner café two young people sat near a brazier holding hands, and forgetting their drinks, deep in their plans of how two might live as cheaply as one in the city meant for lovers . . . and it was agreed whatever Mademoiselle Lorne might have done about her mats, Madame Ormsby would never shake *hers* till noon—and not at all unless she felt like it. . . .

"And I won't, you know," the future Mrs. Ormsby said, with gay irresponsibility. "Not for a long time, anyhow. . . ." Privately, she thought, there wouldn't be any to shake. For in that utmost heaven which lies hid so often behind a French façade there are no humdrum things like mats—but only enchanted carpets.

E. M.



BY HAROLD FORSTER

"FATE"

Lots of worry, flurry, scurry,
Hours grow long and tempers short,

THE PANTOMIME

BY LEON HERON

REHEARSAL

This rehearsing we are cursing,
Saying what we didn't ought!

The Christmas Spirit

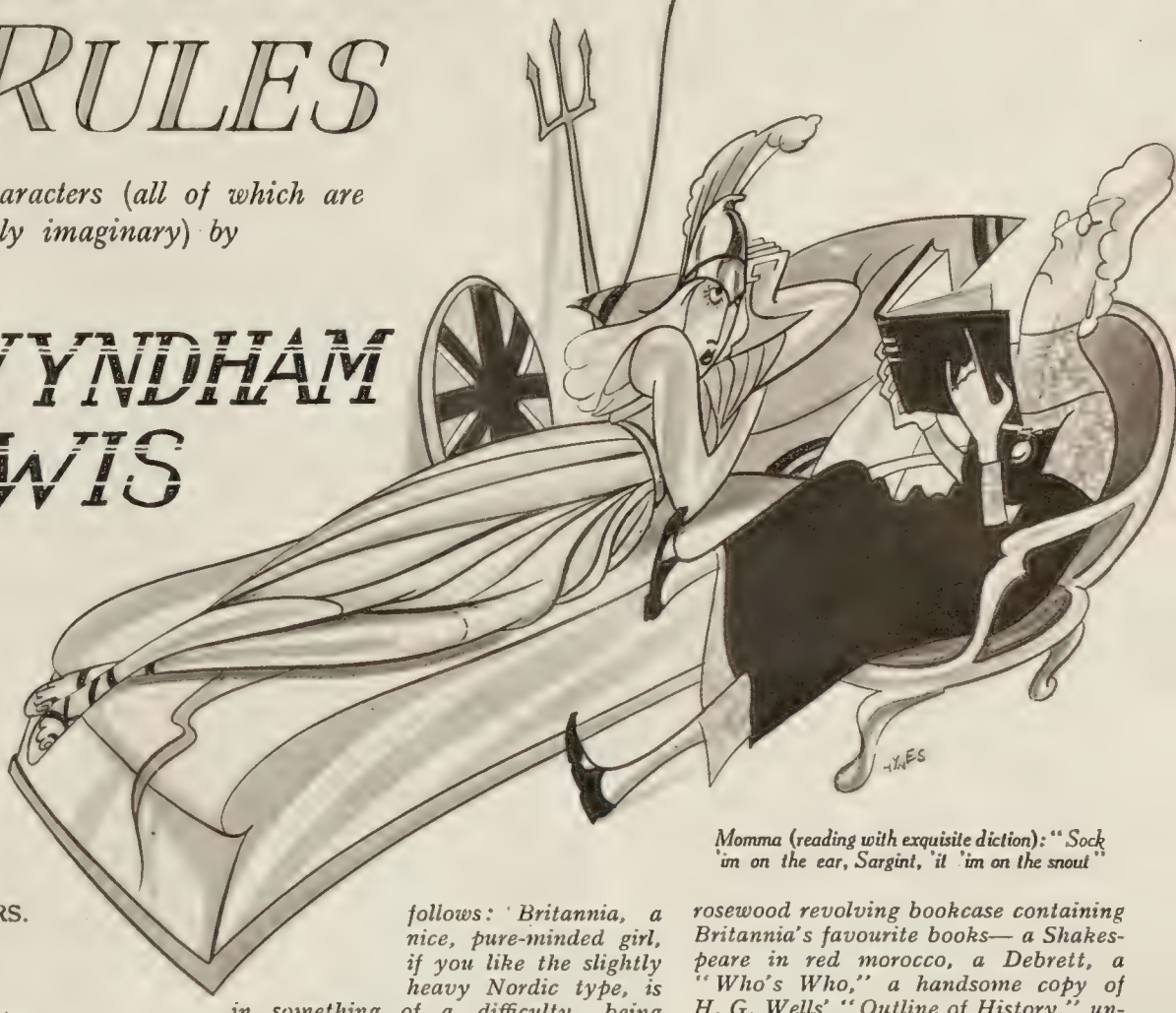
OUR CHRISTMAS PANTOMIME WITH AN ALL-STAR CAST—entitled—

BRITANNIA WAIVES the RULES

Book and characters (all of which are purely imaginary) by

D. B. WYNDHAM LEWIS

Lyrics by
BRUCE WOODHOUSE



Momma (reading with exquisite diction): "Sock 'im on the ear, Sargint, 'it 'im on the snout"

Illustrations by
HYNES

CHARACTERS.

BRITANNIA.

"MOMMA."

STANLEY, RAMSAY, OSWALD. } *Suitors to Britannia.*

PRINCE MAX.

MRS. AIMÉE SEMPLE MCPHERSON.

JACK HOBBS.

57 OTHER NOTABILITIES OF THE MOMENT, and

EUSTACE MILES, a *flâneur*.

Scouts, Guides, Eager Hearts, Woodcraft Loresmen, Sailors, Flower-girls, Sidesmen, Villagers, Business Men, etc., etc.

PROLOGUE.

Spoken by an actor dressed to represent the Author.

This is a very simple knockabout pantomime about Britannia, in several episodes; as artless in its way as the Old Italian Comedy. Indeed, if some of the notables taking part in it may appear strangely to resemble characters out of the Commedia dell' Arte—Arlecchino, the Clown; Brighella, the Doctor; Colombina, and the Captain—this is nobody's fault, and may be easily removed with a soft rag and a little benzine.

The plot (or what-have you?) is as follows: Britannia, a nice, pure-minded girl, if you like the slightly heavy Nordic type, is in something of a difficulty, being not only temporarily in the soup financially, but pursued by three suitors of very different types anxious to control her destinies. One is named Stanley, the second Ramsay, and the third Oswald. Britannia, being nice but rather dazed, has no reactions of any kind to them. She is, perhaps, encouraged in general dumbness by the fact that everywhere she goes she has a duenna, whom (like Elsie Janis) she calls "Momma." In this pantomime "Momma" may be held to represent the Spirit of British Propriety, Good Form and Decency. The Author is sorry for this decline into what amounts to symbolism, but in conversation with a newspaper representative remarked, "Barrie got away with it; why shouldn't I?"

PART I.

SCENE 1.—*Britannia's boudoir, Queen Anne's Gate. The room is furnished in quiet magnificence. Heavy gilt cornices, heavy crimson curtains and upholstery, large flower-vases in Burslem Etruscan ware, a rosewood table or two covered with pretty knick-knacks, a rosewood revolving bookcase containing Britannia's favourite books— a Shakespeare in red morocco, a Debrett, a "Who's Who," a handsome copy of H. G. Wells' "Outline of History," uncut, and half a dozen of Mr. Edgar Wallace's novels.*

On a magnificent mahogany sofa, propped up amid lace pillows, Britannia dozes with eyes closed. Except for a certain fullness about the chin and neck her Nordic and slightly heavy good looks are unchanged. By her sits her faithful duenna and constant attendant, Momma, in black silk and lace, reading aloud from a book of English poetry.

MOMMA (*reading with exquisite diction*): "*Sock 'im on the ear, Sargint, 'it 'im on the snout; punch 'im in the blinkin' marf and knock the——*"

Pause.

How virile that is!

Britannia murmurs something unintelligible.

MOMMA: Since the death of Alfred Austin I have read nothing which so finely expresses the spirit of the race.

She closes the book reverently and lays it down.

Is my poppet very tired?

BRITANNIA (*yawning*): Very.

MOMMA (*glancing at a gold watch pinned to her bosom*): It is not nearly time yet for the doctors.

She begins to smooth the pillows.

BRITANNIA (*languidly*): Any more people called?

MOMMA: A Mr. Galsworthy—a writer, I think.

BRITANNIA: What did he want?

MOMMA: He was just full of divine pity at the irony of things. He said you made him think of a poor wounded bird.

BRITANNIA (*rather irritably*): Anybody else?

MOMMA: The Governor of the Bank of England. He said nothing.

BRITANNIA: Anybody else?

MOMMA (*reflecting*): Sir Harry Lauder sent a couple of nice roses and a very charming little Guide to the Trossachs, stamped "Royal Hotel, Glasgow," in blue ink inside the cover.

BRITANNIA: Has that psycho-analyst called again?

MOMMA (*blushing furiously*): He has.

Pause.

BRITANNIA: Still talking about sex-life?

MOMMA (*rising*): The subject is not one I care to discuss.

She begins arranging flowers.

BRITANNIA: Awful, isn't it?

MOMMA: It is quite, quite unsuitable.

BRITANNIA: He got out of me that I was rather fond, in a nice way, of one of those charming young men who used to call last summer. He said: "Oh, indeed? And what is *his* sex-life?" I said: "Don't be silly; Australian cricketers have *no* sex-life." That rather annoyed him.

MOMMA (*coldly*): I trust he did not venture to bring into his extraordinary conversation any other friendships of yours?

BRITANNIA: You mean Stanley, Oswald, and the others? He said they were all polymorphous and objective-introverts.

MOMMA (*shuddering*): And what may that mean?

BRITANNIA: I fancy it's psycho-analytical for being after my money. Not that it's true. Stanley is a darling.

MOMMA: Ah, indeed, yes. What an agreeable man! What a flow of rational and interesting conversation!

BRITANNIA (*yawning*): Yes.

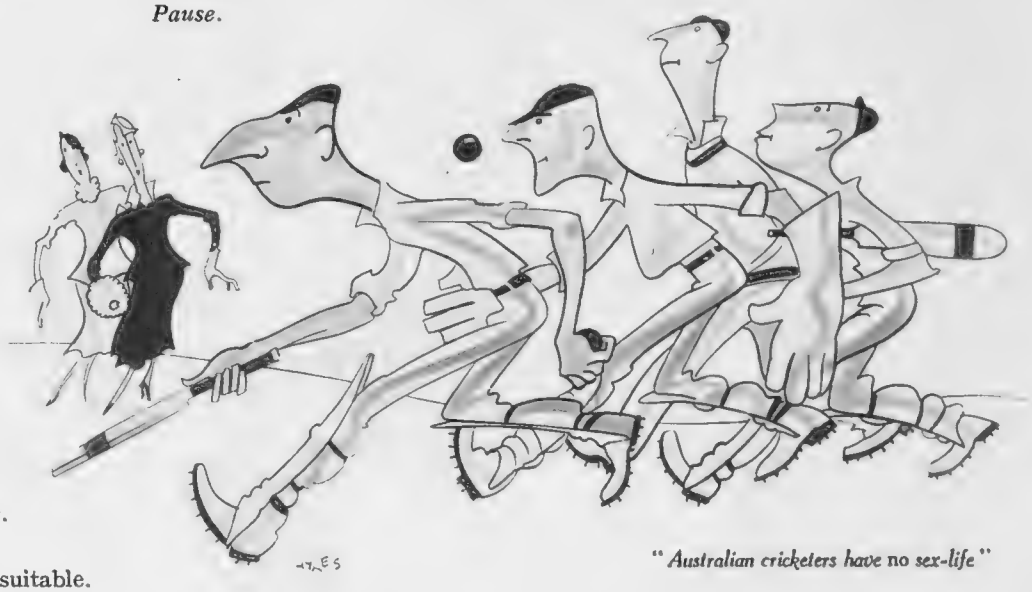
MOMMA: A real old English type. What was it he was discussing so charmingly on his last visit?

BRITANNIA (*eyes closed*): Pipes? Pigs?

MOMMA: I can't remember. Anyhow, it was very interesting. He is the ideal lover. Dear Stanley! (*Britannia opens her eyes and closes them again.*) I almost think I prefer him to Oswald. Oswald, true, has an air. Oswald has, perhaps, more dash—if I may use the word. And I suppose Oswald is more brilliant, for he talks much faster and so very cleverly. But Stanley is (*searching for the word*)—*solid*. A girl cannot go far wrong with Stanley. I mean that, of course, in the nice sense. And I must say Stanley behaves like a gentleman, and that his friends are nice, too. (*Sighs.*) That dreadful scene last week when one of Oswald's friends hit the Dean by mistake!

BRITANNIA: The Dean should not have referred to one of them as a "perfect swain." It was very confusing for a moment. That is why Oswald's friend knocked him out.

Pause.



"Australian cricketers have no sex-life"

MOMMA (*gently*): That was not the action of a gentleman (*Pats a cushion decisively.*) I hope, my dear, the Scottish gentleman will call.

BRITANNIA: You like him?

MOMMA: His conversation is so noble, so inspiring! It always makes me feel as if I were in church. Even when I am not quite sure what it means I feel the better for it.

BRITANNIA: He cries too much.

MOMMA: His tears are beautiful.

Goes on patting cushions. Britannia closes her eyes again and fans herself with "Punch."

MOMMA (*with sudden coyness*): Hark! A ring!

A stout maid announces Stanley. Momma, all archness, shakes a playful finger again and goes out. Britannia is now almost wide awake. Stanley is standing in the centre of the carpet, twiddling his hat. A pipe is stuck in one of his pockets.

BRITANNIA: Do sit down.

STANLEY (*sitting*): What a lovely day.

BRITANNIA: Isn't it?

STANLEY (*after a pause*): Typically English weather.

BRITANNIA: Isn't it?

Long pause.

STANLEY: Slightly warmer, too, I think.

BRITANNIA: Oh, yes.

Pause.

BRITANNIA: Do smoke your pipe.

STANLEY: May I? Thanks.

Stanley closes his eyes, and slowly intones—

A fine old English gentleman gets nowhere very much;
He has no use for "pep" and "drive," he scorns the Nelson Touch,
"Go-getters" leave him very cold, before he acts he thinks,
And thinking frequently involves a gentle "forty winks."

A fine old English gentleman is not the one to go
Careering wildly through the land, he's dignified and slow,
And when they cry "On, Stanley, on!" precautions wise he takes—
When Stanley really *must* go on he tests his four-wheel brakes!

A fine old English gentleman is always very hurt
If those who disagree with him attempt to "do him dirt,"
But into such a vulgar way he'll never, never fall,
For fine old English gentlemen do simply naught at all!

Slowly fills and lights it.

BRITANNIA (*watching*): Gives one such a feeling of *confidence*, I think. You know—stability, and all that.

STANLEY (*looking at his pipe*): So they tell me. (*Modestly*): I *like* it, too, of course.

Long pause.

I suppose you think I'm a bit slow?

Britannia raises her eyebrows.

STANLEY (*bitterly*): Yes, you do. I'm chockful of the fine old English qualities, and you think I'm slow. You think I can't make fine speeches. Yes, you do. But I can. (*Takes a typewritten paper from his pocket.*) Listen to this bit about England. It's——

BRITANNIA: I heard it on the wireless.

STANLEY (*disappointed*): Did you?

BRITANNIA: And I read it in the papers.

Pause.

STANLEY (*more hopefully*): So you know about my feelings towards you?

He looks up, in the act of knocking out and refilling his pipe, but Britannia is no longer there. He sighs heavily and goes on smoking. After some ten minutes Britannia reappears, slightly flushed.

BRITANNIA: I'm so sorry. What were you saying?

STANLEY (*sternly*): Where have you been?

BRITANNIA (*faltering*): I'm so sorry. Oswald called. Just a flying call. I had to see him. He terrifies me. (*Faintly.*) He wants me to wake up. It is awful.

STANLEY (*after a pause*): My God! *Rises.*

BRITANNIA: You're not going!

STANLEY (*with dreadful significance*): I am, for the moment. Good afternoon.

BRITANNIA (*faintly*): Good afternoon.

He goes out. As he goes out he collides in the doorway with a Scottish gentleman, glares, and vanishes. The Scottish gentleman is very solemn, and advances in silence. Britannia stares at him dumbly.

THE SCOTTISH GENTLEMAN: The poseetion is c-r-r-eetical. (*Blows his nose.*)

BRITANNIA (*nervously*): Are you going to cry?

THE SCOTTISH GENTLEMAN (*much annoyed*): Do ye nae see I'm greeping ma lapels? When I greep ma lapels I'm no' going to cry. I'm going tae give ye an address on the poseetion, which is cree-eetical. (*Firmly*): I may have a wee cry later. (*Clears his throat.*) First—

BRITANNIA (*sinking back and closing her eyes*): Oh, dear.

The scene closes.

SCENE 2.—*A Farm in Worcestershire. The Pigsties. Sunset.*

Stanley, a rugged and amiable figure in rough tweeds and a soft tweed hat, is leaning over a gate, contemplating the pigs. In his mouth is a large curved briar pipe. The whole impression is one of honesty, sincerity, and candour. A muffled grunting from the pigs and the rhythmic breathing of Stanley alone disturb the peace of the English countryside, or, rather, blend with it exquisitely. At length Stanley takes a typewritten sheet from his pocket, unfolds it, sighs, and begins to recite to the pigs.

STANLEY (*firmly*): "We must shrink from no steps to prove the stability of the country. Devaluation of the pound can be no valid substitute for a tariff. The position of agriculture calls for immediate and far-reaching measures of relief."

A PIG (*approvingly*): Grumph.

A Lady with Rather Sharp Features and pince-nez appears suddenly. Behind her is a group of earnest if angular persons of both sexes. They peer at Stanley in silence.

STANLEY (*warming up and flourishing one hand at the pigs*): "We shall require such a free hand as will allow us to use prohibitions, quotas, or duties as may seem most effective."

THE SHARP LADY (*shrilly*): May we dance that?

STANLEY (*taken aback*): I beg your pardon?

THE SHARP LADY (*rapidly*): We are members of the League of Eager Hearts. We believe in the regeneration of English life by folk-dancing and the return to Nature. Miss Dithers!

An Anxious Lady of untidy exterior, with tight hair smoothed back, steps forward.

MISS DITHERS: Mrs. Hoke.

MRS. HOKE: We are going to dance.

MISS DITHERS: Expressive of what, Mrs. Hoke?

MRS. HOKE: Expressive of the joy of life, of measures for the relief of agriculture, of the problem of securing economic unity in the Empire, of simple country sights and sounds, of tree-life, of tariffs, and of the great universal Life-Force. (*Commandingly.*) Positions!

A WEEDY YOUNG GENTLEMAN: Mrs. Hoke, I have forgotten my zither.

MRS. HOKE (*sharply*): Mr. Gooch, no verbiage, if you please. Miss Struggles, kindly assume the posture of the Spirit of Co-operation. Mr. Gooch, having been sufficiently remiss to forget his zither, will *hum* Dance Number Eight in the League's smaller dance-book. Now, please!

They begin to dance and posture. Stanley's eyes are round with surprise. The pigs grunt. A cluster of starlings takes flight in terror. Stanley's pipe goes out.

The League of Eager Hearts straggles off into the dusk.

STANLEY (*resuming*): "The ideal of Imperial economic unity——"

A mysterious hooded figure appears at his elbow.

THE HOODED FIGURE: You know Britannia?

STANLEY (*simply*): I love her.

THE HOODED FIGURE: *You must act! Disappears.*

STANLEY: What?

Dusk enshrouds the countryside. Scene closes.

SCENE 3.—*The terrace at Monte Carlo. Moonlight on the sea. Beautiful emissaries of foreign Powers glide to and fro, clutching the secret papers of which they have just deprived young and susceptible King's Messengers and Foreign Office ornaments. Whenever one of these sirens meets Mr. Phillips Oppenheim she gives him a friendly wink.*

Strolling up and down, deep in talk, are two manly and attractive figures in faultless evening clothes, smoking cigars. The one with the nationalist moustache is Britannia's lover, Oswald. The other is the editor of "Action."

OSWALD (*lighting a cigarette*): Without fatuity, I may say I have the girl in my pocket.

THE OTHER: We've said that already.

OSWALD: Re-hash it for next week's issue.

THE OTHER: I suppose you know there are other people hot on her trail?

OSWALD: But have they truth, courage, intelligence, and vigour?

THE OTHER: That's not a bad line. *Scribbles on his cuff.*

Stanley: "The position of agriculture calls for immediate and far-reaching measures of relief"
A Pig (approvingly): Grumph

"Sir Harry Lauder sent a couple of nice roses and a very charming little guide to the Trossachs, stamped 'Royal Hotel, Glasgow'"

"Beautiful emissaries of foreign Powers glide to and fro, clutching the secret papers of which they have just deprived young and susceptible King's Messengers and Foreign Office ornaments"

OSWALD (*modestly*): I'm full of 'em. And now as to immediate plans——

They pass on into the darkness.
Scene closes.

SCENE 4.—*A lane near Chequers. Evening mist.*

Ramsay, an earnest figure in tweeds, leaning over a gate in conversation with a private secretary. Many bats flying round. A cow is looking over a hedge at Ramsay. Its large, mournful eyes are full of tears.

THE SECRETARY (*decisively*): You ought to dazzle her a bit more.

RAMSAY: Ay?

THE SECRETARY: You know what I mean. Sweep her off her feet.

RAMSAY (*bitterly*): I'm no the freevolous kind. I'm a Godfearin' man.

THE SECRETARY: Mind you, I don't think your particular line isn't a good one. But I do think you nag her a bit about exceeding her income.

RAMSAY: Hmphm!

THE SECRETARY: She likes you well enough, but some of your boy friends—— Gosh!

RAMSAY: I ken that.

THE SECRETARY (*significantly*): Therefore, if I were you, I should keep them well in the background till you've got her groggy. See what I mean?

Ramsay, staring at the cow, makes no reply. Great scalding tears well up in the cow's eyes and course down its cheeks, as if it were crying for English agriculture.

Ramsay begins to cry, too, very softly.
Scene closes.

SCENE 5.—*A street in the City. Two business men meeting. Each carries a little Union Jack on a little stick, for a great movement to restore England to prosperity by waving little flags has swept the City, and patriotism is rife. The movement was the idea of a Mrs. Grimwade, writing to the newspapers.*

FIRST BUSINESS MAN: Hurrah!

SECOND BUSINESS MAN: Hurrah!

FIRST BUSINESS MAN: Hurrah, hurrah!

SECOND BUSINESS MAN: Hurrah!

A messenger hastens up to the First Business Man and whispers urgently to him.

FIRST BUSINESS MAN: Old Engl—— What?

The messenger whispers again.

FIRST BUSINESS MAN (*hurriedly*): Here, hold this damn flag!

Gallops away.
Scene closes.

SCENE 6.—*A room in the town house of Prince Max. A number of secretaries bustle in and out, and three telephones are ringing constantly. During the whole scene Prince Max himself is sitting in an armchair with one ear to a telephone. His kind eyes nevertheless take in everything happening around. Opposite him an emissary from Britannia is developing a statement at some length.*

PRINCE MAX (*telephoning*): Well, sell 'em at 45. (*To Britannia's emissary*): What's that?

THE EMISSARY: . . . so we rather thought you might help us in this emergency. The facts are—

PRINCE MAX (*telephoning*): What? No, they've jumped five points. Well, sell. (*To the Emissary*): I beg your pardon? (*Telephoning*): You've got it wrong. Last time the bonus was two shillings a share. Better hold. (*To Emissary*): I beg your pardon?

THE EMISSARY (*rather dazed*): As I was saying—

Prince Max takes him aback by suddenly putting down the receiver and exhibiting a perfect grasp of everything he has yet uttered.

PRINCE MAX: You want me to take some action about this lady. Sir, I respect this lady. I am at the service of this lady. (*Presses a bell.*)

THE EMISSARY (*dazed*): We rather thought—

A secretary enters rapidly.

PRINCE MAX: Get me the schedule and plan for relieving Britannia.

(*To secretary, who is presenting a paper*): What's this?

SECRETARY: The Britannia schedule, Your Highness.

PRINCE MAX: Great. (*Handing it to the Emissary*): This is how that lady will be protected. Good afternoon.

THE EMISSARY: May I—

PRINCE MAX: Sure.

The Emissary staggers out, and the scene closes.

SCENE 7.—A PARTY IN BLOOMSBURY.

The usual racket, and hubbub. A long table runs down the entire length of the room, bearing bottles of various shapes and sizes, fading flowers, lighted candles in silver candelabra and in empty beer-bottles, sandwiches in various stages of decomposition, fruit, cigarette-ash, glasses of all kinds, half-empty, empty, upset, or smashed. The din is tremendous.

Among the crowd at the table stands a familiar figure in rustling black silk with a lace motif draping the bosom. It is Momma. As we look at her a little more closely we perceive that Momma is not only grasping a half-empty glass, but is smiling broadly. As she smiles she sways—almost imperceptibly. Cyril, a delicate youth wearing Marcelled hair, a beige polo jumper and grey flannel trousers, and Leslie, a sweet young woman of eleven stone eight, who wears a dinner jacket and "boiled" shirt, and sports an eyeglass, join hands. They are both a little drunk and suddenly give voice.

CYRIL: We are all just too æsthetic
And we shun the He-man hearty,
So you'll find no one athletic
At a Bloomsbury Arty party.

LESLIE: We've no use for prunes and prisms,
We despise humdrum convention,
But we dote on modern "isms"—
And some habits I daren't mention.

Chorus of Lofty Thinkers.

We are—we are the Young Intelligentsia,
In advocating Nudism we're constantly employed,
And the authors we vote nice are the ones who write on vice,
For we revel in Krafft-Ebing and the fragrance born of Freud,
H. G. Wells is just a mess, WE want Wells of Loneliness,
And may all true "thinkers" bless
The Intelligentsia!

CYRIL: We just fawn on every mystic
In an Oriental turban,
And our taste for things sadistic
Would revolt all souls suburban.

LESLIE: Filled with lofty thoughts and liquor,
Watch us going through our paces
As we postulate and bicker
With most Simian of graces.

Chorus is repeated by all capable of speech.

The song over, the crowd parts to admit Britannia, who goes hastily up to Momma with rather startled eyes.

MOMMA: 'Lo!

BRITANNIA (*in a low voice*): Oh, Momma! What's happened?

MOMMA (*with an effort, but with some dignity*): Nozzing.

BRITANNIA (*wringing her hands*): It's terrible. I thought you were looking after me?

MOMMA (*extremely dignified*): You looknafter me, I looknafter you. Whazz

"Great scalding tears well up in the cow's eyes and course down its cheeks, as if it were crying for English agriculture. Ramsay begins to cry too, very softly"

a mar with that? Havnother? Nottabit.

Smiles extensively and recovers her balance.

BRITANNIA (*tensely*): What am I to do? I'm frightened. I think something dreadful's going to happen.

MOMMA (*to herself*): Whoops!

BRITANNIA: Stanley's here. He's very quiet and strange, as if he was thinking deeply about something. And Oswald's here, looking definitely sinister, with his moustache and everything. And Ramsay's sitting by himself on the stairs looking like thunder. I feel something in the air. I'm frightened. What on earth am I to do? They're all following me round corners.

MOMMA (*after some thought*): Have lil dance. Nice lil dance. Look me.

(*She begins to dance.*)

BRITANNIA: Oh, for heaven's sake be quiet. Everybody's looking at you. It's dreadful. How on earth did this happen to you?

MOMMA (*dancing*): Whoops!

BRITANNIA (*to herself*): It must have been Oswald. He is looking very sinister. Or could it have been Stanley? No, Stanley hasn't the energy. It couldn't have been Ramsay, because *it's against his principles.* (*Hesitating*): Of course the drinks are free. (*Reconsidering*): But no, it couldn't be Ramsay. Oh, *what* shall I do?

Oswald looms round a screen, fingering his moustache and smiling. Britannia catches sight of him and stifles a nervous scream. As she runs out of the room and down a passage Stanley appears at the head of the stairs, fingering his pipe.

BRITANNIA: Oh, Stanley, take me home. Momma's gone queer.

STANLEY (*with what amounts to a sudden gleam in his eyes*): Rather. Of course I will. (*To himself*): No rashness. No rashness. (*Aloud*): You're safe with me.

Oswald appears in the passage.

BRITANNIA (*seeing him*): Ooh! (*Swoons away on Stanley.*)

Pause. Oswald has a sinister smile. Stanley scratches his head. He does not know what to do with his fair burden, and his pipe is rather in the way. Eventually he picks up the recumbent form of Britannia and laboriously carries her downstairs, past the brooding form of Ramsay. Oswald grits his teeth and rushes back to summon his bravoes. Ramsay stares after Stanley and his burden.

RAMSAY (*at length*): Hmphm. Wha' all this?

STANLEY (*at the door, going very slowly and stumbling under the weight of Britannia*): I am making a dash for it. (*Hesitates and looks glumly at Britannia.*) Anyhow, it's a bit of action. (*Brightening up.*) They thought I couldn't do it. Well, look at me. Dashing like anything.

He drops his pipe, stoops painfully, drops Britannia, picks up his pipe, picks up Britannia, and stumbles slowly out just as Oswald and his henchman come tearing down the stairs.

OSWALD (*at the open door*): He's gone. He's vanished. He's got her. Damn!

Grits his teeth terribly, stamps, and bites his moustache.

RAMSAY (*bitterly*): I'm a God-fearin' man, myself.

They stare at each other and through the open door.
Scene closes.

First Business Man: "Hurrah!"
Second Business Man: "Hurrah! Hurrah!"

END OF PART I.

PART II.

SCENE I.—A CLEARING IN EPPING FOREST.

On the left, a small but thick coppice of young trees and brushwood. Out of this a massive figure, soon perceived to be human, emerges slowly on all-fours. Tattered remnants of black silk hang around it, and a large gold locket containing a photograph of Queen Victoria hangs from its neck, tied on with string.

As the figure approaches it is perceived to be the figure of Momma. After the distressing incident in Bloomsbury, in fact, Momma has "gone native" and has joined a colony of tree-dwellers in Epping Forest, living chiefly on grass, dry leaves, and other simple natural foods rich in proteids.

Some of the intelligentsia forming the colony are to be perceived crawling about, wearing pince-nez and hand-woven hats—for the most part hardly anything else—or swarming up trees. One of them, a thin gentleman in gilt spectacles wearing hand-sewn trousers of grass, approached Momma and gives her the Nature sign. Then chirrups reedily:

The Man in the Street who wears spats on his feet
Is little removed from the Vandals,
He cuts his hair short and gives never a thought
To the beauty of openwork sandals.
He gobbles his grub in some pestilent pub
And wallows in bitter and porter,
When he might be as we, squatting under a tree
With a luncheon of cob nuts and water;
But the Man in the Street is an ignorant toad.
Who cannot appreciate C. E. M. Joad.

The Man in the Street has no impulse to greet
The Dawn with shrill yaps every morning,
He just lies in bed with a soul that is dead
And devotes precious moments to yawning.
He gives too much thought to all rough forms of sport
And brain counts for far less than muscle—
Why his head is so thick that he can't get one kick
From the soul sobs of dear Bertrand Russell,
So the Man in the Street raises pitying smiles
From the hair-covered henchman of brave Eustace Miles.

The Man in the Street simply cannot compete
(By ignorance is he still so tied)
With those who can tell by one cursory smell
If there's anything wrong with a proteid.
How seldom he harks to the voice of Karl Marx,
How rarely he quotes vers libre maestros;
No, he'd much rather go to some low-talkie show
Where the folk sit in closely embraced rows,
But the Man in the Street has no beauty of soul—
Why he works in an office to keep off the Dole!

MOMMA (*rather breathless*): Hail! Er—Mr. Nickerton, isn't it?

THE THIN GENTLEMAN (*peering*): Is that Mrs. Hash?

MOMMA: I think, Mr. Nickerton, you will find Mrs. Hash elsewhere in the undergrowth.

THE THIN GENTLEMAN (*shrilly*): Mrs. Hash is a wanton, a trull, and a giglet.

MOMMA (*shocked*): Mr. Nickerton!

THE THIN GENTLEMAN (*breathless with passion*): Mrs. Hash has been seen accepting kisses and spoonfuls of hot tapioca from a stranger. I have already reported this to the High Climber. She will be dealt with. The purity of our little colony must be defended. I am sorry if I seem to be harsh or overbearing to a newcomer. Have you lunched?

Produces a handful of twigs, offers Momma one, and begins to chew them vigorously.

MR. NICKERTON (*at length*): And what forces led you to our little colony?

MOMMA (*in a low voice*): A bereavement, Mr. Nickerton.

MR. NICKERTON (*patronisingly*): And the Earth-Spirits called, I take it?

MOMMA: In a way, Mr. Nickerton.

MOMMA: You have heard of Britannia, Mr. Nickerton?

MR. NICKERTON: In a way, Mrs.——

MOMMA (*with pathos*): I was her friend, her mentor, her guide, her director. She was wrenched from me, Mr. Nickerton, by a meat-eater.

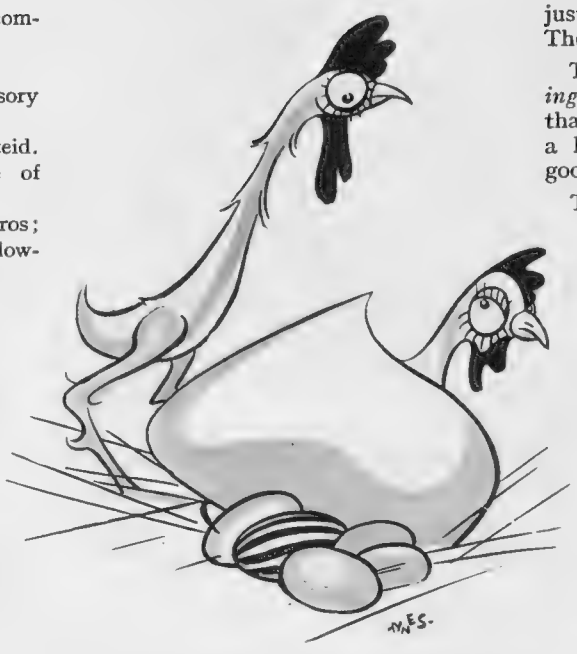
MR. NICKERTON (*with flashing eyes*): Shameful. Let us finish our conversation up yonder tree. There we shall receive most benefit from that Earth-Urge which pulsates through the bark and awakens ecstatic response in every fibre of my being.

They climb together, Mr. Nickerton assisting from beneath, Momma breathing hard.

Scene closes.

SCENE 2.—*A moor in Inverness-shire. Night. Wind and rain.*

On the road which runs through the moor a car has broken down. The desolation is appalling. The driver has the bonnet up and is tinkering in a depressed way with the engine. Inside the car—an antique saloon—sit Britannia and Stanley. Britannia shows signs of nerves and taps with her feet. For a long time they sit in silence, listening to the beat of rain and the mournful crying of curlews.



A Buckinghamshire hen lays a striped egg

BRITANNIA (*at length*): Where are we?

STANLEY: I don't know.
Pause.

BRITANNIA (*suddenly*): What are your intentions?
Pause.

STANLEY (*pondering*): Could you possibly let me have that question printed in the usual way?

SCENE 3.—*"The Daily Wriggle" office in Fleet Street. Night. The night news-editor's room. Tape machines, telephones, typewriters, etc. The night news-editor has a clean-cut, intellectual face, slightly baggy under the eyes, and an eagle eye, now slightly fixed and glazed, for it is after dinner. To him enters the chief sub-editor with a long telegram.*

THE CHIEF SUB-EDITOR: Lot of tripe just in about that Britannia business. They've been traced to Scotland.

THE NIGHT NEWS-EDITOR (*yawning*:) Give it a paragraph. What's that story from Buckinghamshire about a hen laying a striped egg? Sounds good.

THE CHIEF SUB: It is good. Front page, double column, splash heads?

THE N.N.-E.: O.K.
The Chief Sub-Editor turns to go.

THE N.N.-E.: Wait. Are we pro- or anti-Stanley to-night?

THE CHIEF SUB: I forget.

THE N.N.-E. (*yawning*): O.K.
Scene closes.

SCENE 4.—*The Louis Quinze cabin-suite in the Aquitania, outward bound from Cherbourg and nearing Grand Banks, Newfoundland.*

On a divan, surrounded by secretaries, sits Prince Max, dictating to two stenographers. A knock comes at the door, and a wireless operator enters with a message in code. He hands it on a salver to Prince Max's private secretary, who swiftly decodes it and hands it to the Prince.

PRINCE MAX (*leaping from the divan*): Gosh! He's got away with her!
Crumples up the message and stands a moment thinking quickly.
Scene closes.
(*To a secretary*): Jobson.

JOBSON: Yes, sir?

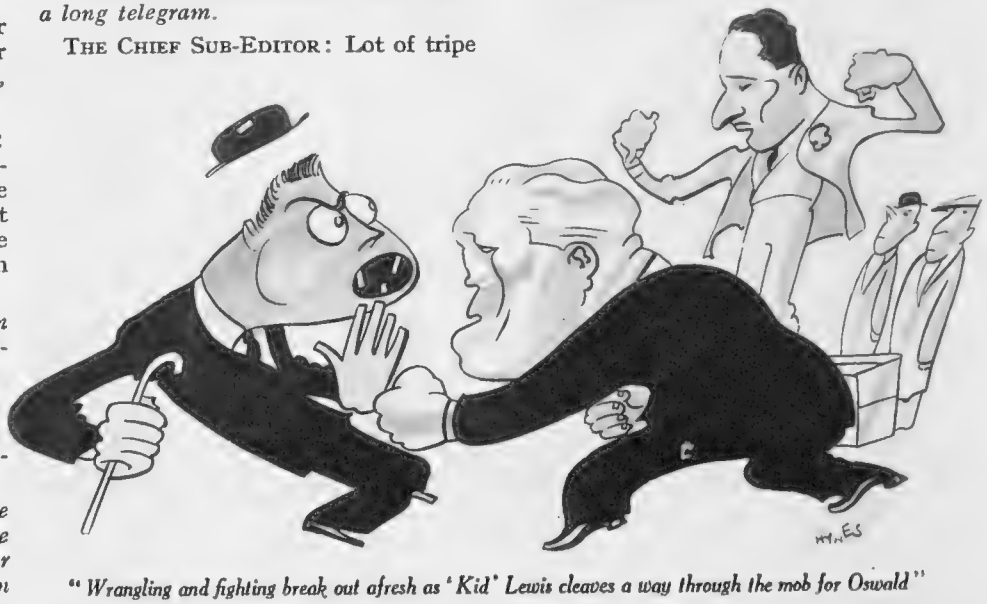
PRINCE MAX: Get me the captain. Make it snappy.

JOBSON: Yes, sir. (*Speeds away.*)

PRINCE MAX (*to a valet*): Get packed.
The valet also speeds away. Enter the captain of the Aquitania.

PRINCE MAX: Captain, I want you to turn this ship round right now and get back to Southampton.

CAPTAIN (*briskly*): Ay, ay, sir.
Turns the Aquitania round and goes back to Southampton.
Scene closes.



"Wrangling and fighting break out afresh as 'Kid' Lewis cleaves a way through the mob for Oswald"

SCENE 7.—*Oban. The landing-stage. Evening. Two figures, muffled and cloaked, hastening towards a small motor boat in charge of a boatman awaiting them. Both look haggard and are rather cross—Britannia especially. Stanley also is wishing he were not so impulsive. Nevertheless, they have come too far now and must go on, for their pursuers are after them. The boatman nods brusquely in greeting.*

STANLEY: Is this our boat?

THE BOATMAN (*whimsically*): Weel, she'll be juist a wee boat belongin' tae maself, nae doot.

BRITANNIA (*faintly*): Stanley, if this man is another of those Barrie characters I shall scream the place down.

STANLEY (*firmly*): I want to go to that small farthest island. I don't know its name. I asked in Whitehall, but nobody knew. Somebody thought it was the Isle of Man. It can't be that.

The Boatman nods and prepares to start the engine.

BRITANNIA (*to Stanley*): Have you as yet any settled plans?

STANLEY (*fumbling in his pocket*): I have written a few things out. Shall I read them? The main idea is to rescue you from that awful position you were in before I saved you.

BRITANNIA (*shivering slightly*): I see. . . . What a life!

Stanley begins to read aloud, and the boat throbs on.

Scene closes.

SCENE 7.—*A Blasted Heath in Morayshire, with a single road running through it. Night. Mist and rain.*

At a little distance from each other two groups of cars and charabancs have pulled into the side of the road, the drivers in each case having lost their way. From the charabancs—about six on one side and five on the other—a huge babble arises, whickerings and remonstrations and arguments and shouts and murmurs and hoots. Neither party seems to know the other, and there are already mutual defiances and challenges to fight.

Each party is headed by a large touring car with a solitary occupant. Simultaneously the occupant of each car decides to get down and ask the other the way. One is a brisk, wiry figure in Highland costume, the other a rather more homely figure in plus fours.

They meet in the middle of the road, hold up their flash-lamps, and recognise each other.

OSWALD: }
RAMSAY: } Tchah!

They turn on their heels and stride back to their parties.

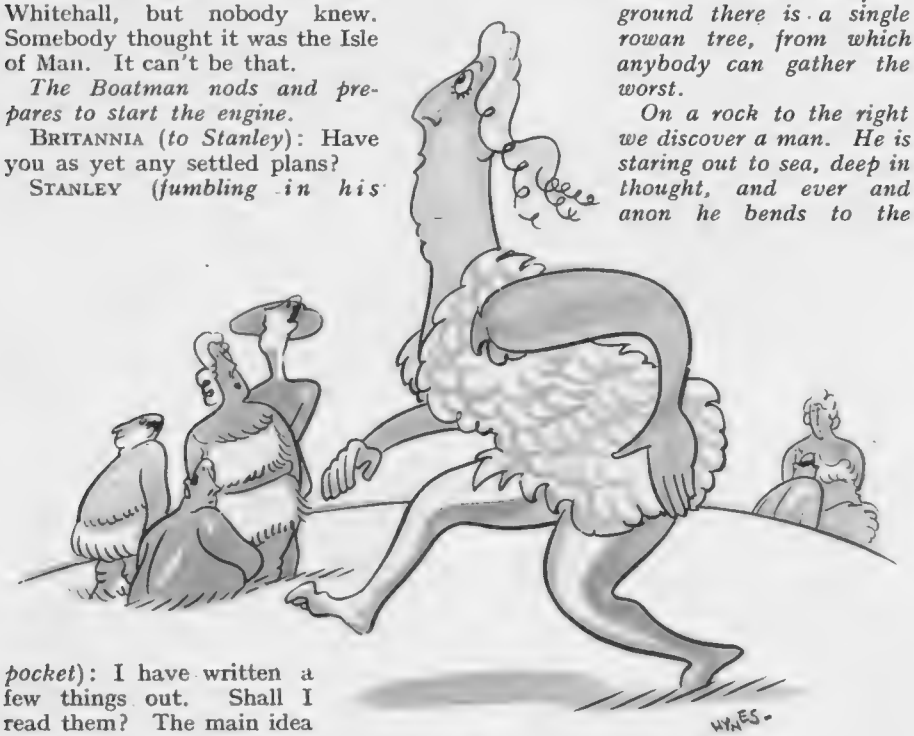
OSWALD: }
RAMSAY: } On! On!

The uproar breaks out afresh, and as hand-to-hand fighting begins the scene closes.

SCENE 8.—*A remote island in the Hebrides.*

The island is wrapped in a faintly purple twilight haze. The sea moans faintly, seabirds fly past with suggestive cries, and in the foreground there is a single rowan tree, from which anybody can gather the worst.

On a rock to the right we discover a man. He is staring out to sea, deep in thought, and ever and anon he bends to the papers on his knee and writes something with a fountain-pen. Is he writing to the fairies?



"Momma has 'gone native' and has joined a colony of tree-dwellers in Epping Forest"

A pale and rather disconsolate little ghost flits across the scene and stops, contemplating him with large, wistful eyes. He looks up at length, abstractedly.

THE MAN: And thirty-five is sixty, and eighteen is seventy-eight. Hullo!

THE GHOST (*wistfully*): Hullo!

THE MAN: And nine is eighty-seven.

THE GHOST (*working up to a familiar situation*): I'm lost!

THE MAN: Yes? Copies at 12s. 6d., 25 per cent. . . . H'm. . . . Nine hundred and eighty-seven, sixteen and threepence.

He folds up his papers, coughs, and rises.

THE GHOST (*wistfully*): This is the Island-that-Hates-to-be-Visited.

THE MAN: O.K. We run it.

THE GHOST: Who are you?

THE MAN: Barrie's business agent. Good evening.

He goes off, leaving Mary Rose—for it is she—looking rather silly. Then up from the beach comes Stanley, carrying Britannia in his arms and blowing slightly. All round them are various notabilities.

STANLEY (*setting Britannia down heavily on a convenient clump of moss*): Ouf!

He wipes his brow and lights his pipe.

BRITANNIA (*faintly*): Thank you.

Pause.

A VOICE: And now what?

The arguing begins again, a continuous roar and rumble, not unlike the Zoo. Then Jack Hobbs steps forward, addressing Britannia, who is fanning herself with her handkerchief.

MR. HOBBS: Would you like an address on something? I have addressed more than one Y.M.C.A. on Civism and the importance of keeping a straight bat.

MRS. AIMÉE MCPHERSON (*stridently*): Listen, big boy, why muscle in on my racket? (*Powders her nose.*)

A VOICE: Show her some strokes instead, Jack.

MR. DRINKWATER (*dignified*): Surely it is the function of the Poet——

"KID" LEWIS: This here politics——

Wrangling and fighting break out afresh as "Kid" Lewis cleaves a way for Oswald through the mob and takes up a commanding position on the nearest rock.

OSWALD (*rapidly*): I am here to save you. To save you not only from persons like that (*points at Stanley, who takes no notice*), but from yourself. My purpose, in a phrase, is to provide you with hope. To provide you with a sense of purpose. To give you renewed zest. (*Britannia shivers slightly.*) I am here to brace you for new sacrifices and new adventures. You are surrounded with perils. I will show you the way out. I do not wish to shout. I wish to speak with virile accents. I am resolutely determined.

Gets down, fingering his moustache, amid the plaudits of "Kid" Lewis. Mr. Drinkwater reappearing, offers to write his biography. Meanwhile Ramsay has also appeared, and is contemplating Britannia with eyes full of emotion.

RAMSAY (*at length*): Hmphm. And will ye give your confidence to wee, feckless laddies like yon?

BRITANNIA (*wearily*): Are you saving me, too?

RAMSAY: Ay.

BRITANNIA: From whom?

RAMSAY (*simply*): From everrrrrrybody.

BRITANNIA (*tenderly*): Oh! Poor old Stanley. I'm sorry for the old mutt.

Everybody looks at Stanley. He is dozing.

Pause.

BRITANNIA (*sighing*): What do you want me to do?

RAMSAY: I want ye to give me the powerrr.

BRITANNIA (*hesitatingly*): Would you let my poor dear Stanley help you? If he wakes, I mean.

RAMSAY (*compassionately*): The puir wee man.

Tears fill his eyes.

BRITANNIA (*in desperation*): I mean to say, there's probably something in all this beastly noise you're all making. I seem to have spent an awful lot and I'm simply covered with bills from everybody. It's difficult for a girl to manage, especially when people are dogging her all the time and talking without stopping, and fussing and nagging, and getting in her way. I realise all that. But I hope you won't think me unkind if I don't accept any of your proposals just yet. I'm rather confused. You all do shout so, and it doesn't seem to mean anything. Now, if there were only *somebody*——

STANLEY (*waking suddenly*): Max?

BRITANNIA (*blushing*): Oh, Stanley!

OSWALD (*shrugging picturesquely*): *Max!* My God! Ha, ha, ha, ha!

"Kid" Lewis clenches his fist.

(*To Britannia*): So that's the fellow you want!

BRITANNIA (*defiantly*): Looks aren't everything.

Oswald suddenly produces a large brown-paper parcel.

BRITANNIA: Oswald! What's the matter?

OSWALD (*through clenched teeth*): This must end. You are mine. I have said so, and it is so. This shall prove it.

Turns with a dramatic gesture to Stanley and Ramsay, at the same time tearing open his brown-paper parcel.

We will fight it out, here and now. Choose your weapons.

The parcel consists of Blue Books. At the sight of them Stanley and Ramsay wince slightly.

OSWALD (*with a flourish*): Three speeches, simultaneously. The longest and loudest wins the girl. Are you ready?

Nobody answers. Stanley and Ramsay awkwardly pick up a Blue Book each and begin to flutter the leaves, each standing apart from the other. Oswald, hand on hip, holds his Blue Book carelessly and waits, disdaining even to open it.

Pause.

MR. EUSTACE MILES (*masticating a handful of edible seaweed*): If I may offer an opinion on this vexed question, it is that the obvious solution of all our difficulties is the adoption of a meatless diet. Such a healthful meal as a mock-steak, or one of my "Emprote" preparations——

The rest of the speech, which has every promise of length, is suddenly drowned by the increasing roar of an aeroplane. The duellists start nervously. Everybody looks up. The machine lands. Out of it steps an alert figure surrounded by secretaries. It is Prince Max. As he strides towards the group surrounding Britannia he dictates a brief message to his brokers. Fairies are heard singing feyly off-stage.

Though perils beset us all round,
Cheer up, boys, the Empire is sound.
We'll pull up our socks and pull through,
So three cheers for the Red, White and Blue.

Who is the lad to win the day?
Who is the lad to show the way?
Who is the lad to see fair play?
Max! Prince Max!
Who is the lad we all can Trust?
Who is the lad to put Empire fust?
Who is the lad who'll always support an Empire-Tariff-Fair-play-for-Agriculture-and-more-employment-all-round, or *bust*?
Max! Prince Max!

When faced by a spell of bad luck,
Brace up, boys, and show British pluck.
If down to the ground you are hit,
Just get up again full of grit.

(*Fairies repeat chorus to accompaniment of a little lost breeze sighing in the rowans.*)

PRINCE MAX (*concluding as he reaches Britannia*): ". . . and hold till further instructions full stop." Get that off.

He turns and salutes Britannia gracefully with a winning smile.

Well, and how's every little thing?

BRITANNIA (*blushing exquisitely*): Oh, Max! It *is* you?

PRINCE MAX: Sure.

His alert eye rests on the three duellists, who are somewhat disconcerted.

BRITANNIA: And you have really come all this way to save me?

PRINCE MAX: You said it. (*Looking round*): 'Lo, Stanley. 'Lo Ramsay.

Stanley smiles vaguely and waves his pipe in greeting. Ramsay nods rather dourly.

(*To Britannia*): What's all this?

BRITANNIA (*hesitating and blushing*): Well, it's all rather awkward and odd. You know my difficulties, don't you?

PRINCE MAX: Got 'em all tabulated, with the remedies.

BRITANNIA: Well, first Stanley was going to rescue me. Then Oswald was going to rescue me from them and Stanley. Then Ramsay was going to rescue me from them, Stanley, Oswald, and myself. It was all rather confusing. Then Stanley ran away with me to save me from the others, and the others ran after us to save me from Stanley and each other. Then, when we all met, nothing seemed to happen except a lot of noise, and Stanley got very sleepy, and people kept on talking, and a gentleman named McGillivray wanted to lend me money on my note-of-hand alone, and everybody quarrelled, and it was all tiresome. Then they were going to settle it by fighting a duel. (*Coyly*): Then *you* turned up.

PRINCE MAX: Sure I did. You know my methods, Britannia. (*Glancing round the group*): Come on.

BRITANNIA (*surprised*): What do you mean, "Come on"?

PRINCE MAX (*briefly indicating aeroplane*): I'll run you back home right now.

BRITANNIA (*tremulously*): Oh, Max! *Now?* How marvellous! Then——

PRINCE MAX: Then what?

BRITANNIA (*whispering*): You do . . . you do love me?

PRINCE MAX: O.K. And I've a board-meeting at three. Come on (*Incisively to Stanley and Ramsay*): You boys better follow. I shall want you.

Takes her by the arm and hurries her off. The rest of the group, including Stanley, Oswald, and Ramsay, gaze after them dumbly. The aeroplane roars, rises, circles round, and vanishes.

OSWALD (*grinding his teeth*): A time will come!

RAMSAY (*after a long silence*): I'm no a meretrrrrreecious man.

STANLEY (*after a longer silence*): What?

Scene closes.

FINAL SCENE.—*The Renaissance Confectionery-Packing Salon at Fortnum and Mason's. Four p.m. next day.*

In sumptuous surroundings of malachite and gold chocolates and fondants are being packed by young and beautiful Peeresses in richly jewelled caskets.

As work is merrily proceeding the West Door is flung open and Mr. Fortnum hurries in, attended by a major-domo. In his hand Mr. Fortnum holds a telegram. He is rather excited.

MR. FORTNUM: News, everybody. News! Britannia is saved! Prince Max has saved her——

A FLUTE-LIKE VOICE: From death, Mr. Fortnum?

MR. FORTNUM (*suddenly serious*): From worse than death, your Grace!

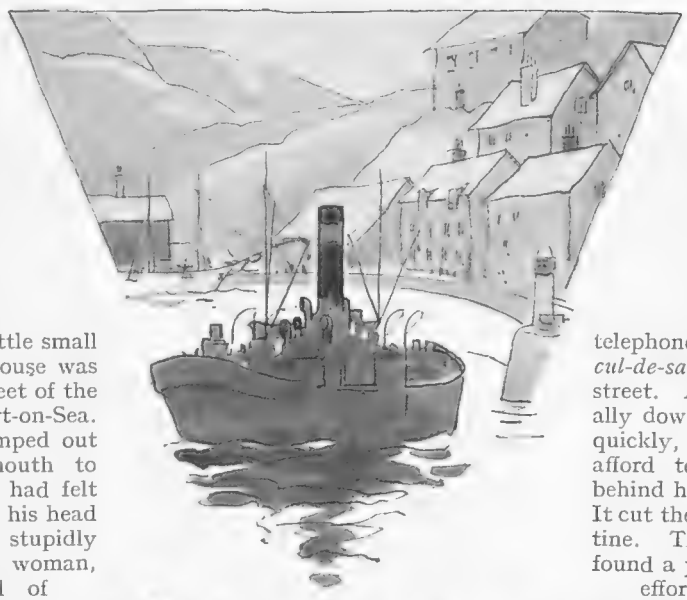
Renewed murmurs of well-bred approval.

And now, I think, we cannot celebrate this auspicious day otherwise but in ceasing our labours forthwith and indulging in the pleasures of the dance!

An army of well-trained servants immediately converts the Packing Salon into a ballroom, the band plays gay and patriotic airs, Mr. Fortnum, borrowing a large Union Jack, wraps it round himself and sings the National Anthem, and the scene closes in a whirl of brilliant but not licentious gaiety.

D. B. W. L.

WANTED for murder



by JOHN HASTINGS TURNER

HE had done it. There was no doubt about that. The woman was dead. She lay at his feet, between the bed and the dressing-table, and somewhere from underneath her head the blood was stealing over the light grey carpet. "Reg." Jarman felt himself unable to move. What a fool, what an utter fool he had been to carry that revolver! As a burglar, on a small scale, he had done sufficiently well. Now he was faced with a charge of murder. And for what? For the sake of the few cheap silver articles on the dressing-table and the possibility of a little small cash lying about. For the house was not large. It lay in a back street of the unimportant town of Selport-on-Sea. The woman had wakened, jumped out of bed, and opened her mouth to scream. And he, cursed fool, had felt the revolver in his pocket, lost his head and shot. And now he stood stupidly looking down at the dead woman, unable to move. A sound of movement in the house galvanised him. Someone had heard the shot. He slipped over to the window and threw it open. No time now for precautions. Ten feet below, just visible by the light of a yellow moon, was the roof of a tool-shed in the backyard. He slid feet-foremost over the sill and made the drop. As he crouched on the roof a shriek came from the room above, and a man's voice said, "God!" Jarman crept up the roof and lay under the shadow of the house-wall. It had been a woman who shrieked, but the man would undoubtedly spot the open window and would look out. A pale, bearded face appeared from above, the neck of a pair of gaudy pyjamas open. Face downwards, Jarman lay without breathing. The man with the beard peered out over the untidy back-yard. Then he withdrew his head, and without being able to catch the words, Jarman heard him talking in a low voice. No knowing whether he had been seen or not. He must move, anyway. He crept down the roof and dropped silently into the back-yard. There, for some moments, it appeared that he was trapped. The walls, it was true, were not impossible to climb, but to climb out of one was only to climb into another.

And then he saw the small door in the wall at the end of the yard. And, by the grace of God, it swung very gently in the light breeze. It was open. He slipped through, and found himself in a little alley, a *cul-de-sac*—only lighted by a lamp fixed to the wall at the closed end. Under the lamp, a loafer, huddled on the pavement, stared at him with sleepy eyes. Jarman turned his back swiftly and walked down the narrow lane. That damned fellow under the lamp! What cursed luck! But probably he was drunk—or, at least, half-asleep. Wouldn't be able, anyway, to give a description of the man who slipped out of the back entrance of Number 19, Netta Street, just after . . . just after . . .

Well, he'd got to risk that. That blasted man with the beard would be taking some kind of action by now. Looking for a policeman. But they took some finding, and the houses in Netta Street had no telephones. Jarman never liked working in a house with a telephone. He came to the end of the *cul-de-sac* and turned away from the street. A clear road which ran eventually down to the harbour. He walked quickly, and debated whether he could afford to break into a run. From behind him came the blast of a whistle. It cut the silence like a screaming guillotine. The man with the beard had found a policeman. It required a great effort on the part of Jarman to prevent himself running. His heart beat like a racing piston, and in the pit of his stomach there seemed to grow something like a cold damp sponge. But he walked on. He had not yet given any thought to direction. Away from Netta Street, that was all. He spared no pity for the dead woman. His pity was all for himself. He was fighting hard to make a fourth-class brain work like a first-class brain. These brilliant criminals one reads of in books—who managed to cover up their tracks in a hundred ways: what would they be doing now? He didn't know. He hadn't the slightest idea. No marvellous trick came to him at all. He just walked on. And then, suddenly, he remembered again that this road led to the harbour. And with that thought came another. Always, in those books, they "watched the docks." Good God! Why had he not thought of that before?—and he was more than half-way down the hill to the sea. Again the cold damp sponge at the pit of his stomach. Whisky. Whisky or brandy would put that right. But he dare not go into a public-house. Not so near to Netta Street. And if he started to drink he might talk, and, once talking, God knew what he might say. He stopped, and though there was no one in sight on the long dreary street, he made a pretence of tying up his shoe-lace to excuse his stopping. He had never known before what it meant to be hunted and, vaguely, he realised that he relied now entirely on his nerve. He must think every inch of the way, and he must think clearly. No whisky, no brandy. Whatever his stomach and his legs might feel, it was only his head that mattered now. . . .

Illustrated by
GEORGE LEECH

BY this time the police station would know of the murder at 19, Netta Street, and large men in bowler hats

"The man with the bowler hat was engaged in talking to the guard of the goods train . . . Swiftly but with infinite care he climbed into an empty truck. The man in the bowler hat had missed his chance"

would be watching the fishing-boats and the steamers. What then? He must think. Think hard. He walked on and took the first turning he saw, and walked on again. This damned little street, with its dark, smug little villas seemed endless. But it did come to an end at last, and, as it seemed to him, amazingly, in a field. Here, again, he stopped. He knew the town well, and, if only he could collect himself, and give his mind to it, he would know where he was. Netta Street—the long road that went down to the sea—turned to the left—fields. . . .

He knew. If he went across the fields he would strike a footpath, and the footpath would take him, the best part of a mile and a half, to the Junction. And at the Junction one might . . . No question, anyway, that this was his line of country. To go back was impossible. That police-whistle still sang in his ears. Would they watch the Junction? They might, but not so surely as they would the harbour. He relied again upon the detective-stories he had, occasionally, read and sneered at. The ordinary, unimaginative criminal would make a bid for what they called "Foreign Parts." There was something called the Extradition Law, which, if it didn't make you safe, at least delayed things. Jarman wasn't very clear about the Extradition Laws, but he knew that criminals in books had an insensate desire to get to sea, and he considered himself very subtle to have bilked the watchers at the harbour.

He set out across the fields. Scrambling through hedges was difficult, and he became aware that his appearance, as an ordinary citizen, was not being improved. That couldn't be helped. He would have a chance, perhaps, if luck broke the right way, to change his clothes. In the third field he almost trod on a hare, curled up for the night. The hare darted away, and Jarman, utterly unnerved, stood and shook in the long grass. At last he moved on again. An owl screamed and flapped noisily away from a stunted tree. Jarman leant against that tree and very nearly screamed himself. He came, at last, to the foot-path and found his nerve again. No more sudden noises, anyway. But he must *think*; he must get his brain working. He could not afford to do one single thing now without thinking what it might lead to. He came at last under the shadow of the silent station. Somewhere to his left, at the end of the platform, a single light was burning. Up the line, to his right, another lamp shone mistily from the signal-box. The yellow moon caught the rails feebly. Jarman lay under the bank and thought hard. He had no idea of the time. He had no notion of what trains would be going through. By craning up, very carefully, he could see the end of the platform, where it came out into the open. A big man, in a bowler hat and a tightly-buttoned overcoat, appeared upon it, pacing slowly towards the end. He smoked a cigarette and appeared infinitely bored. And so, no doubt, he was, for it appeared quite certain to him that the Netta Street murderer would be making his get-away from the harbour, and that he, damned cold, was wasting his time while some other official was getting the credit. Nevertheless this was his job, and he was paid for it, and he had a wife and a small boy who thought Daddy's life was too thrilling for words, and so he paced up and down, getting colder and colder, and forgetting that he had definitely rationed himself to ten cigarettes per day.

OVER the edge of the soaking grass of the bank two frightened eyes stared at him and knew exactly why he was there. An engine whistled some way down the line and the man in the bowler hat turned quickly, threw his cigarette on to the rails, and went back into the station The train grunted in, and grunted out. Jarman watched the tail-light as it disappeared round the curve. God! How he longed to be somewhere on board that train, slipping away to . . . to comparative safety. The man in the bowler hat appeared again, dully pacing the length of the platform. . . . It was a full three-quarters of an hour before Jarman again heard the scream of a whistle down the line. Then a long goods train came slowly into the station and stopped with a great jangling of couplings. Such was the length of the train that four or five trucks were beyond the end of the platform. Jarman realised that this, if any, was his chance. The man with the bowler

hat was engaged in talking to the guard of the goods train. He heard the guard laughing. . . .

Swiftly, but with infinite care, he climbed into an empty truck. That man in the bowler hat had missed his chance. And yet, this was only the beginning. Suppose the train was going no further that night? They were a damned leisurely crew, anyway. He could hear the low voices on the platform, and beyond, the hiss of the engine. Then a short whistle. Thank God! At last. He heard the engine get under way, and realised suddenly that his truck was not moving. What had happened? Again the cold, damp sponge. Then, in horror, he knew. His part of the train had been shunted. He was done for. Done for by the infernal luck of choosing the wrong end of the train! He heard the sounds of the engine getting fainter. Then the rattle of the couplings told him that it had stopped again. He did not dare even to peep over the edge of his truck. He crouched in the corner and sweated, and, amazingly enough, prayed, promising God all kinds of reformation if only He would get him out of this mess: and repeating, over and over again, as if to impress it on the Deity's mind, "I never meant it! I never meant it!"

A sudden great jar shook him sideways on to the floor of the truck. He heard footsteps on the track and a voice whistling "Land of Hope and Glory," out of tune. Then another short whoop from the engine and, very slowly, the train began to move. It was, after all, the other portion

which was to be left behind. Jarman's relief was so great that he forgot all about God and gave himself up to congratulation at his own cleverness. He was passing through the station now under the very eye of that fool in the bowler hat. The train careered sedately through the night. Jarman suddenly realised that he was tired out. He fought against sleep, but his eyes kept drooping and, before he even knew he had slept, he woke with a start. The train had stopped. With the utmost care he peered over the edge of the truck. He was on a siding amongst hundreds of similar trucks. There was no engine, no light in the guard's van. Beyond, the dull glare of sleeping London. He climbed out of the truck and threaded his way across the lines. He saw no one. His luck held. Under a damp arch he struck a match and had a look at himself. He was filthy and his clothes were torn. He took the money from his trouser pocket. Eighteen shillings and fourpence. He wanted food badly, and after that he must have another suit. He found an all-night coffee-stall in what he discovered to be Harrow Road, and drank a cup of coffee and ate hard-boiled eggs and thick bread-and-butter. The cheery, red-faced man in charge laughed good-naturedly and said, "You have been playing about in a sewer, mate?"

Jarman mumbled that he had had an accident. Fell asleep on a lorry, like a prize fool, and tumbled off into a ditch, luckily. It all came easily enough, and the red-faced man didn't question the story. The food and the coffee gave Jarman a new confidence. He even considered the question of procuring his new clothes by the exercise of his profession, but, wiser counsels prevailing, he bought a threadbare pair of grey flannels and a seedy sports coat in Lisson Grove. He changed under a bridge over the Regent's Canal, with the vapour rising in swirls about him off the water, and he wrapped a large stone in his old clothes and dropped them in. His spirits rose with the change. It seemed, in a way, like dropping the whole damned happening into the water, and getting rid of it. He sat for some time under the bridge, considering his next move At last he made up his mind . . . He thought, in Edgware Road, that a policeman looked at him rather more than casually, and the incident brought back to him with a rush that he was wanted for murder. His new-found confidence slipped from him like a cloak. He must get out . . . right out: out of the country. Greenwich? He had heard there were ships at Greenwich, but he had not the slightest idea where or how far off the place was. Did he dare ask? It seemed a very small risk, hardly a risk at all, but in those damned detective stories somebody always remembered "a man answering to that description who stopped and asked the way—" He'd have to chance it, all the same . . .

He got there in the end, by devious routes. His head ached; for he had been on the stretch all the time, but there were the blessed ships. Big ships lying out in midstream, and at the wharf smaller craft. That large steamer about a hundred yards out—a Jap by her name—something Maru. There'd be a thousand hiding-places on her. But how to get aboard? Impossible. He gazed moodily down at the deck of the steamer beneath him. She had a tall red funnel with a dirty white band. From deep down in her belly came the sound of hammering. Otherwise she seemed deserted. On her bridge part of the canvas dodgers had torn loose and flapped forlornly against the rail. A vague smell of oil and tar seemed to emanate from her. She was, in fact, unsavoury. But she was a ship. Jarman knew nothing of ships, nor where he might best hide aboard one. He had read of stowaways, in lifeboats, however, and his eye roved about the deck in search of one. There were two, amidships. Rotten-looking things they were, too, even to Jarman's untrained eye. Even the canvas coverings looked as if they would fall to pieces at a touch. But—wanted for murder—you couldn't expect a suite on the Mauretania when you were wanted for murder. Not difficult, with nobody about, to swing up those—what did they call them?—davits—and creep under the covering. A voice behind him said, "Have you any business down here, my man?"

A policeman was eyeing him, not unpleasantly, but, to Jarman's imagination, curiously.

"Just looking," he muttered. "Just looking at the ships."

The policeman nodded.

"You're not supposed to be down here," he said, "not unless you've business."

Jarman moved off. If that boat had not sailed, he would get aboard somehow, after dark. Meanwhile, he must get food. Might be a couple of days before he dared show himself and tell the "out-of-work" story which he had at his finger-ends. He bought biscuits and potted meat and some slices of ham and beef—and then he wandered about until the sun set behind a cold grey mist and the lights of the ships came out like stars over the water. When he arrived at the wharf-side again the red-funnelled steamer seemed as deserted as ever. Even the sound of hammering had ceased. Her necessary lights showed, but otherwise there was no sign of life. He looked round quickly; there was no one in sight. He dropped his parcel of food on to the deck and scrambled down after it. The noise he made horrified him. He stood trembling, without picking up the parcel. But nothing happened. Nobody seemed to have heard him, or, if they had, they didn't care. He picked up the parcel and pulled himself up the davit. It was harder and more exhausting than he had expected, but in the end he scrambled under the covering and lay, panting, in the bottom of the life-boat. He was filled with a sense of enormous relief. Now at last, he told himself, he had shaken them off. If only he dared smoke! He had a packet of cigarettes, but—it was impossible. He was a heavy smoker and it was a torment to him to feel those cigarettes in his pocket. Then he realised that he was tired out and that, at last, he could sleep. He slept.

He awoke to a sensation of utter disaster. A keen wind ripped under the covers and the rain soaked through the rotten canvas. The boat dipped and rolled. Jarman's eyes ached like two balls of fire and he had to sit in the bows, with his hands stretched out on each side of him to avoid being thrown against the boat. He was sick. He ached for food at the same time as his stomach refused to tolerate it. He caught himself whimpering aloud. He was suffering horribly. He tried to comfort himself, repeating over and over again, "You've got away, you've got away." But it was hard to keep from screaming, from shouting to the men below to take him out of that. Not that his shouting would have been heard, for the little steamer had run into a real snorter in the Channel and there wasn't a stay or a rope of her that was not screaming on its own. Soon Jarman had no sense of time or space. He might have been crouched in that dancing twilight world for centuries. It became dark and horribly cold—then lighter again. He tried to eat, but he was not able to swallow. So great were his sufferings that he became dulled to them. He dozed, woke up to be sick, and dozed again. His senses were numbed. At last, lying in black darkness, he became aware of a different feeling in the boat. They were in smooth water. A little later he could hear the order being given which meant they were alongside the quay. His confidence in himself and the conviction that now, at last, he had escaped, came back to him with a rush. All that was left was to lie there for another hour or two, till everything was quiet. Then he would slip quietly away. It was a black night—a very friendly night. He crept out of his hiding-place with infinite care; he was astonished to find how exhausted he was. But he did it. Swung down the davit and stepped on to the quay. Now at last he might call himself a free man. He took a deep breath, and drew out his packet of cigarettes. As he walked quietly away the yellow beam from a lamp caught the little steamer's stern. Jarman, incuriously, glanced at her name. "Louisa Todd," and underneath, in smaller letters, "Selport."

He stood quite still, staring and thinking. It was as he stood thus that a large man in a bowler hat came up and looked hard at him. The large man said "Ah!" and slipped a firm hand round Jarman's arm.

Without a word the murderer suffered himself to be led away.

J. H. T.

CHERCHEZ LA FEMME*

"I'am, what you say? Desperate? I would earn ze money!"

By Peter Trevor

Illustrated by HENDY

I know Frank Cheery very well, so well, in fact, that he told me of this adventure which befell him recently, when on the Continent travelling by a night train. But it is not the sort of thing which he would like to be made public property, for even the best of friends are inclined to think the worst of you, and for that reason I have changed his name for one which suits him perfectly, and even left vague the route by which he was travelling. Suffice it to say that he is a man of the world, a bon viveur, and on the right side of the half-century with an eye still clear for a pretty woman. I have put what he told me into dramatic form for the reason that I don't think I could write a short story to save my life.

Frank is seated in the corner of a first-class carriage distant from the corridor. He is reading an English novel which can only be purchased in Paris, and appears to be enjoying it. The corridor door slides open, and Frank looks up. In the doorway stands a woman of undoubted good looks, whom we will call Madame. She speaks in somewhat broken English.

MADAME: Pardon, Monsieur.

FRANK: Hullo?

MADAME: You say 'ullo. You are English?

FRANK: Guilty.

MADAME: I disturb you at your reading. I am sorry.

FRANK (*putting down book*): What can I do for you?

MADAME: I desire to smoke. The 'ole coach is empty but for you, and, hélas, I 'ave no match.

FRANK (*producing lighter and cigarette case*): I can supply both necessities, I am happy to say.

MADAME (*entering the carriage*): You are too kind.

(*She takes a cigarette from the case, which he replaces in his pocket, lights the lighter, and holds it out.*)

MADAME: Merci, bien. (*Just as she is about to light the cigarette she stumbles forward and nearly throws herself in his arms.*) Pardon, ze roll of ze train.

FRANK (*disengaging himself gently*): Perhaps you had better sit down first.

(*They sit side by side. He gives her a light. She puffs with satisfaction.*)

MADAME: Ah, zat is good (*rising*): and now per'aps . . .

FRANK: But must you go?

MADAME (*with a brilliant smile*): It is your wish I stay? (*She subsides into the seat.*)

FRANK: Well, it's a long journey, and reading's dull work.

MADAME: C'est vrai. Ver,' oh, ver' dull. You travel far?

FRANK: To London—and you?

MADAME (*with a sigh*): Not so far. I meet a 'usband at the frontier.

FRANK: And you'd rather go to London?

MADAME: I would much rather. I dread ze meeting with my 'usband.

FRANK: Why?

MADAME: Because I 'ave ver' bad news for 'im.

FRANK: Oh, I say, I'm fearfully sorry. I hope no relative is dead?

MADAME: No, no relation is dead. Only 'ope.

FRANK (*puzzled*): Hope? Who's he?

MADAME: No, no. You do not understand. 'Ope. Esperance.

FRANK: I've got you. You've been disappointed, and your husband will be disappointed, too.

MADAME: Disappointed—and ver', ver' angry. I dread to meet 'im.

FRANK: Good lord!

MADAME: We are, what you say? 'Ard up?

FRANK: A lot of us say that nowadays.

MADAME: 'E sent me a journey to obtain some money from a friend, and 'e 'as failed me.

FRANK: Hard up, too?

MADAME (*producing a handkerchief*): Oui! Oh, I am affrighted.

FRANK (*consolingly*): I say, don't cry. I can't bear to see a woman cry.

MADAME (*leaning against him*): But I must cry. I am so un'appy.

FRANK (*his better nature getting the better of him, putting his arm round her waist*): There, there.

MADAME (*snuggling up closer and putting her head on his shoulder*): You are so sympathetique.

FRANK (*his kindly nature still in the ascendant, and looking down at her*): I hate to see a pretty woman cry.

MADAME (*gratefully, lifting her face to his*): T'ank you.

(*Frank, who is, after all, a man, kisses the upturned lips ardently.*)

MADAME (*with a little sigh of content*): Ah! I feel 'appier.

FRANK: So glad. Anything I can do . . .

MADAME: You could do much—oh, so much.

FRANK: What could I do?

MADAME: You could stop my affrightment.

FRANK: How?

MADAME: By lending me ten t'ousand francs.

FRANK (*firmly*): Oh, no, I couldn't.

MADAME (*wheedling*): You. A rich Englishman! What is ten t'ousand francs to you?

FRANK (*grimly*): A hundred pounds at the present rate of exchange!

MADAME (*wildly*): But I must get ze money or my 'usband 'e may kill me!

FRANK (*cooling off*): That would be most regrettable.

MADAME: I am, what you say? Desperate? I would, yes, I would *earn ze* money. (*She looks at him with meaning.*)

FRANK (*disengaging himself, coolly*): A hundred pounds takes a lot of earning.

MADAME: You insult me! That money I am going to 'ave.

FRANK: And where do you propose to get it?

MADAME: From you! I 'ave made you an offer.

FRANK: Which, my dear lady, I have refused.

MADAME: But you will not refuse me the money!

FRANK: That is where you are mistaken. Will you please go? And the sooner the better, too"

MADAME: I shall not go.

(*She quickly takes off her hat, crumples it up, throws it on the seat, and disarranges her hair.*)

FRANK (*angrily*): What the devil are you doing?

(*Continued on page 38*)

* This sketch may be played at Vicarages, Sunday Schools, and P.S.A.'s without fee.

The BIG DEAL

"SAY, Momma!" shouted Jacob Mosher suddenly. "I put over that deal to-day. You remember, Momma, the one I was telling you all about last night?"

"H'mm," said Hannah Mosher.

She appeared in the doorway of her husband's bedroom, handsome and enormous in oyster-coloured satin and ropes of pearls.

"Whyn't you wear your diamonds, Momma?" demanded Mr. Mosher fretfully.

"Now I ain't got time to dress myself all over again," she responded placidly. "And everybody knows these pearls cost money. You bet Abe Lasky'll know, if I have to tell it to him. Besides, Poppa, you're late. And you know Becky Lasky don't like people late for supper at her house."

"But I was trying to tell it you, Momma. I had to close this big deal. Two million dollars. Office building property. Such fine property! You ought to remember, Momma; I had the option."

"H'mm," she said.

Hannah Mosher realised vaguely that Jacob was a great financier. She'd read that in the newspapers. But she knew more definitely that he was her Jacob, a good, faithful man with corns on both his little toes—furthermore, that he was the father of Jakie, Rachel, Rosa and Samuel Mosher.

Neither of them knew how important the big deal was. But at that precise moment the life of Jacob Mosher was worth exactly fifty cents. He didn't know it, but that fifty cents was Jacob's big deal.

MR. and Mrs. Mosher had not considered it necessary to celebrate the big deal—yet the transaction did not lack its celebrants.

Sidney Kent, salesman, took his forty-thousand-dollar cheque from his lizard-skin billfold and handed it to his wife. His thin fingers trembled a little.

"It went through," said Carolyn softly.

"It went through," assented Sidney, just as softly.

The forty-thousand-dollar cheque meant a great deal to Sidney Kent and his wife. For several months now they'd been living on credit. The letters from creditors and the insistent telephone calls had been messages in a nightmare—in a pretty bad nightmare. Neither Sidney nor Carolyn had ever known privation before. Fresh from college, Sidney had gone into the real-estate business. Those were boom days—and Sidney was a likeable boy, a good salesman. But he and Carolyn had spent their money as it came. Their apartment was a small treasure house. Carolyn loved the few good things they had—things they'd picked up one summer in Europe; things they'd picked up in antique shops at home. But for months these precious possessions had been in jeopardy.

They weren't in jeopardy now. She turned the cheque over and over in her hands.

"He's a good chap to do business with," Kent said. "A good Jew. But a deal like this means nothing to a man like Mosher. That man's fortune is fabulous—simply fabulous!"

But Carolyn was inattentive. She had forty thousand dollars safe in her hands.

"We've got to celebrate!" she said eagerly. "We've just got to step out and celebrate!"

"Sure," he agreed. "Sure we do!"

SIDNEY KENT had forgotten to explain to his wife that he had given the young chap in his office a rise. A ten-dollar-a-week rise was a small matter, now that things were on the up grade—and young Potter deserved it. He was a good, conscientious chap to have in the office—not a go-getter, of course, but he wasn't paid to be a go-getter.

Sidney Kent couldn't have known that the world itself

by JOSEPHINE BENTHAM

was at the old, carefully polished boots of young John Potter.

Young John Potter wasn't the sort to put emotions into words. He had said, "Thanks, sir—thanks very much," when Kent had paused at the door to announce the ten-dollar rise. But after his employer had left John sat in a stunned silence for quite a long time. Then he reached for the telephone.

"Dorothy!" he said. "Dorothy! Listen, sweetheart; you put your best dress on. You and I are going to a Chinese restaurant, and then we've going to a movie, and then if we feel like going any place else we're going to go there—that's all!"

"But——" said the voice of Dorothy.

"No buts!" roared John Potter.

He was masterful. He was one of the lords of this earth. He and Dorothy had thought they'd have to wait two years before they could be married. But to-night, at the Chinese restaurant, he was going to tell her they could be married to-morrow. Was this his night? It was.

ONE Luke Smith was lounging before the door of a Macdougall Street speakeasy. He glanced with a sour interest at the two men who had just passed through the door. Vaguely he recognised one of the men—an habitué. The other man, whom he had not seen before, was John Potter.

John Potter had not wanted to drop into the speakeasy. He had wanted to hurry right over to the flat in Washington Square, where Dorothy lived with her mother. But his goodwill was going out to all the world to-night—even as far as old Fred Johnson, an acquaintance for whom he had neither liking nor respect. But to-night when old Fred ran into him and begged him to have a quick one, he had been ready to violate the joint laws of country and conscience.

He didn't stay long. He didn't like the atmosphere of the speakeasy and he wanted to hurry on to Dorothy. So he had his quick one and left Fred Johnson at the bar.

The old bum at the door aroused his ready sympathy. Poor old bum! He scarcely waited for the usual whine. He flipped Luke Smith a large, round, bright half-dollar.

THE first drink almost made a man of Luke Smith. By the third drink he'd be a wreck again, but, warmed with the first drink, his thoughts became slightly more lucid than they were ordinarily, and his grievances, which absorbed his attention whether he was sober or drunk, became more intelligently defined. Warmed with the first drink, he knew exactly whom he hated, and why, and to precisely what degree.

He sat over this first drink, and thought about it, comfortably—almost philosophically.

At one time Luke had been a humble member of Nick Donatelli's gang. He was, strictly speaking, a member now, but they'd done him dirt. Did they protect him? Not if the price of a drink was protection! He'd gotten drunk at a couple of the wrong times, maybe, but so had a lot of other people. They'd been pretty smart about it. They said he didn't even have the liver to squeal what he knew. Well, perhaps he didn't. He didn't want to go for a ride—nobody did, did they? But he was good and sore—he had a right to be good and sore.

Luke Smith knew what he knew. By one of those curious twists of cosmopolitan life he knew a great deal more than John Potter knew, a great deal more than the smart Sidney Kent knew.

Luke Smith knew, to be exact about it, just in what way and to what extent Jacob Mosher had got the rather belligerent goat of Nick Donatelli's gang. He knew how Mosher had been warned to lay off pushing that political pet of his. If Mosher wanted his friends in the district attorney's office he'd have to talk to Nick about it first.

Illustrated by CANEY

Yes, Luke knew about that. But he also knew that Nick wasn't just passively peeved. He knew that two of Nick's men had been primed to bump off Jacob Mosher at ten minutes past five on the afternoon of the day following.

If he, Luke Smith, wanted to squeal, he could tip off old Jacob. After that old Jacob could take care of himself. He wasn't any grocery clerk.

Pensively Luke toyed with his glass. He couldn't sell what he knew. The gang would find out about it and then he'd go for a ride all right. But money wasn't everything in this cock-eyed world, was it? Luke tossed the quarter that remained of his fifty cents down on the table and barked for another drink.

Whereupon he crooked his elbow about a sheet of grease-spotted paper and, laboriously, with a chewed-off pencil, he began to write. He signed himself a friend.

ABOUT that time Jacob Mosher and his wife were on their way to Abe Lasky's party.

"You're tired, Poppa," said Mrs. Mosher, patting his hand.

"No, Momma. I was just thinking. I don't know about that deal. I don't know if I did a good thing by myself or not. But I have a hunch, Momma—I have a hunch I did."

J. B.

CHERCHEZ LA FEMME (continued from page 35)

MADAME: Wait!

(*She proceeds to disarrange her blouse.*)

FRANK: Here! Stop that!

MADAME: You cannot stop me.

FRANK: If you don't, I'll pull the communication cord.

MADAME: And what do you t'ink dat will do?

FRANK: It will stop the train, and I shall complain to the guard.

MADAME (*still busy disarranging herself*): And when ze guard comes, I shall say that it was I . . . I . . moi qui vous parle . . . who stopped ze train and make my complaint.

(*There is a pause.*)

FRANK: Blackmail! I suppose you know that's a criminal offence?

MADAME: An assault upon a woman is also criminal, I t'ink. You pay ze money?

FRANK: I'll see you damned first.

MADAME: Ver' well. You wait! In fifteen minutes we arrive at the station where my 'usband awaits me.

FRANK: And then what are you going to do?

MADAME: I make what you call a scene, and you will be arrested.

FRANK: Damn you! (*A pause.*) How much did you say?

MADAME: Ah, zat is better. Ten t'ousand francs.

FRANK (*wavering*): I'll give you five thousand.

MADAME: I ask for ten, and ten t'ousand I will 'ave.

(*Frank takes out his pocket-book, and begins to count the notes in it.*)

MADAME (*pleased*): Ah, you English, you are obstinate, but you see reason sooner or later.

(*Frank continues to count the notes in his pocket-book, and then pauses suddenly. With a look of determination in his eye he replaces the pocket-book in his pocket.*)

FRANK: I shan't pay you a penny.

MADAME (*furious*): You change your mind? Oh, ver' well. You vait, mon ami, you vait! In fifteen minutes we arrive, and I shall, what you call, make a scene! It will be too late then. I sit in dis corner by ze corridor so you cannot escape. I can—what is your idiom? —bide my time.

FRANK: You can not only bide it, my dear. You'll very likely do it!

MADAME: I do not understand.

FRANK: Sorry you can't appreciate the joke.

MADAME (*glowering*): Ze joke! Non! It will be no joke for you!

(*Madame seats herself in the corner of the carriage by the corridor. Frank takes the far opposite corner, picks up his book and reads contentedly. The minutes pass. Then there is a grinding of brakes, a shrill whistle, and Madame rushes to the window, and in a distracted manner utters shriek upon shriek as the train stops at the station. A crowd collects. Officials, including a Cook's interpreter, surround the door of the carriage. Madame points to Frank in the corner, who is reading and smoking peacefully. In an outpouring of French she calls attention to her disarray. There is a chatter and hubbub. A man rushes up to Madame, who is now on the platform, embraces her, and, shaking his fist at Frank, attempts to enter the carriage. An official, covered in importance and gold braid, does so, and approaches Frank.*

THE OFFICIAL (*sternly*): Monsieur!

FRANK: Well, what is it?

THE OFFICIAL: Parlez vous français?

"*A man rushes up to Madame, who is now on the platform, embraces her, and, shaking his fist at Frank, attempts to enter the carriage*"

FRANK: Not sufficiently for my present purpose.

THE OFFICIAL: Comment?

FRANK: L'interpreteur. Vite!

THE OFFICIAL (*at the door calling*): Un interpreteur!

(*The interpreter outside has a hurried consultation with the official on the step, and then enters the compartment. An Englishman, who has boarded the train, stands in the corridor surveying the scene with interest and listening to what passes.*)

FRANK (*to interpreter*): Ah, delighted to see you. I believe that the woman still making such a hell of a noise on the platform there wishes to charge me with assault.

INTERPRETER: That is so, sir.

FRANK: You know she's a blackmailer.

INTERPRETER: It is, I regret to say, her word against yours.

FRANK: Quite so. If I could stop I could prove my case, I am sure, but I must be in England by to-morrow morning. That is essential.

INTERPRETER: But the officials will say in the interests of justice you must stop here.

FRANK: It is in the interests of justice that my presence is required in London to-morrow. (*Getting out his pocket-book.*) Will you kindly explain that to the officials?

INTERPRETER: I fear it would be useless.

FRANK (*producing his card*): Not if you show them this!

(*Frank hands a visiting-card to the Interpreter.*)

INTERPRETER (*reading, startled*): Detective-Inspector of Meiklejohn of Scotland Yard!

FRANK: At your service and on His Majesty's service. I've got a bigger fish to land than a petty blackmailer. That's why I must be in London. Tell 'em to keep that unpleasant piece of goods under lock and key, and I'll see to her when I'm through with my more important job.

(*A long blast from the whistle of the engine is heard as the interpreter, agog with excitement, leaves the carriage. A babel of conversation ensues. Official and angry glances are turned upon Madame, who becomes more and more excited. A gendarme takes the woman by the arm, her husband intervenes, and there is the beginning of a free fight. The station-master appears at the door, and salutes Frank, still sitting quietly in the corner of the carriage.*

STATION-MASTER: Je regret profoundement, Monsieur . . .

FRANK: Oh, please don't apologise; that's all right.

(*Once more there is a blast from the whistle, and, as the train moves off, the Englishman in the corridor enters the carriage and seats himself. The train is now clear of the station.*)

THE ENGLISHMAN: By Jove! That *was* a try on. I don't know what *I* should have done.

FRANK: If you'd have been lucky you'd have done the same as I did.

THE ENGLISHMAN: Yes, but I'm only a mere merchant. I'm not one of the big noises—a detective-inspector at Scotland Yard.

FRANK: Neither am I!

THE ENGLISHMAN: What! But your card?

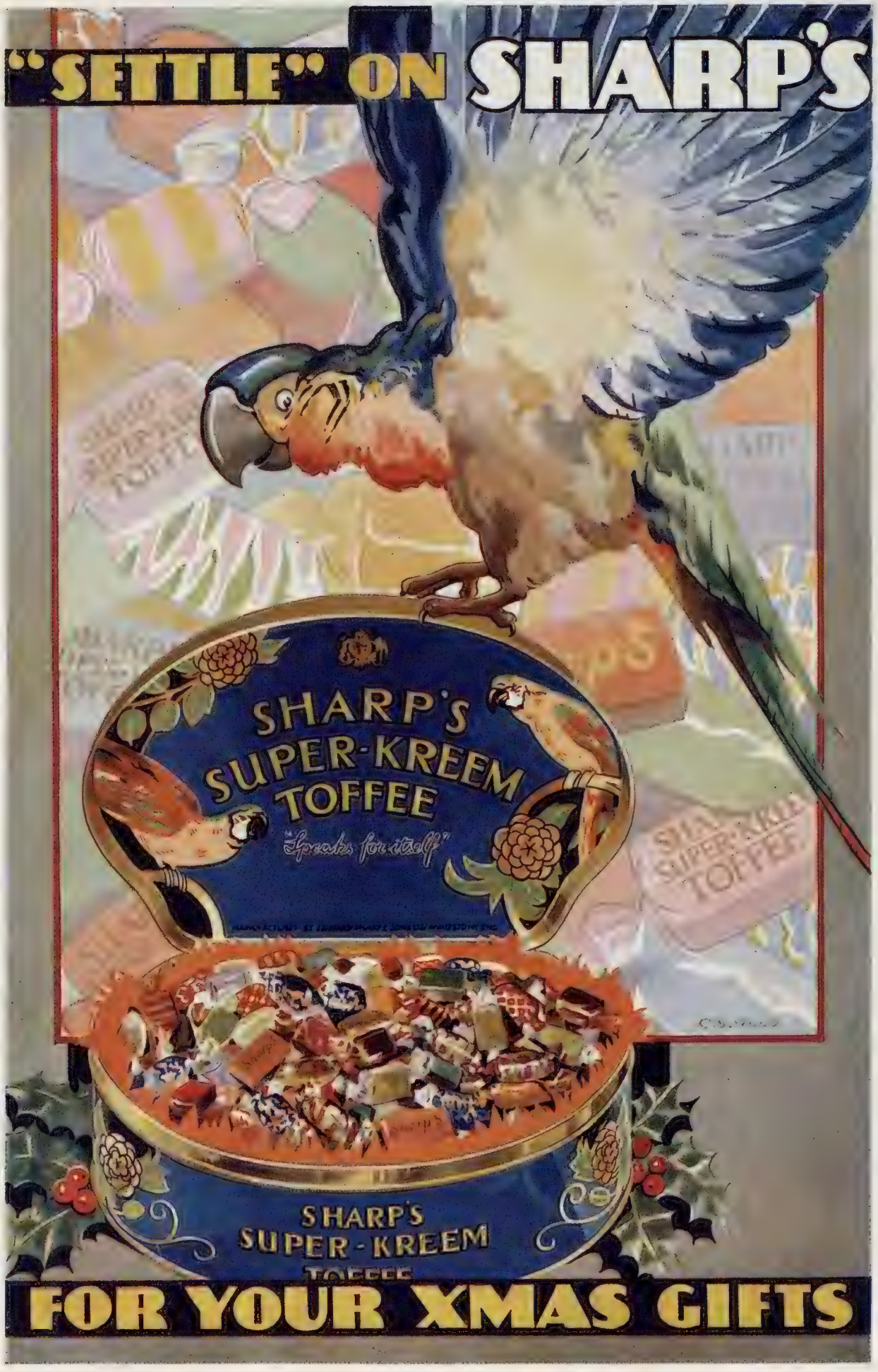
FRANK: Was given me by Meiklejohn. We met last week, struck up friendship, and exchanged paste-boards. That's where my luck came in!

CURTAIN.

[NOTE.—*That is the story as told me by my friend. I believe he was speaking the truth. The woman was a blackmailer, and he did get out of an awkward situation in the manner narrated. Where I am dubious is as to whether he told me everything which occurred between him and Madame in the railway carriage.*

BY CHARLES ROBINSON

THE GODS OF YESTER-YEAR


"SETTLE" ON SHARP'S
SHARP'S SUPER-KREEM TOFFEE
"Speaks for itself"
SHARP'S SUPER-KREEM TOFFEE
FOR YOUR XMAS GIFTS

BY GORDON NICOLL

THIRD-PARTY RISKS

An Unrecorded In

The Borgias give a jolly Christmas party. No prize is

BY LESLIE BUTLER

NCIDENT IN HISTORY

is offered for spotting the genial hosts and charming hostess !

BY WHYDALE

"Did I do that nicely, Sylvia?"
"Marvellously, darling. But why do you ask?"
"Well, you see, I'm self-taught!"

THUJA design CASKET with ball-bearing castors. 100 (in compartments of 50).

This XMAS give CRAVEN "A"

SEALED-FRESH

full of "life", flavour and aroma

One of these cheery, handy Tins of CRAVEN "A" will surely please the friends of your remembrance this Xmas: all CRAVEN "A" packings are protectingly wrapped in patented, moisture-proof "CELLOPHANE" which ensures FACTORY-FRESH condition, always and everywhere.

SEE the dainty THUJA design CASKET, beautiful and useful in any surroundings, fitted with ball-bearing castors which won't mark polished tables; containing 100 FRESH CRAVEN "A."

FRESH Cigarettes smoke so much better

The Familiar RED BOX in three sizes:

"FAMILY 150"
"DESK HUNDRED"
"WEEK-END 50"

The Parisian VELOUR which ladies like: in two sizes of 50 and 100.

THE NEW "THUJA" DESIGN CASKET	RICH RED METAL BOXES	PARISIAN VELOUR BOXES
100 - - 7/6	"Family 150" - 7/6 "Desk Hundred" - 5/- "Week-End 50" - 2/6	100 - - 5/- 50 - - 2/6

The gift for every stocking!
Mackintosh's
CARNIVAL
Mackintosh's Carnival Assortment de Luxe
MADE BY JOHN MACKINTOSH & SONS LTD., HALIFAX.

ANNIE'S SEED

By GEORGE FROXFIELD

Illustrated by VAN ABBEY

NICOL was one of those unsatisfactory husbands who in ecstatic moments can suddenly ejaculate "Lord, I wonder if I locked up!"

If a man can think of a front-door at such a time, reflected Annie, glinting eyes fixed on a glittering toe-cap, he is capable of anything.

Nicol and she were frightfully different, she thought. It wasn't only his Marlborough and Oxford against her provincial High School, nor the gigantic gulf between county and counter (her father had built up a huge chain of suburban stores), it was innate.

Nobody christened Annie, thought she ridiculously, could have held him. He had tired of her. There was another woman—perhaps. other women. Life was intolerable.

Nicol Maitland, broad, tall, his naturally wavy fair hair wasted on him, as his mother had complained, blue-eyed, broke the silence of the house by bursting into "John Peel" to the bath-tap's splashing accompaniment. Happy, thought Annie, because he was dining out. Overjoyed at having an evening away from her.

There was nothing for Annie Maitland, who had £3,000 a year, red-brown eyes and palest amber hair, a prize blue Bedlington, a really efficient cook, a conscientious housemaid and a parlour-maid who actually preferred to wear a cap, to worry about—not even one baby, though babies are definitely "in"—except Nicol.

When Nicol had stopped singing, the smell of the roses he had brought home that evening conjured up memories of a moonlit sunk garden, a night-jar's churr, the creak of Nicol's shirt-front, its icy slipperiness against her breast, and his reiterated "Say yes, darling, do say 'Yes.'"

Memories softened her. Smiling she went into the dining-room and mixed him a cocktail braced with Anisette—one of those long ones that approving Nicol said deserved to be called an ostrich-feather. The poor lamb should start off happily, anyhow, on his tiresome business engagement.

Upstairs she cautiously carried the brimming goblet, its lemon ship pitching on an amber sea. The dressing-room should have been in darkness, only Nicol always had to be reminded to turn anything out—even himself, in the early morning, from the twin bed that wasn't his.

The glow of the new Sun-Tan ultra-violet ray lamp, that she had lately given him, lit the room. Nicol must have been basking before bathing.

On the floor were scattered braces, socks, shoes and collar. Over a chair-back dangled pin-stripe trousers and pants. On the linen basket lay a crumpled shirt. In his easy chair was the round black coat that made such a staid solicitor of him—so he said.

"So degrading!" had been her thought when first in a novel she encountered the prying wife.

"In nearly every husband's pocket," this fictitious wife had declared, "you'll discover he's keeping a little bit of fluff."

As she stared, fascinated, at the black coat, Annie found her dog-tooth painfully biting her lower lip. She listened. Nicol was safely, silently wallowing.

How, thought Annie, could any woman, who wasn't a silly, blind, confiding little fool ever be absolutely sure of her husband?

How could she know what Nicol did—at the office, so

"Where's her letter?"
"Mrs. Grant's? What the hell's it got to do with you? She's a client"

he said, nearly all day? In novels, at any rate, every man pines for new erotic experiences—and generally got them. Probably Nicol did . . .

Into his pocket she slid her fingers, experiencing a sense of guilt and apprehension and a conviction that she was behaving really execrably that were painfully yet delightfully thrilling.

To the Sun-Tan lamp she carried the letters and crouched down in front of it. Top letter—Final Demand for Rates. Next a letter from his father—no mistaking that finicking Greek "e." Tobacco bill. Book list for the library. Then the letter she had so particularly asked him to post that morning—*too* bad of him.

And finally:

"*Dear Mr. Maitland,*

First please excuse half-sheet. I find I've run out of notepaper. Then let me thank you very sincerely for your most sympathetic letter. You were Tom's friend, I know, but——"

Quite a short letter it was, signed, "Yours sincerely, Carol Grant." Mrs. Grant's husband, Annie learnt, had left her. Simply disappeared. No trace.

Annie started. The bath-room door had been flung open. Nicol approaching, was bawling that eternal question about John Peel. Her heart seemed to be misfiring. She had been crouching. She now sat down on the floor facing the lamp, her shins to its light, and hastily slid the letters on to the floor beneath her bent knees. Only the electric imp in the lamp could get a glimpse of them now.

"Hello, old girl," ejaculated Nicol in amazement. "Bronzing your stockings? I feel sybaritic. I've come to scrounge some of your dusting powder, the stuff with the stunning stink."

"*Cad! Vile beast! She'd been right. All along. Married for money! Sneered at! Just endured!*"

"Lait de Naïade?" Annie said. "It's on my table. The jazzy box. You left the Sun-Tan on, I thought I'd—try it."

"The treatment's generally taken in the buff," said Nicol. "You'll come out like a bit of P.O.P. with the warp and weft of stockings and knickers and all on your understandings. Lord, what a fag it is having to turn out! Curse the Barge Trustees! May their livers and lights fall out!"

ONCE more the bath-room door was slammed. Eagerly Annie picked up the letters. Hot they were, for the heat of the lamp had made her part her feet and knees. Mrs. Grant's note, lying at the top, was actually curling.

What was this written more or less between the lines in a queer brown ink?

"*. . . seems years have gone by—an eternity. And yet it's only two days. Who could believe it? I feel I've not felt your arms round me for an æon. Darling, of course I'll come to-morrow night. So gladly. I'm exulting as I write. Les Epicuriens, 8 o'clock, then. I daren't go anywhere smart, sweet. I'm risking so much for you. I kiss your tender mouth. Babbie yours.*"

Invisible ink! Fading already. "Seems years" was even now shadowy. To-morrow night. Mrs. Grant's letter was dated yesterday. To-night, then. All a lie about a business engagement.

Dusting-powder!

Annie carelessly stuffed the letters back into the pocket of the black coat. The corner of Mrs. Grant's protruded. She didn't care. If Nicol did twig that they had been tampered with, it didn't matter. Nothing did . . .

Babbie! Tender mouth!

Dusting-powder!

The brimming goblet caught Annie's eye. All that fag to start him off happily on his boring business engagement! Brute. Loathsome, unclean beast!

Cocktail, indeed! No. The goblet was lifted, poised, drained. Downstairs to the drawing-room pattered Annie, lit a cigarette and furiously inhaled, even her thoughts incoherent.

How long? How many? When? Where? Cad! Vile beast! She'd been right. All along. Married for money! Sneered at. Just endured. Even when—no wonder he could think of locking up!

Nicol was back in his dressing-room now. Any moment it—the scene, the finale—might begin. He would lose his temper, of course. In self-defence. Then lies—legions of lies. But nothing should shake her. Nothing. She was through with him.

What next?

MEANWHILE Nicol was whistling "John Peel," and only stopping to say, "Damn—Oh, damn this shirt!" and "Curse this bally collar!" and "Blast this tie—the devil's in it!"

Suddenly Annie raced silently upstairs, seized towels, soap, sponge, and the rest, and pattered swiftly to the bathroom.

"Hello!" called Nicol from the dressing-room. "Want me? I'm in here. Nearly ready."

"Bathing," said she, and slammed and locked the door.

"I say," said Nicol, presently tapping. "Anything up, old thing?"

"Sorry!" she cried. "The water's making such a din, I can't hear. You off? Try not to be *too* bored."

"Inevitable, darling," said Nicol. "The three trustees, average age 70.8 recurring—even to the fizz do they recur—prose on and on and on. Hell, it's late. I must crash off. Good-night, darling."

She held the dripping sponge between her breasts as though the door was not, and said clearly, staring fixedly at the pendant-lamp:

"Good-night."

Good-bye, perhaps it was. She hadn't decided . . .

Les Epicuriens. Where was that? What did they mean to do after dinner?

Go and find out. Dog them. Discover where they—— Yes, say to the taximan, "Follow that taxi. A pound over your fare if you keep it in sight"—like somebody in a detective story.

And she ought to know the whole truth. A duty it was.

"Les Epicuriens," said she to the taximan, fifteen minutes later.

He pushed his cap back, added to the scurf already liberally sprinkled on his coat-collar, and said, "So'o, lidy?"

"I expect so," said she.

SOHO it was. The little narrow lounge was full of vivid women, dusky men and lanky indiarubber plants. Was Carol Grant one of these waiting, tuppence-coloured, alert-looking women, Annie had time to wonder before an olive-skinned manager pounced on her.

Annie spoke in very low tones. A note changed hands. She was conducted to a corner table against whose edges rested the backs of two chairs reserved for somebody else.

In the corner she settled herself. Though shielded by a rose-shaded lamp, by stooping low over the china bowl, with its floating waxen water-lilies, she could scrutinise every other diner.

By 8.15 Nicol had not arrived. At 8.30 she had finished her dinner—the opposite of the Barmecides' feast, her meal had been, for dish after dish she had sent away untasted.

At 8.45 with a 10*s.* note she pacified the anxious, little sallow waiter who attended her. He became her slave. He looked as though he could gladly plunge a dessert knife into the heart of the good-looking youngster who presently sauntered to Annie's table.

"Would you excuse me? Might I? This is the only vacant chair in the whole place and I'm ravenous," said he, having bowed and smiled in a shy way that pleased her.

With a man at her table she was far less likely to be observed, she rightly decided. Besides, it was dog-in-the-mangerish to refuse. So she said simply, "By all means."

"You've dined?" he presently asked.

Conversation she hadn't bargained for. Up arched her eyebrows.

"The sight of the gobbling hungry revolts the fed," he explained.

"Sights," she answered, "can't revolt those who don't look."

"I'm snubbed," said he. "I apologise for my presumption. But there are sounds, too. You can't close your ears. And a sound can distress one more than anything else. Ever had a mouse nibbling in the darkness of your bedroom?"

"Never."

"You live in the country, I perceive."

"Why d'you say that?"

"Because sophisticated London mice wouldn't leave your bedroom alone."

"Sophisticated London mice often make mistakes," she observed, and added sharply, "I wonder what you think I am."

"You are," said he quietly, "by far the prettiest woman here. You don't resent—you only smile at my daring to say so because you are so used to hearing men say it. Your ring tells me you're married, and commonsense declares that your husband is either in hospital, in prison, or —insane."

"Otherwise, you mean, he'd be with me protecting me from audacious strangers?"

"From me? Not a bit of it. From a much luckier fellow than I. From the man who might possibly momentarily — faintly amuse or attract you."

"Is everything about you as unreal as your humility?" she asked.

"It would be delightful of you to find that out for yourself," he answered. "I throw myself on your mercy. I am alone, at war with myself, melancholy, longing to talk—as even stranger ships do when they pass in the night."

"And what d'you want to talk about?" she inquired.

After that they talked.

He had ordered a quail in aspic. She felt an emptiness. The little waiter beamed. She ate. She consented to drink a half glass of the stranger's champagne. His name was Vauncey, she learnt, but whether that were his Christian or his surname she neither knew nor troubled to inquire. He hailed from Nigeria. Was a "slop," as he put it. A policeman who lived in the bush, remote and solitary. He was on leave—at the end of it. Been living at Tavistock with his old mother. Had been buying "chop" and gear to take back with him and having a last look at jolly old London.

"It's been wonderful luck meeting you," he said. "When I'm back at my God-forsaken station I shall think

" . . . I can't let you go. I'll never let you go. To-night's mine to make memorable—our night"

of you no end. Of your eyes—that look so wise and kind and tolerant (she tried to intensify that aspect of them). Of your mouth—that looks so tender and soft and humorous (the very thing Nicol complained about—her lacking sense of humour!). Of the curl and the lights in your hair and the satin skin of your fingers. And out there, sitting with bally natives thrumming away on their beastly drums—they might be your own heart, those damned drums—I'll say to myself, 'I wish I'd had the brass to ask her to dance with me—just once.'"

It was 9.30. Either Nicol had taken alarm—unlikely, impossible, she thought—or something had happened to change his plans. P'raps he and the Grant woman, having met in the lounge, had found the place full and gone elsewhere.

"It would be easier," Vauncey was saying, "for a lonely, nervy man to get to sleep if he had a memory like that."

She gave in. At 10 o'clock they were dancing at the Back House Club. By 11 champagne was making her toes tingle. Her sympathy with herself had grown and was growing. It grew till she could dance no more. Miserable she was, she confessed.

"You—you're lucky," she told Vauncey and stared across the dance-floor at the high-light on the great orifice of the bombardon. "You men always are. You're going back to real life. A man always has that. His career. That's his real life. Home troubles just—cease to matter. But women—most of us—have only one life. We have to stick it or blow up the whole thing."

AFTER hours the Back House Club degenerated into the Bacchus Club and all licensing laws became dead letters. Little by little Annie told Vauncey all about herself—the lonely little motherless girl who had inherited her narrow orthodoxy and her Christian name from her mother and £70,000 from her father, whose stores still flourish in Suburbia. She described her meeting with Nicol when she was seventeen and her marrying him two years later, and how, for months now, she had suspected that he had married her for her money and was—well, wasn't playing the game.

Wonderful Vauncey was, wonderfully tactful and sympathetic, sitting there, looking so melancholy, obviously passionately resentful, yet rigidly self-controlled.

"You poor, very lovely girl!" he muttered.

It did sound perfectly dreadfully sad put like that and said like that, thought she, and blinked her tingling eyes.

Soon after midnight she sat beside Vauncey in a taxi. He was going to see her safely to her club where she had suddenly determined to spend the night. When she got out she said. "Why!" and laughed and put her hand on his arm to steady herself, and added, "This isn't my club!"

"Burland Court," she read in mosaic letters above a stucco portico.

"It's where I'm putting up," said Vauncey, and paid off the taxi.

It was driven away as he broke in on her protestations. He wanted her to see the view from the windows of his flat. All the lights o' London. The old village looked like fairyland. He longed to have a memory of her standing in his drawing-room. If only for two minutes—one.

"One second, then," he implored. "*Do.*"

She found giving in strangely easy—much easier than climbing the seemingly interminable stairs. As the echoes of the clanging front-door of No. 42 died away, answering harmonics of alarm seemed to echo within her. She had behaved with almost incredible foolishness, she realised. Really, she had.

Vauncey switched on the hall lamp, opened a side door, and showed her into a drawing-room of black and pearly greys.

She refused a drink, looked out on the myriad twinkling lights, and said, in a breath, "Lovely," and "I *must* go, really, at once."

At his smile she took alarm. The heat of his fingers and their hardness as he seized both her hands made her feel the horrible numbness of panic.

"No!" seemed shaken out of her, as he suddenly jerked her close.

"You little witch!" he said in a revoltingly throaty voice.

Letting go her right hand, he wound his arm round her.

"You dove," he babbled. "But you're in an eagle's eyrie now. And I can't let you go. I'll never let you go. To-night's mine to make memorable—*our* night."

The behaviour of Annie, inexperienced in such matters, was as unexpected as successful. Her trembling legs gave way. Her weight hung on his arms. Her inert body slipped and collapsed on the carpet.

"Sweetness!" ejaculated Vauncey in alarm.

"Water—a glass of water," she moaned.

Two seconds after he left the room she was up. The door slammed. The key turned. She ran to the window with some vague idea of somehow attracting attention. A telephone on an inlaid Moorish table in a corner caught her eye. She rushed to it. Only one number, its figures seeming lit, occurred to her. Her own. Vauncey was rattling at the door, coaxingly calling to her, when she got through. Nicol spoke. Nicol! She hesitated. Then in a rush blurted out that she was in danger, a prisoner, needed him —"help, I mean," she put it. Burland Court. No. 42. Quick—quick!"

Vauncey had overheard and kept quiet.

"Open the door, you silly little fool," he said curtly at the click of the receiver's replacement. "A joke's a joke, you know. It's too late for visitors. I'm tired, and I want to see you off the premises."

She made no reply. She eyed the door and wondered how long it would hold out. Vauncey began alternately to plead and threaten. The door shook. She drew the curtains, opened a window, picked up a huge Chinese bowl and seated herself on the sill, quivering to absurdly short, noisy, and unsatisfactory breaths, but amazed at the feeling of self-confidence that let her say in a steady voice:

"Go away. My husband will be here in a few minutes. You'd best be out. He's pretty big and——he's fierce."

"Look here, I swear you misunderstood," Vauncey began, but she broke in with:

"Well, don't misunderstand *me*. If you do force the door, I've a big china bowl in my hand, and I'm going to chuck it out of the window. There's a policeman below."

Vauncey, at length, changed his tune. He was prepared to let her march out with the honours of war. Well, if she was fool enough not to trust him, he would clear out himself and wait in the street. She would be able to see him down below before she unlocked the door.

"That satisfy you, Mrs. Suburbia?"

"I think it would," said she.

WHEN Nicol Maitland leapt out of a taxi he found Annie on the kerb. She told him her assailant had gone, and begged him to take her home—quickly—quickly. Nicol, not being a seer, failed to identify the young man who was sauntering up and down on the other side of Burland Street.

In the taxi, driving home, she wept. She wept to gain time. All manner of clichés were passing through her troubled mind, but "What's sauce for the goose" echoed loudest. Nicol had gone off the rails, and hadn't the faintest right to throw one stone. Ignoring his iterated demands for information, except by an occasional snuffle, she planned her campaign.

Back home, seated on the edge of her twin bed, she said:

"It's your fault—all of it—every bit. I was following you. He came to my table and seemed quite nice. I went to the Back House Club, and we danced because I was so miserable. You——"

Here Nicol broke in.

"You mean to tell me you've been dining and dancing, going to a disreputable night-club and back to a man's flat with a——pick-up?"

"Yes," said she, starting at him. "What about it?"

Flabbergasted he looked. First scarlet, then ochreous he went.

"You sit there and calmly tell me——?"

"The truth," said she. "Not lies—like you tell me. You needn't pretend. I know everything. I know all about Carol Grant."

"What the devil are you driving at?"

(*Continued on page 52*).

BY STARR WOOD

"Compliments of the season, Ma'am—and can you spare a poor man a copper or so?"
"If I give you tuppence, how do I know you won't spend it on getting tipsy?"
"On tuppence, Ma'am? Don't I wish I could!"

ANNIE'S SEED (continued from page 50)

"Where's her letter?"

"Mrs. Grant's? What in hell's it got to do with you? She's a client——"

She laughed, and, leaning back, her hands splayed behind her on the quilt, said:

"And pays your fees—in kind, I suppose?"

Nicol glared.

"You think she'd play the fool with me? My dear fool! Why, she's a thoroughly nice little woman, and I'm damned sorry for her. Tom's an old business acquaintance of mine, but I must say he's behaved infernally badly. Disappeared. Left her without a word or a cent."

Nicol broke off, glowered, and exclaimed:

"But you've simply side-tracked me. Look here, tell me exactly what happened to-night."

No wonder wives were hoodwinked, thought Annie. Nicol sounded and seemed so perfectly straightforward.

"Why lie?" she said calmly. "The letter, you know, speaks for itself."

"What letter? You're loopy!"

The dressing-room communicating door was open. She could see his black coat hanging over the easy chair with the corner of the envelope of Mrs. Grant's note still protruding.

"That one," said she, pointing.

He stared, breathing hard, fetched the envelope, drew out the folded sheet, read it, and held it out to her.

"You must have gone off your rocker," he said.

Smiling, she stood up, sauntered across the room, switched on the electric fire, held the letter down to it, inspected it, then exposed it to the heat once more.

"Gone potty?" he asked. "Temporary insanity, is it? Is all this damned flummery the only defence you can put up?"

She lifted the letter. All of it had now burnt out.

"My darling Tom," she read, "between every word I write I'm taking your sweet note from the place you love your head to be and kissing, kissing, kissing it. Since I saw you last it seems years have gone by—an eternity. And yet——"

From then on the wording of the letter was familiar.

But Tom! Why Tom? Abruptly Nicol twitched the letter from her fingers, glanced at it eagerly, carried it beneath the lamp, then cried:

"What's this mean? Have you been monkeying with it? 'Tom—darling Tom'!"

"I was reading it this evening when you came in from the bath-room. The Sun-Tan burnt the invisible writing out——"

"It's signed Babbie," Nicol cried excitedly. "Babbie! Barbara Broughton, of course! The vixen! No one dreamt of her! Pretending to be such a stickler! Lord! But how the devil did Mrs. Grant get hold——?"

He broke off, darted to the telephone, dialed a number, waited, biting his lower lip, then exclaimed:

"That you, Mrs. Grant? Nicol Maitland speaking. Frightfully sorry to disturb you. But it's terrifically important. You wrote to me two days ago. You apologised for using a half-sheet. Where did that bit of paper come from?"

Nicol paused, then said:—

"Tom's drawer! Exactly as I'd begun to suspect! Were there any letters from Mrs. Broughton there, too? . . . Tom's client. The rich widow. . . . Little business notes only? . . . I see. . . . Yes, I knew he was her broker. . . . Oh, quite. . . . Well, we needn't hunt about any longer for him. Barbara Broughton wrote him love-letters in invisible ink on the half-sheets. She has a villa at Alassio. We'll serve the papers on them there. She'll do all she can to avoid a divorce. She'll pack Tom back home with his tail between his legs. If you want him, you'll let him kennel up. If you don't, he'll go to the devil alone."

ANNIE waited till the receiver was hung up, then said in utter derision:

"So she's to forgive the poor lost lamb and take him back?"

Nicol nodded.

"It's what heaps of wives have to do," said he. "And—some husbands."

"What d'you mean?" she asked, starting to her feet as though a whiplash had licked her shoulders.

"You tamper with my correspondence," he said. "You let silly-ass jealousy make you jump to conclusions. You then go plumb crazy and let any cad pick you up, treat you like a 'tart' and——"

"Nicol!" escaped her, spread out over a long horrified exhalation.

"How do I know what happened in that flat?" he demanded. "I've only your word. No woman would go back to a strange man's flat—except for one thing."

She began to cry. If he thought that, she wondered he didn't kill her? He didn't think it—surely? Between her fingers, splayed on her face, she glanced at him. His back was turned on her.

"Nicol," she burst out, "it's untrue! You *must* believe! I've done nothing—nothing! Only been a fool. I swear that!"

When there had been two long minutes' silence she peeped at him again. This time she caught sight of his image in her long glass. He was staring at himself, faintly smiling yet obviously trying not to smile.

After being married for seven years, he was thinking, and never even looking at another woman! After years of trudging the narrow path towards middle-age, feeling settled, only wondering a bit wistfully now and again if he had got the full savour out of life.

Carrying on with pretty little Mrs. Grant.

He couldn't help smiling, pulling down his waistcoat, bracing his shoulders. Middle age? Piffle. Miles away. Young and amazingly vital, he felt.

Playing the ass with Carol Grant. As if she would dream of letting him! Well, hang it, she might! He had never tried. She certainly had suggested his dining one night at her house in Earl's Court to discuss Tom and his affairs, but he had been engaged, and said casually, "Come to the office. I'm tremendously busy . . ."

And, now he came to think of it, there was that new client of his, the young widow who came to him so frequently for advice about her little boy's schooling and this and that. Pretexts? P'r'aps. She certainly had eyed him very queerly when she harped on her loneliness and her bad nights . . .

There was, too, the red-haired girl in the flower shop where he occasionally bought flowers for Annie—always so anxious for a chat—telling him that very evening as she did up the roses that she was off for a holiday at Ramsgate. "All on my lonesome," she had said, and he had been fool enough to be puzzled by her glance and her ghost of a smile.

There was his cousin Conny who, deep in a hole, had borrowed £10, and said, eyeing him, "Nothing I can do for you in return, I suppose?" . . .

There was old Bunny's daughter, who had gone on the stage—the one with the garters with paste five-barred gates on them—who, having simply forced him to see over her new "flatette," showed him the conversion of her tall bookcase into a bed and said, "Hanged expensive. Nothing like *hire* purchase to lower morals."

"I'd never let another man touch me!" burst out Annie, bringing Nicol back to earth. "You know that. You're just punishing me—just pretending. You know I love you better than anything else in the world."

"Weird way you've got of showing it," he retorted. "You must have a perfectly rotten opinion of me."

"I'm a suspicious, hateful little cat!" she burst out, and ran to him and wound her arms round his neck. "But it's—it's only because you're such a darling and I love you so. Forgive me, Nicol—please—please! Say you do."

AN hour later Nicol ejaculated, "Lord, I wonder if I've locked up!"

The darling, thought Annie, hugging him in the darkness. How exactly like him!

"I'll never forget the brick you've been," she whispered. "It's sweet of you. But, Nicol, what—what were you smiling about?"

"When? Oh, I remember! Why, your being jealous of a silly ass like me," he answered. "I've never been a woman's man. Never! Not in me."

"I'll never be jealous again," she promised. "Never!"

She isn't. She sowed the seed, though, so it's her own fault that now occasionally she has reason to be. G. F.

SNOBLESSE OBLIGE

By Manville Keith

Illustrated by HYNES

"In a misplaced attempt at humour, had donned Ascot kit"

Being extracts from the private diary of the Hon. Cedric Worpsole-Trewgrayne, nephew and heir-presumptive to the eighth Earl of Lancing.

DEC. 22: It is only a stern sense of my duty to Society that has made me decide to go all the way down to Dorset for Christmas, for I feel it is up to people of my class to keep alive the good old-fashioned customs which have made England what she is to-day, or, rather, what she was in 1914. Not that I'm a snob—far from it. I often nod quite pleasantly to the better-class servants, and on those occasions when a beater has carelessly come between me and my target I have always refrained from dressing him down till he has received medical attention. The country at Christmas is pretty ghastly, but after all, an invitation from a duchess is not to be despised. Besides, Janet Coppercorn is going down, and I have at last decided to give her the chance of becoming engaged to me. After all, one can't afford to be too exacting in these trying times, and although her father is only a second baronet, I have just learn that Sir Joseph is considerably more wealthy than I had previously supposed. I know that Janet is not exactly an oil-painting—if one excludes those painted by the Vorticists—but she is a hearty, outdoor type, and even if she does not shine in the saddle, or handle a gun in a "safety-first" manner, she is generally admitted to have one of the firmest seats on a shooting-stick in England.

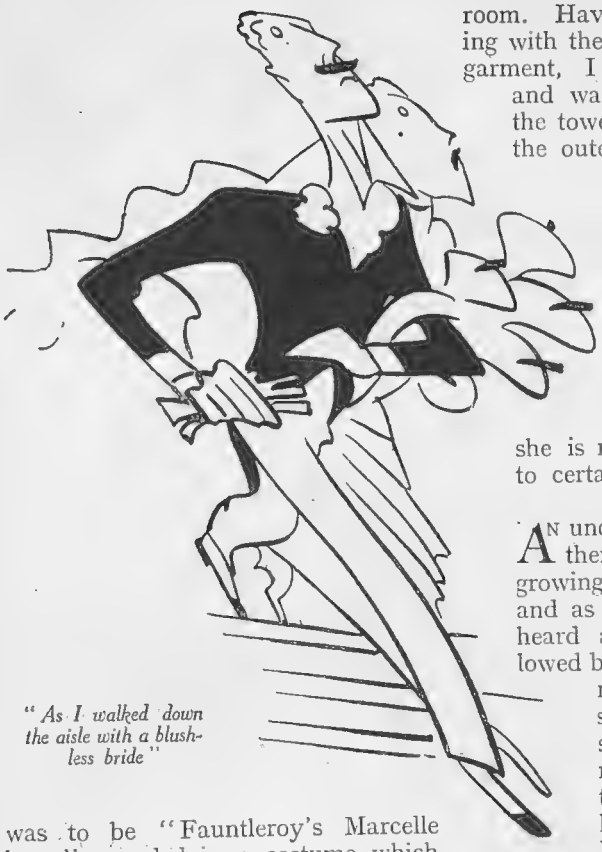
"She is generally admitted to have one of the firmest seats on a shooting-stick in England"

DEC. 24: Really the tone of the house-party leaves much to be desired. Apart from myself, there are quite a number of people whose behaviour and antecedents are impeccable, but it is painfully obvious that the dear Duchess has allowed her good nature to overcome her sense of dignity in several cases. There is, for instance, a young American girl, Mamie Belmont, who, I understand, has made quite a big name for herself in the talking-picture industry. She is undeniably pretty, but has a painful lack of respect for our ruling classes, and treats butlers and baronets with equal familiarity. Sir Isadore Jacobstein, too, is a hopeless vulgarian, but more allowance can be made for him as he is one of the richest of our merchant princes. Thinking he would welcome the chance to advise me as to some really sound investment which would pay a regular twenty per cent., I opened up the conversation with a tactful remark about Gog and Magog ruling the City, but he only chuckled, and tapping the side of his massive nose, said: "You're wrong, my poy. It'th not Gog and Magog, it'th Gog and Thynagogue," and walked off.

JANET for some inexplicable reason seems quite taken by the fellow, and to punish her I am postponing my proposal till after Christmas. The situation is not improved by the presence of the Belmont girl, who is what is usually known as "the life and soul of the party." For some reason she appears to find me a subject for mirth and laughs uproariously at my simplest remarks. Thus at dinner to-night, when the conversation turned on poetry, my perfectly reasonable observation that the poem which all classes would do well to remember was the one which says, "God bless the Squire and his relations and keep us in our proper stations," was greeted with howls of idiotic laughter. Another annoyance is that she will persist in calling me "Little Lord Fauntleroy," although she knows quite well that I am not a peer.

DEC. 26: The most ghastly day I have ever spent in my life. The frost having put an end to all thoughts of hunting, that Belmont girl insisted that all our livers needed shaking up and proposed that we held a paper-chase in the grounds. Most of the party appeared to relish the horrible idea, and my dignified protest that such recreation was really *too* Battersea was countered by Miss Belmont assuring me that it would all be "oak," as they were going to be very "Ritzy" and use silver paper especially for my benefit. Rather than endure further chaff and lay myself open to an absurd charge of snobbishness, I very unwisely agreed to join the party, although I am not at my best when taking strenuous exercise. Just before we started, Janet Coppercorn announced that she and that vulgarian Sir Isadore proposed to take a stroll instead of paper-chasing, and, to make matters worse, Mamie Belmont announced that she and I were to be the hares.

NATURALLY, I protested vehemently, but the Duchess, who I regret to say often displays a positively plebeian levity, cried, "But, my dear Cedric, you are just the person to be a hare, for I understand they specialise in good formes!" Mamie Belmont, saying that the least she could do under the circumstances



"As I walked down the aisle with a blushless bride"

was to be "Fauntleroy's Marcelle hare," paraded in a costume which left much to be desired but little to the imagination, and the appearance of the two Lumley girls and their attendant swains who, in a misplaced attempt at humour, had donned Ascot kit, and armed with field glasses examined me from a range of two feet, discussing my points as though I was an infernal racehorse in the paddock, did nothing to soothe my ruffled feelings.

THE course as mapped out by the Belmont girl took us through the far end of the fir plantation, and we finally emerged by the lake near to the old summer house. "Say, Fauntleroy," my companion then said, "You cut across the ice and lay the trail to the far side and I'll spread a false scent along this path."

"Do you think the ice will be able to stand me?" I asked, dubiously.

"Sure! It's not human," she answered.

I entirely fail to understand this remark, but before I had time to say anything more she vanished down the path leaving me to set out over the ice. I had not gone more than a few yards when the ice gave way with a resounding crack. Dripping and shivering I scrambled ashore and hurried into the summer house. It was quite a mile back to the house, and I decided that the only thing to do if I wished to avoid pneumonia was to remove my wet clothes and rub myself down with the towel which I knew I should find in the little cloakroom opening out of the main room. Having removed all my clothing with the exception of one undergarment, I entered the cloakroom, and was just getting busy with the towel when I heard voices in the outer room. Peeping round the door I saw to my horror that the odious Sir Isadore and Janet had entered. Heaven knows I am no prude, but I do not hesitate to say that what I saw convinced me that even if Janet does not shine at outdoor recreations, she is no novice when it comes to certain indoor pursuits.

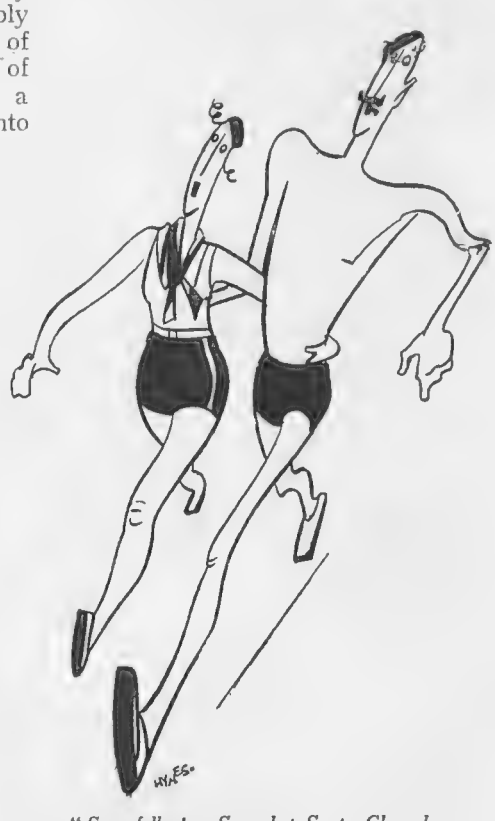
AN uncontrollable sneeze startled them just when things were growing remarkably interesting, and as I hastily shut the door I heard a lot of whispering, followed by a burst of laughter. The next moment there were sounds of receding footsteps, and after waiting a minute I emerged to retrieve my clothes. They had gone! A more senseless and vulgar joke I cannot imagine, and I had hardly realised the enormity of their offence when Mamie Belmont appeared on the scene. Far from being overcome with embarrassment, she yelled with laughter and, addressing me as "Pan," insisted on me running back with her to the house right away. Being too numbed and dejected by now to offer any resistance I feebly agreed, and as we came in sight of the building I realised the depth of her ingenuity. It is, of course, a deep and dark plot to marry into the Peerage and I am the victim. It would be impossible to keep the news from my uncle, I knew, and so austere a man would never countenance such a marriage contracted under such compromising circumstances. No, I realised only too painfully at that moment that, as I walked down the aisle with a blushless bride, I should be walking into penury.

THESE thoughts were rudely interrupted by the cheer which rose from the crowd assembled on the steps. Everyone was there to witness my ignominy, and, to my horror, foremost in the assembly was my uncle, who had just motored over from the family seat! As I faltered in my stride, Mamie Belmont placed one arm round my waist and ushered me up the steps with loud cries of "Say, folks! See what Santa Claus has brought you!" I came straight to my room, and shall remain here till my car is ready and my baggage packed.

JAN. 1: To-day's *Times* contained the announcement of Janet's engagement to Sir Isadore. It's the least they can do under the circumstances, but she little knows what she has missed. Since returning to Town I have, fortunately, seen nothing of Mamie Belmont, although I find that some hopelessly garbled version of the distressing incident in which she involved me is already going round the club. Only this morning I had to speak pretty sharply to young Blenkinsopp when he had the impudence to ask me if I would put him up for my Back-to-Nature Society, but I am afraid the damage has been done, and I cannot much longer postpone the inevitable engagement.

JAN. 2: Just returned from answering the expected summons from my uncle. I shall not have to marry that Belmont girl. The old fool is marrying her himself! Said any girl who could make me appear so human is a positive genius! Knowing the sort of pest she is, I confidently expect her to present him with twin sons at the earliest possible moment. On second thoughts, she may even do it sooner—she's capable of anything!

M. K.



"Say, folks! See what Santa Claus has brought you!"

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

The One-man WAR

Illustrated by C. LINDEN

by B. DYKE ACLAND

FOR a full twelve months General Gonzalez del Pirador had faithfully guarded the capital of his country from a usurper, and, by so doing, had ensured the safety of his friend and patron, the President. His was no tatterdemalion army of erstwhile banditti, but a force of which a commander could be proud. Whatever the hue of the sentry without his quarters, for example, whether he was full-blooded negro, brown Indian, or any indeterminate shade verging to sallow white, that sentry always presented arms to his General with a click and a flick, accompanied, as often as not, by the thud of a booted foot on hard-trodden earth. Nor could the General, try as he would, catch a sentinel on the outpost line passing the tropical night in the sleep of innocence. As he did not know that his negro body-servant always passed the word to the right quarters when the General was going out upon the prowl, he was content. His, he congratulated himself, was indeed an army.

Other men, bilious men of no understanding, held different views. Merchants, tradesmen and politicians, they worried the President from morning to night with the ridiculous contention that the duty of an army was to defeat the enemy. To this old-fashioned heresy the General always retorted that the duty of a modern army was defence; that most of the nations of the world concurred in that postulate; that of such doctrine the constitution of the League of Nations was formulated; that war was the last resort of barbarism; that the wives and children of his detractors were safe. In fact, he retorted at great length. General Gonzalez del Pirador always did. He rolled his eyes, foamed a little at the mouth, and was, in fact, an orator.

Of late the detractors had been gaining ground. Abandoning the Elysian fields of rhetoric for the prosaic slums of fact, they had pointed out that their warehouses were nearly empty; that their trade was dwindling; while the politicians among them whispered of votes that were doubtful, of a public that was uneasy.

"Your enemy has but to sit astride the railway for a further three months," they told the President, "and your further election will be impossible."

So it came about that the President, rather quaintly garbed in the frock-coat of convention and riding-breeches of utility, drove out to see his friend the General, transferred his weighty presence from his car to a tittuping charger, and inspected the army. He was asked to note that a full fifty per cent. of the rank and file wore boots, he was assured that most of the rifles were clean, and he was shown two deadly looking machine-guns, which he implored his old friend not to fire—a request which was timely, since both of them were jammed, damned and devitalised. All this was mere ritual. It had taken place once a month for a year. But what followed was reality.

"Take me, my dear Señor General, to a high place whence we may survey the position of the enemy," the President asked.

The General rolled his black eyes, tugged at his luxuriant black moustache, and opened his mouth to object.

"At once," the President hastily interposed, noting these preparations for oratory. "I must attend a Cabinet Council this evening, and the time grows short."

Whereupon the General wheeled his charger, and the two friends rode toward the top of a neighbouring hill, where the General drew attention to a look-out post cunningly situated in the top of a towering tree.

"We could climb there, my dear Señor Presidente," he suggested doubtfully.

(All rights strictly reserved.)

"We could—but we won't," the President said firmly, his eye on the many slender cross-pieces nailed to the trunk of the tree.

So the two friends sat side by side on their horses, while the General pointed out the dispositions of the enemy at length and with profound strategic discernment.

"He is at least twenty miles away," he concluded.

"He is astride the railway," the President objected.

"Supplies can be obtained by sea," urged the General.

"But they aren't," said the President with a sigh. "We can't pay for them."

"A loan, my dear Señor Presidente!"

"Impossible."

"Then patience and faith in the Almighty!"

The General cocked up his eyes as he spoke.

"Those excellent qualities gain no votes," said the President, and turning to his friend he spoke with amazing vigour. "You must attack, my dear Gonzalez," he said. "There is no other course."

"It is madness," the General declared.

For an hour he argued; but without avail. The President was inexorable.

"You must attack," the politician repeated, whenever he had a chance to speak.

GENERAL GONZALEZ DEL PIRADOR submitted at last. He conducted the President to his car and saw him depart. Then he summoned his senior officers to a conference and divulged the President's orders to them. All of them agreed that to attack was indeed madness.

"I know, Señores," General Gonzalez del Pirador agreed, "but the soldier's duty is to obey. Besides, if we don't, we shall all lose our jobs."

This argument was unanswerable. They sat in conclave far into the night. The outposts went unvisited. The spate of talk was unceasing. But nothing was decided. A dozen plans were rejected as unfeasible. At last the weary and disillusioned officers sought their beds.

NEXT morning the General, attended by an aide-de-camp, went through the camp with a thoroughness and ill-temper remarkable in so strict a disciplinarian. He inspected the upturned feet of his men for jiggers, he gazed through the barrels of one hundred and seventeen rifles, he ordered that fifty-five bandoliers be repaired and eighty-three mops of wool be barbered. In fact, he was inexorable. But the jammed machine-guns were the culminating point. Over them his sonorous Spanish reached heights of vituperation to

"Finally the General was left alone, moodily gazing at a giant negro squatted on the ground in the shade of a palm, who was the custodian of the gun"

which it had never attained before. Those who heard him were horrified. One by one they shrank away. Finally the General was left alone, moodily gazing at a giant negro, squatted on the ground in the shade of a palm, who was the custodian of the guns.

"In such condition, thou ill-omened son of dubious parentage, they are useless!" the General roared, foaming at the mouth.

The big nigger shook his head dolefully.

"Perhaps, Señor," he suggested, "if we set them up where the enemy could see them, they would scare him off?"

"Bah!" the General yelled, shaking his fists at the copper sky. "Our enemies are not crows!"

At that moment a shadow fell across the beam of sunshine that shone on the offending guns.

"What's the matter with them, Señor General?" a quiet voice asked, in execrable Spanish.

The General turned swiftly about, found himself staring into the pale blue eyes of an untidy little man, wearing a huge sombrero, the holster of a large and businesslike revolver strapped to his thigh.

"Blood and bones of an Anabaptist!" roared the General, "they won't fire!"

"Is that so?" drawled the little man, and pushing the giant negro aside he picked up one of the machine-guns, placed it on a sack, and started to dismantle it with amazing skill. "Get me oil and cleaning rags," he suddenly barked at the negro, who jumped as though he had been kicked by a mule.

The General looked on moodily. He saw various queerly shaped bits of steel laid out on the sack. In a very few minutes both the machine-guns had been taken to pieces, and the small white man and giant negro were cleaning and oiling the constituent parts. The General had never seen that particular negro working hard before; now the man was rubbing frantically at bits of steel, the sweat pouring down his ugly black face. The General said nothing; legs wide apart, hands on hips, he stared at the scene.

Twice the negro was sent away on an errand, each time he returned with a small screw. Finally the white man surveyed the jumble of small parts before him and raised his head.

"This black devil couldn't put them together again," he remarked laconically. "There were screws missing, as you may have noticed, Señor General."

"He is the son of a . . ." the General began.

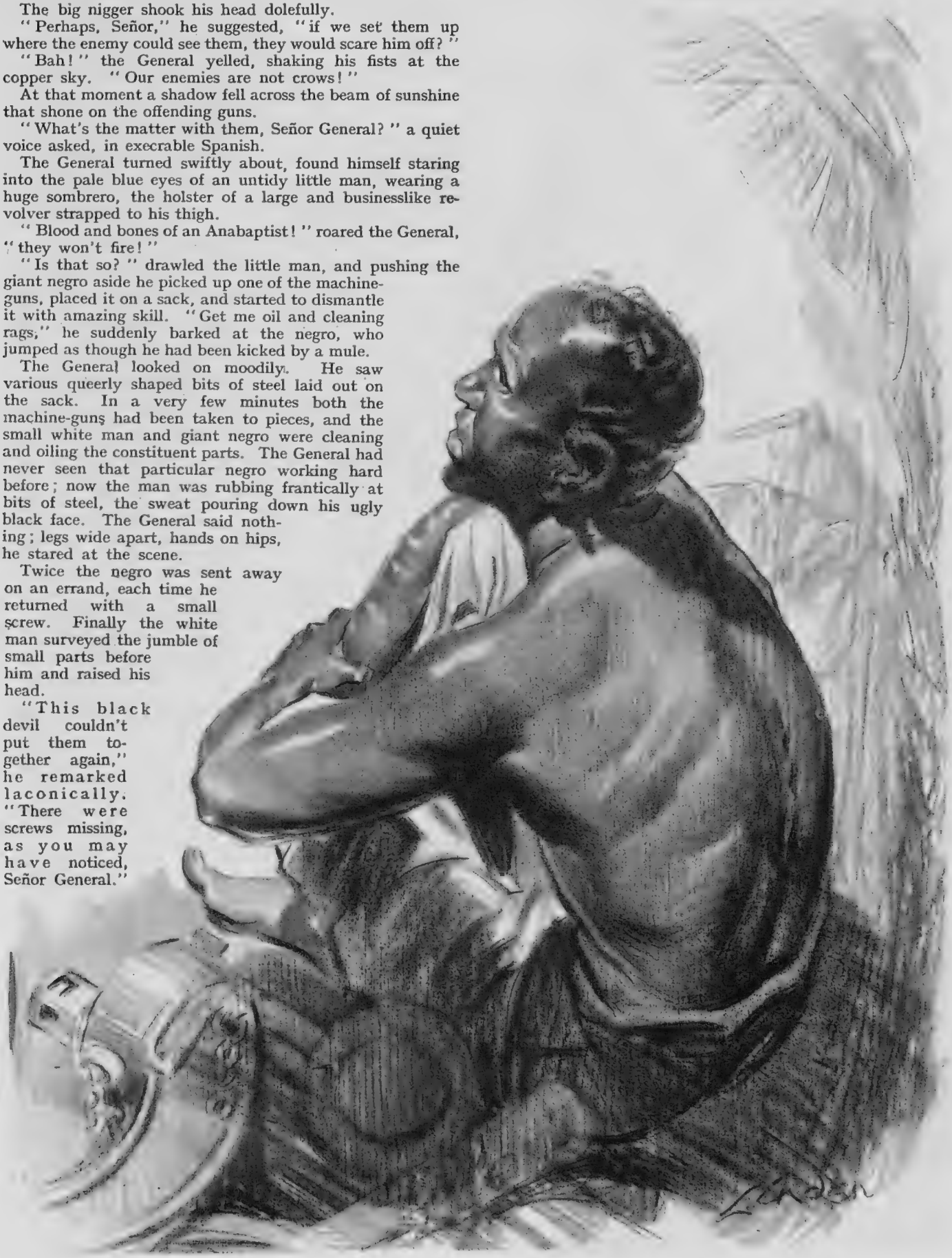
"He's all that and more," the little man interposed, and said no more.

The General stared at him. The little man had risen to his feet and was wiping his hands on a bit of cotton-waste.

"Who are you?" the General asked curtly.

"I'm a *gringo*," the little man said. "Just a *gringo*

(*Continued on page i*)



BY VICTOR HICKS

"SUCH STUFF AS DREAMS ARE MADE ON"

"The Christmas Gift"

DEWAR'S

"White Label"

WHISKY

DINNEFORD'S
PURE FLUID
MAGNESIA

The most suitable laxative *for all Ages*

Dinneford's Magnesia cannot harm the most delicate constitution, and has proved highly beneficial in cases of Acidity of the Stomach, Heartburn, Headache, Indigestion, Flatulence, Bilious Affections, &c. A safe, mild, effective laxative for people of all ages. Solid or powdered magnesia should *on no account* be taken, as it is likely to cause trouble by forming hard, insoluble lumps in the bowels. You take no risks with Dinneford's Magnesia.

Recommended by Doctors for over 100 years.

FOR FULL INSTRUCTIONS READ PAMPHLET ENCLOSED WITH EACH BOTTLE.

AVOID IMITATIONS.

Look for the name "DINNEFORD'S" on every bottle and label.

Manufactured in London for the past 100 years.

Price 1/3 and 2/6 per bottle.

Ideal Winter Holidays.

TORQUAY, in Sunny South Devon, sheltered as it is from the east winds and facing due south, is the ideal spot for Winter Holidays or residence.

ONE need never have a dull moment in Torquay, a progressive Municipality have arranged everything for the health and happiness of visitors.

RECREATION and all forms of Outdoor Sport can be indulged in, while the Indoor Entertainments include a first-class Orchestra, Theatres, Cinemas, Ballrooms, etc.

QUIET, sheltered nooks abound in the vicinity, and the famous scenic gems, Babbacombe, Oddicombe, Watcombe, Maidencombe, Anstey's Cove, Beacon Cove, Cockington, etc., are all within easy reach.

UTOPIA would fittingly describe Torquay, with its lovely scenery, sheltered position, and mild and equable climate.

APART from its countless attractions, Torquay is also a splendid centre for the exploration of beautiful and romantic Dartmoor.

YOU can rest assured that after a stay in this wonderful resort of England's Riviera you will return thoroughly recuperated and eager to pay another visit when opportunity offers.

TRAVEL BY THE FAMOUS "TORBAY LIMITED," leaving Paddington each week-day at 12 noon—THE EPITOME OF SPEED AND LUXURIOUS COMFORT! *Enquire at Railway Stations, Offices and Tourist Agencies for particulars of train services, fares, etc., from all parts.*

OFFICIAL HANDBOOK FREE ON APPLICATION TO PUBLICITY DIRECTOR, DEPARTMENT B. X. N., TORQUAY.

MARTINI

ITALIAN
Vermouth

The Vermouth from which the "Martini Cocktail" derives its name.

THE WORLD RENOWNED
Brand

From all Wine Merchants

The First Cocktail—
The MARTINI
⅔ Martini Vermouth
⅓ Dry Gin
1 Dash Orange Bitter
Squeeze of Lemon peel

MARTINI & ROSSI
TORINO - - ITALY

The Two-fold Work for Cancer Calls for Further Extensions

A CORNER OF ONE OF THE LABORATORIES

The Cancer Hospital (Free) is the first special hospital in London devoted to Cancer Treatment and Research. It is equipped with the most up-to-date appliances. Poor patients are admitted free. In addition to the accommodation for operable cases in the early stages of the disease, a certain number of beds are provided for advanced cases who may remain for life. Numbers of patients from all parts of the world attend the Radiological Department where the latest approved methods of treatment are applied.

HELP BY
£EGACY, SUBSCRIPTION OR DONATION
IS EARNESTLY SOLICITED

Please send cheques, crossed Coutts & Co., to the Secretary:

The Cancer Hospital
(FREE)
(Incorporated under Royal Charter)

FULHAM ROAD, LONDON, S.W.3

Bankers: Coutts & Co., 440, Strand. Secretary: J. Courtney Buchanan, C.B.E.

BY WILL OWEN

WHEN THEY OPENED THE WRONG CAGE!

A ST. STEPHEN'S EVE FOLLY

The King of Misrule, secure in the knowledge that he reigns supreme till Twelfth Night, invades the cathedral, only to learn that here is the one place wherein Folly may not enter

NO household should be without a bottle of Martell's Three Star Cognac Brandy.

Indispensable in Illness or Emergency, all Doctors know its high therapeutic value and many specify Martell when prescribing brandy.

Every bottle of Martell bears the name above the well-known Blue and Silver label and none is genuine without it.

MARTELL'S
THREE STAR
COGNAC BRANDY

The Way to — BABYLON

ROSE RICKETTS lived in Glastonbury. Her husband owned a high-class gents' haberdashery shop—and sang in the choir of Glastonbury Abbey on Sundays. Rose and the two children used to watch him from their pew.

Rose's life was spent chiefly on her domestic duties. She was an excellent housekeeper, and brought up her children carefully.

But she suffered from a sense of the petty, common, and provincial nature of her life. She read Society paragraphs and the illustrated weeklies and monthlies—and dreamed of London. Passionately she read accounts of parties, receptions, "first nights," dresses—of Courts, charity matinées—and photographs of Society beauties and actresses, of exquisitely sophisticated young men, of handsome Guardsmen—actors—literary figures, were printed on her imagination.

From "Arica" (No. 4), Hailsham Villas, Glastonbury, she saw London as an apotheosis of gaiety and sophistication, of luxurious loves and kaleidoscopic passions. . . .

Sometimes she lay awake at night, listening to the tenor snores of her husband who lay on his back beside her, and imagining herself in an existence lapped by rich comforts, soothed by costly elegance, moving naturally and easily among "well-known people"—accompanied at race meetings by an irreproachable young man—dining with some famous author—perhaps being taken to a night club by ——, her imagination usually conjured up the face of Raymond Landor, the "actor-playwright" (whose photograph she had cut out of "Illustrated Snips" and had framed to stand on her dressing-table . . .). She imagined herself clothed, as a matter of course, in Paris models, adored by cynical but passionate men; addressed as "darling" ("Rose darling") by smart, dissolute women who were either actresses or authoresses or members of the aristocracy. She saw herself "in the paddock" at Ascot—and at the Chelsea Arts Ball. From her visits to the movies and her reading of novels she tried to envisage the subtle delights and delicious vices of Society—she saw all London bathed in the lurid and dazzling glow of its pleasures, glittering with restless constellations of celebrities . . .

And she, meanwhile—Rose Ricketts, whose husband owned a high-glass gents' haberdashery establishment—was getting older. She would grow old having known nothing of life, with no experiences beyond the perpetual satisfaction of a husband and children—beyond the turning out of rooms and the paying of tradesmen—and the movies once a week, and sometimes a whist drive and dance at the Mission Hall. A "happy home"—well, of course, she had that. But . . .

She might be growing old (she was thirty-five . . .). But she was still pretty—somehow preserved in the smooth monotony of her existence. Her gold hair grew in curls all over her head, showing off her small pink ears and white neck. Her small mouth, which, in spite of her husband's protests, she painted bright red, was attractively sullen; her complexion freshly pink and white; her eyes dark grey, with brows and lashes carefully (but secretly) embellished by a cream and a "darkener" which she had got by post ("sent in a plain wrapper"). . . . Sometimes, looking at herself in the glass, at her neat, rounded figure, and her manicured nails, and her face—which wasn't, it seemed to her, any worse than half the girls photographed as "Hollywood stars"—she revolted against her fate . . . Why should she be condemned to sit "turning" Edmund's cuffs and patching the children's pants?—cooking and scrubbing (even if she did have a "help" three times a week!), while girls with half her "sex-appeal" were getting all sorts of good times—women with half her looks were called "beauties."

'Raymond Landor's gaze, half quizzical, half desirous . . . slid from her face to her dress, over the taut curves of her body, and lit on her shoes—strong, neat, black shoes"

AFTER months of planning she arranged for the children to go and stay with Edmund's sister (who adored them and kept a boarding-house at Weston-super-Mare) at the time that Edmund was treating himself to a long-wished-for ten days' trip to Scotland. She said she had never fancied Scotland—and would go and stay with her cousins in London, who had always been wanting her to come. Edmund acquiesced (he was always easy-going). He said it would be good for his voice not to do any talking for a bit. Rose, reflecting that he never had much to say for himself, agreed, and said she would come back on the same day as he did, and Mrs. Wren next door had promised to keep an eye on the house. She went to London. . . .

Her cousins lived in Cricklewood and did not know any celebrities, nor were they more conversant with a life of luxury and passion than people in Glastonbury.

(All rights strictly reserved.)

by Sylvia Thompson

Illustrated by F. STOCKS-MAY

Rose used to go by Underground into the "heart of London" and moon about the streets, looking at the shops and the people, haunting the doors of the big hotels and restaurants, and, as evening came and the shop-windows flooded the streets with apricot-coloured light, and the traffic glared and hummed, and Piccadilly Circus broke into a symphony of coloured electric signs, she would wander at a more and more excited pace, her imagination obsessed and yet frustrated by her sense of the awakening gaieties, the hidden dissipations, the distinguished and scarcely imaginable orgies of London's night life . . . And yet she knew she was shut out; the life that beglamoured her very soul was hidden from her like an Aladdin's Cave which could only be entered through the knowledge of some strange password.

Her cousins had planned to take her to a theatre on the last night of her visit. She chose the new play by Raymond Landor—in which he himself was acting. The idea of seeing him act in his play gave her a feeling of getting at least one step nearer to the magic heart of Babylon. She put on the golden evening dress which she had bought in Oxford Street. It had been marked "Genuine Paris Model," and cost £4 19*s.* 6*d.* (which she would have to make up somehow out of the housekeeping when she got home). Rose put it on with a feeling of exhilaration. It was cut very low back and front, and had a scarlet paste buckle on the belt. As she fastened her pearl choker and smeared on her lipstick she thought it certainly did look very French. She was sorry to have to wear her black leather Court shoes with it (when she had a pair of gold), but it was raining, and it would ruin them walking to the Underground.

No one else in the upper circle wore evening dress, but Rose felt mysteriously allied to the women down below in the stalls and boxes. She wondered what Edmund would say to her get-up (and whether it would look all right if she had it filled in with some sort of goldy crêpe de Chine—and sleeves the same—when she got home. . . .).

The curtain went up.

Rose sat locked in the play as in a dream. She watched Raymond Landor all the time he was on the stage: his looks, his movements, his clothes. The tones of his voice vibrated through her whole body; the lines that he spoke took hold of her mind. As for the play itself—the play he'd written—

it revealed to her, act by act, the very life she had always, but so indefinitely, constructed in her own thoughts—a brilliant, epigrammatic, luxurious set of people—people with perfect clothes, beautiful rooms, unquestionable servants; with witty tongues and pagan passions who moved through life to a sentimental-cynical rhythm of their own. People whose lives were coloured by gleaming impulses and exotic desires — who wore pyjamas at any time of the day, basked in sunshine at any time of year, made love to anyone at any time. . . .

When the curtain fell on the last act Rose picked up her coat, left her cousins, and disappeared in the crowd.

"*She tried to envisage the subtle delights and delicious vices of Society*"

RAYMOND LANDOR came out of the stage door. Rose stepped up to him. "*Please*——"

He stopped, stared, automatically raised his hat. "*Please*——" she repeated, conscious of his chauffeur holding open the door of his car.

"Is there—anything I can do for you?"

He examined the pretty, if commonplace, little face, lit by shining eyes, framed by a mop of curls. (An importunate autograph-hunter, he supposed.)

Rose mustered her desperate courage.

"I must speak to you."

Half amused, half annoyed, he shrugged his shoulders.

"Please, tell me what I can do for you." He noticed her neat overcoat, the gold dress below. An autograph-hunting flapper from the suburbs. Pretty, certainly . . .

"I should—I should *so* like to—— Oh!" she gasped, "it will take me a minute or two to tell you."

His smile (the smile of her photograph of him, the smile she had seen come and go on the stage) lit his features.

"Step right in," he said, indicating his car.

Rose found herself driving beside Raymond Landor through the streets of London. He watched her for a moment, interested, in spite of a fear that he was letting himself in for yet another female enthusiasm—interested in the queer little thing, as she sat rather upright, wearing her coat slipped off her pretty shoulders. He said:

"Perhaps you'd come and have some supper with me somewhere?"

"Oh," she said—and remembering the play—"that would be *quite too marvellous.*"

He checked a smile and leaned out to speak to the chauffeur. Then he added, "You can tell me—er—all about everything at supper."

"Rather." She nodded and became speechless. Then she took out a vanity compact and powdered her nose and applied a lipstick. She wondered if he could smell the "Chypre" perfume which she had dabbed behind her ears.

When they stepped into the hall of the Fitz she turned to him with an irrepressible "Ooo, I *say*!——" and quite suddenly he perceived her as charming— lit by the rosy flame of her excitement. As they sat down at a table in the corner she slipped off her coat, and he saw that her figure was pretty enough for any beauty chorus. The unexpected aspect of the situation began to amuse him. He ordered champagne. Rose gazed at him, possessed by a feeling of nervous and yet blissful fatality. In the strong light he looked older than she had supposed him to be—a good bit older (might even be over forty, she shouldn't wonder—). But that only added to his quality—an experienced man. She saw how the head waiter bowed.

PUTTING off the moment of explanation (for mightn't he simply get up and leave her after that—? whereas now he might suppose she was *anything*—an adventuress!—a chorus girl!), she began to talk about his play.

He was diverted by her uncritical adoration. He noticed her hands; workaday in shape, but well-manicured. He judged women a good deal by their hands. This one was—capable, imaginative, sensual. An attractive little thing, he reflected, as the champagne began to bubble in her voice. He began to flirt with her, easily, casually—and was interested by the intent quality of her response. He said:

"You must have dropped from the moon to the stage door."

"What marv'lous things you do say! But I suppose you always *do* say marv'lous things."

"If you didn't come down from the moon, when are you going to explain why you're sitting here at the Fitz at nearly midnight with a perfectly strange man who meant to go home and have his first good night's rest this week?"

"I don't know really. It was a sort of an inspiration, I think. Well, you see—I dunno." She gave him a reckless smile, let off a genteel uncertain little laugh. "I wish you'd let me off telling you—first let me have my fling, and then leave you for ever."

"As you like, of course. I adore the unexpected—even if it remains the unexplainable. All the same, I should be interested to know. You see, you haven't asked me for an autograph or photograph—which is original in itself—lots of women accost one for that purpose."

"Your autograph wouldn't be knowing you. . . And I've got your photo—on my dressing-table—at home." She changed the subject—"What are you going to do next?"

"Next?"

"After supper."

"I'm going home."

"Let me come with you?"

He hesitated. Then—"All right."

After supper she got into his car again. He followed her. She smelled dreadfully of cheap scent, but otherwise she was really delicious. As an adventure——

He put his arm round her as they drove towards Westminster. She yielded with a physical vibration which confirmed his judgment of her hands (sensual—temperamental even).

His flat was like the photographs she'd seen of Modern Interiors—queer low furniture, strange lamps, a glass and steel table, pictures of funny shapes, and of funny shaped women. (She wondered if perhaps he liked women like that; with bodies like geometry.) She was trembling all over. . . He had funny ways of kissing—(not like Edmund. . . . She dismissed the thought).

He drew her down beside him on the divan. Her breathing felt as if it were choking her, and she couldn't tell if it was fright or emotion. He was puzzled by her scared

(*Continued on page 74*)

LES SÉLECTIONS NOUVELLES D'HOUBIGANT

PARFUM

Festival

OF AN ENTIRELY NEW CONCEPTION AND BLENDED WITH ONLY THE RAREST AND MOST PRECIOUS ESSENCES, THIS TENACIOUS PERFUME EXHALES ITS PERFECTION AFTER A PERIOD OF EVAPORATION

HOUBIGANT

PARIS

Charming and Useful

British-Made Gifts-

Conway Stewart

Pens and Writing Sets

No. 87 Set. Handsomely mounted short-size "Duro" Pen with Clip-Cap and "Duro-point" Pencil to match. In attractive plush-lined case. Price **17/6**

No. 88 Set. Ditto, Ditto, Ladies' Model, without Clips. Price **17/6**

Other sets from **7/6** to **25/-**.

The "Duro." An oversize pen. Made in 3 sizes. No. 1 Price **21/-** No. 2 Price **15/-** No. 3 Price **12/6**

Stocked by all leading Stationers & Stores.

The "Conway Stewart" Pen. Super-Value. Prices from **10/6** to **35/-**

Write for Coloured Christmas Folder, Post Free from the manufacturers:

Conway Stewart

& Co., Ltd.,
75-82, Shoe Lane, London, E.C.4.

G. P. Estab. 1851

XMAS PRESENTS

FOR HUNTING FRIENDS

What more welcome present can there be for a friend who hunts than something which will be useful to him or her on every hunting day? A whip—a flask—a handsome, strongly made canteen in leather case?

Ladies' & Gents' Whips.

No.		
10	Hunting Whip, Gent's, best Whalebone, with plaited Kangaroo handpart, two stout silver collars with thong	63/-
11	Hunting Whip, Gent's, Whalebone, plaited Kangaroo hide, silver mount with thong	50 -
12	(as illus.) Hunting Whip, Gent's, covered hogskin, with silver mount and thong	35/-
13	(as illus.) Ditto, plaited Kangaroo hide, with silver mounts and thong	30/-
14	Ditto, plated mounts and thong	25/-

Flasks.

HUNTING FLASK. Containing glass bottle with plated bayonet cap **30/-**

Also Hunting Canteens, etc.

Write for our Full Price Lists.

Leather Bags and Trunks of the highest quality are also included in our 1931 Winter Price Lists, which embrace every requirement of field and stable—saddlery by all London makers, Super Horse-Clothing, all Stable Utensils, etc., etc.

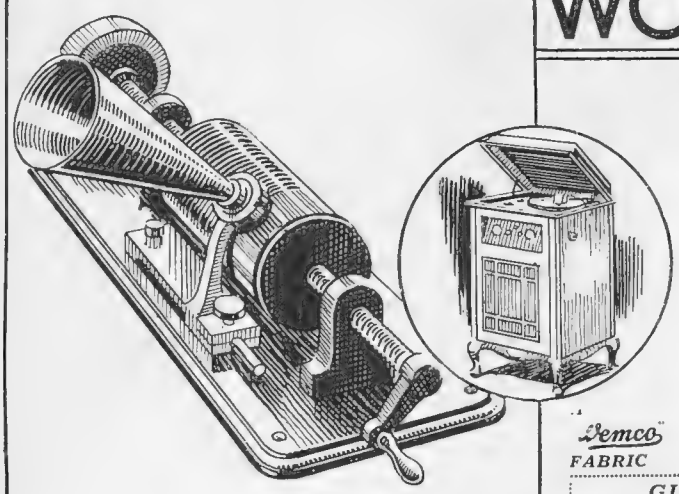
GEO. PARKER & SONS

ONLY ADDRESS: (SADDLERS) LTD.

17, 18, 19, Upper St. Martin's Lane, London, W.C.2.

Telephone: **Temple Bar 1164.** *Telegrams:* **"Cavesson, London."**

WONDERS OF THE AGES



SOUND reproduction has advanced so swiftly that the value of Edison's pioneering work is apt to be overlooked.

Standards have risen no less in regard to Shirts, Collars and Pyjamas. The utmost in ease, style and service, the best washing qualities and guaranteed unshrinkability are identified by the name "TRICOLINE." Silken texture, lasting and varied colours, perfect fit and reasonable cost are embodied in these garments, sold by leading Hosiers, Outfitters and Stores everywhere.

Vemco FABRIC

GIVE "TRICOLINE" GARMENTS. MOST PRACTICAL XMAS PRESENTS.

They marvelled at the first phonograph.....you will marvel at

N&C Tricoline
WEATHERCOATS
made and proofed by Nicholson & Co., St. Albans.
Rainproof yet Porous, Light yet Warm.

"Tricoline" REGD

THE EQUAL TO SILK

SHIRTS, COLLARS & PYJAMAS

If any difficulty in obtaining, write M.8, "TRICOLINE" House, 19, Watling St., London, E.C.4

THE HUMOUR OF BERTRAM PRANCE

"Basil, when are you going to try that wine your friend sent you for Christmas?"
"H'm, I don't know. He sent it in return for those cigars I gave him on his birthday, and I'm a bit suspicious!"

ANGRY FARMER: *"And if you trespass here again, my lad, you'll find yourself in hot water"*

By Baird

"Don't you loathe that dreadful fellow in that ghastly mask?"
"That's my brother"
"Oh, I say, I'm most frightfully sorry, I . . . ."
" . and it's not a mask!"

THE WAY TO BABYLON (*continued from page 70*)

expression—since she had clearly come from some obscurely amorous motive—and asked her, quizzically, holding her hands, whether she wouldn't "explain" after all.

"Oh well—yes," she found herself involuntarily glad of a respite. "Well—I don't live in London, you know. And I have an awfully dull sort of life at home. . . . I live at Glastonbury (*you* know, where the Abbey is!)—and I've always read and seen about the sort of life people have—*clever* people I mean—and the aristocracy—and the Smart Set. And my husband—Edmund, you know—he's in trade, and he's good to me and all that, and the children are all right (you couldn't have a nicer couple of children really)—but, well—I couldn't help feeling *wasted*—and I came to London (just for a visit—Edmund's been in the Trossachs) and I wanted to see a bit of life—and I'd always read about you, and then I went to see your play, and—and well, *you* remember what it says, what that Lady Iris says in your play, about every woman ought to have one adventure, at any rate, before she got old. Well, you see——" Rose looked into his eyes, pressed his hands in emphasis—"you see it was just exactly what I'd been feeling, and it seemed like a coincidence—and so——"

She paused. Raymond Landor's glance, half quizzical, half desirous—("Edmund" in trade . . . Children . . . Glastonbury) slid from her face to her dress, over the taut curves of her body—and lit on her shoes—strong, neat, black shoes—(because, of course, she would have to walk even if she did for once wear that dreadful little gold dress). Those respectable little shoes had the most absurd effect on him——

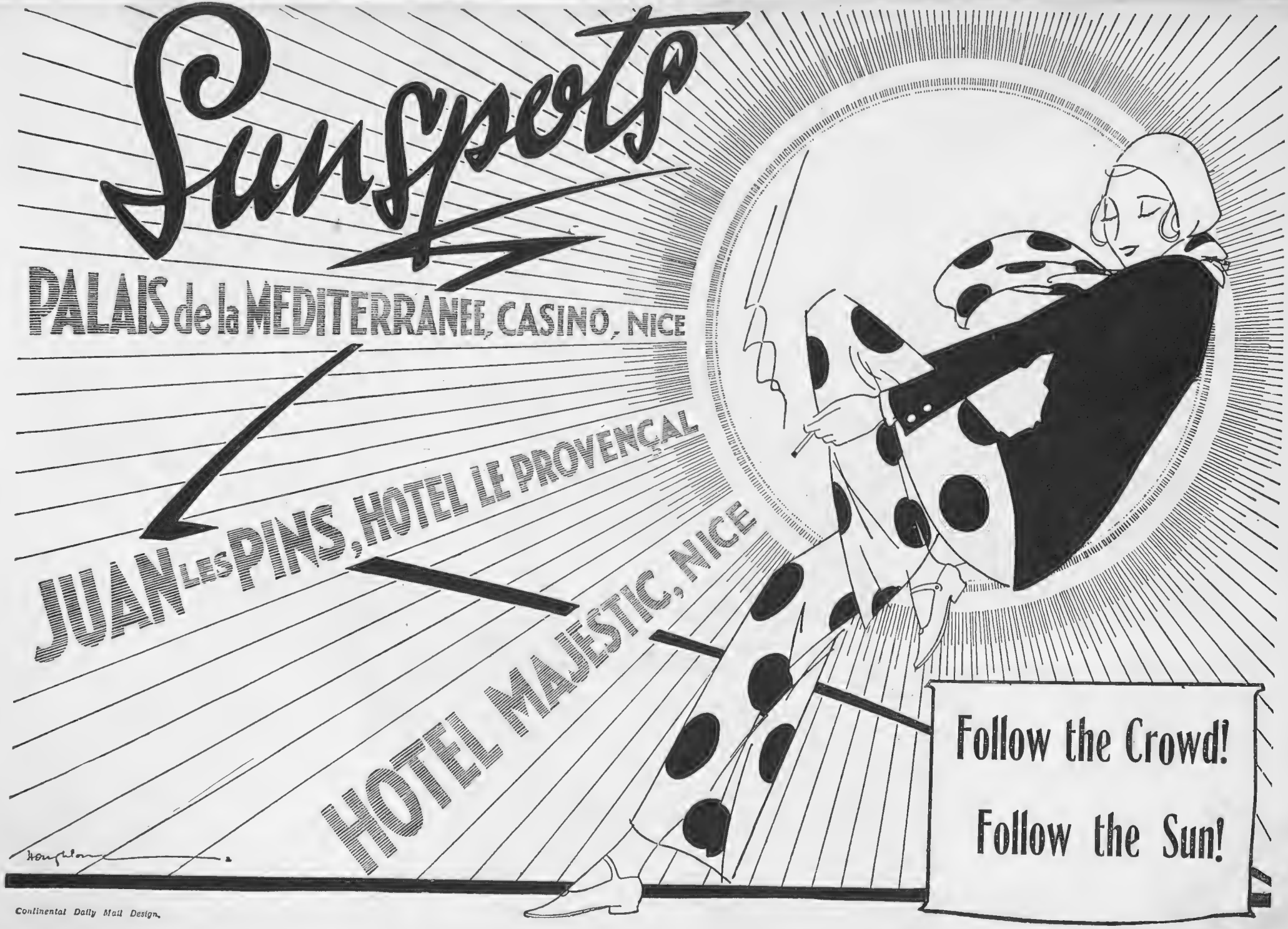
He said, after a pause, "It's been—sweet of you to come—darling." He got up and pulled her to her feet. "Now I want you to let my car take you home." He kissed her forehead and escorted her to the door, and downstairs to where the car was waiting — "Good-bye, darling," he said.

On the way back to Cricklewood Rose cried bitterly, but with a lurking feeling of relief. She explained to her cousins that she'd seen an old school friend and gone home for a chat. But they didn't ask her to stay again.

When she got home she was quite glad to see Edmund, and he made a fuss of her and kissed her after her absence. She thought how queer it was that the last person who had kissed her had been Raymond Landor—and yet, had she, to be honest, quite altogether liked it——? But, as she reflected, "the memory remained,"—and he had been in love with her for a moment, in love with her in the casual and yet passionate manner of his world——.

But on occasions when the morals of Society were under discussion at Glastonbury tea parties Rose Ricketts used to say that it was absurd to suppose that people were any more vicious in Society than they were in Glastonbury. And that a man handled the right way would always treat a woman with respect.

S. T.



Continental Daily Mail Design.

Partout Publicite

For more than A HUNDRED YEARS **HAMPTONS** have specialized in the PRODUCTION of BRITISH CARPETS which exemplify the BEST TASTE at the LEAST COST.

HAMPTONS' extra fine grade WILTON CARPETS

Hamptons' stocks of these finely woven Carpets, in the various dependable qualities, afford an unusually large selection of the choicest and most recent productions. In many instances the designs and colourings of these have been created exclusively for Hamptons. The design of the Carpet illustrated herewith, which is of best British manufacture, is an exact reproduction of a specially fine Persian rug. It is typical of many of Hamptons' extra fine grade Wilton carpets.

A few examples of the sizes available are :—

ft.	in.		ft.	in.			£	s.	d.
7	6	×	6	9	-	-	6	9	6
9	0	×	6	9	-	-	7	15	3
9	0	×	9	0	-	-	10	7	0
10	6	×	6	9	-	-	9	1	3
10	6	×	9	0	-	-	12	1	6
12	0	×	9	0	-	-	13	16	0
12	0	×	11	3	-	-	17	5	0
13	6	×	9	0	-	-	15	10	6
13	6	×	11	3	-	-	19	8	3
15	0	×	9	0	-	-	17	5	0
15	0	×	11	3	-	-	21	11	3
16	6	×	11	3	-	-	23	14	6
18	0	×	11	3	-	-	25	17	6

Every reader of "The Bystander" is invited to write for a copy, post free, of Hamptons' new book C.155 **"Autumn 1931"** *illustrating, in colour, many of the latest productions in Furniture, Carpets, Curtain Fabrics, Household Linen, etc.*

Works and all Factories:
QUEEN'S ROAD, BATTERSEA, S.W.8

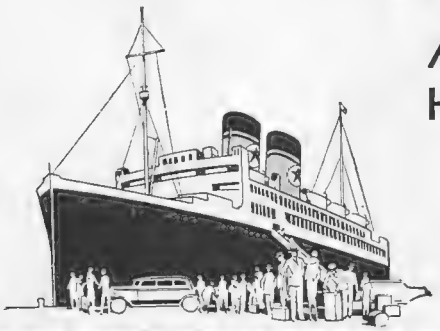
Telegraphic Address:
"HAMITIC, LONDON."

HAMPTONS
Decorators · Furnishers

PALL MALL EAST, LONDON, S.W.1

'Phones: WHITEHALL 1020

Hamptons pay carriage to any Railway Station in Great Britain.



ALL BRITISH HOLIDAYS in Sunny LANDS

"ARANDORA STAR"

SUN-Cruising in a British Liner is the only way in which you can travel abroad without benefit to foreign Ships, Railways or Hotels. All your expenses are paid in England—to a British Company.

No holiday in all the world can approach the novel charm of a Sun-Cruise on this superb vessel. As your eye is daily enchanted by new scenery, your body and mind are refreshed by comfort and charm such as have never before been attained in all the proud traditions of the sea.

CRUISES

ANNUAL XMAS CRUISE TO THE MEDITERRANEAN
December 18th, 19 days. Fare from 38 gns. To Sunny Spain, Italy, France, Balearic Islands, Northern Africa and Portugal.

Special 46 days Sunshine Cruise to the WEST INDIES AND MIAMI (for Palm Beach, America's great Winter Playground) January 23rd, 1932. Fare from 99 gns.

MEDITERRANEAN CRUISE
March 18th, 29 days. Fare from 50 gns. Gibraltar, Sicily, Greece, Rhodes, Egypt, Palestine, Malta, Cyrenaica, Algeria.

Details of all "Arandora Star" sunshine cruises from

THE BLUE STAR LINE
3, Lower Regent Street, London, S.W.1: (Ger. 5671). Liverpool: 10, Water Street, and Principal Tourist Agents.

For your Throat

Allenburys
Glycerine & Black Currant PASTILLES
Made from pure glycerine and the fresh juice of ripe black currants.
Your Chemist stocks them.
In Tins, 2 ozs. 8d. 4 ozs. 1/3

SPANISH CASTLE

by Mollie Jarvie

"Two three-halfpennys, please." said the literary young man, smiling across the grill at Jessamy. Now the literary young man had no business to smile like that at a romantic girl, and Jessamy Dolittle *was* romantic.

"Good morning, sir," said Jessamy, sliding the stamps and the threepence change under the grill.

"Good morning, and thank you," said the literary young man, again with that devastating smile.

Jessamy sighed. His young lady was lucky, whoever she was. Some said 'twas Miss Pollard at Holyorm—the prettiest one, Miss Kitty. Yes, there she was, out there in the car with young Sir Charles and Miss Dallas Vicary. Oh, *lucky* Miss Kitty!

"Now, then, Jessamy! Day-dreaming again?" said a teasing voice. Jessamy started, and looked up. George Duff, of course, "& Son," of Duff & Son, Family Butchers. Jessamy was George Duff's young lady.

"Well, George," Jessamy's voice was listless. Oh, *lucky* Miss Kitty. . . .

THERE was a small cup in the moors up Brambly way, and here Jessamy Dolittle spent her free time in the summer. She was there this fine afternoon in July, her bicycle on the heather beside her, and a book in her lap. The book had been lent to her by Miss Dallas, and the Vicary House bookplate, with its stately caravel riding the waves with much the same gallantry as the House of Vicary rode its present poverty, lay face upwards, Dallas Vicary's gay signature below it. Jessamy had started to read, but the heat of the day had made her sleepy, and it was pleasanter to dream.

She was half-asleep when she heard sounds among the heather. Oh, dear! George had seen her, then? She had kept the cup a secret from him—George would laugh at her, she knew. He always laughed at her when she was romantic.

"That you, George?" she spoke with her eyes shut.

"I beg your pardon. Was I disturbing you?" the voice was not George's. In fact, it was not the voice of anyone she knew. Jessamy sat up hurriedly.

"Oh!"

Sitting half-way down the other side of the cup, and so about ten paces from the girl, was a young man. He was quite different from any other young man she had ever seen; and yet, did she imagine it (poor Jessamy imagined so many things!), or was he really rather like the literary young man, Sir Charles's friend? He was certainly dark-haired, tall, gentle-voiced; he certainly had a smile that just could not be resisted; he was dressed in the same sort of tweeds that Sir Charles and his friends wore—there the resemblance ended. For the literary young man's eyes were not green, nor did his hair grow to a pronounced peak above his brow nor had he that careless grace; nor had he that sound of laughter in his voice as he spoke, even when his face was grave.

"Oh!" said Jessamy again.

"Did I startle you?" asked the young man. "I didn't know anyone was here. This cup is my favourite place. I've known it for years. Would you like me to go?"

"Oh, no," Jessamy assured him. "It's my favourite place, too. But I haven't known it as long as you have——"

"I should think not!" and he laughed as if she had said something funny.

"So would you like *me* to go?" and Jessamy looked pleadingly at him.

"No, no, I wouldn't," he said. "Isn't there room for us both?"

Soon they were talking as if they had known one another all their lives. He asked Jessamy what she had been reading—George had never been interested in her taste in literature. They talked about books for quite a while, and all Jessamy's favourites seem to be his favourites, too. The last book Miss Dallas had lent her had been a history of Wundorshire—

"It's not good," he told her. "The man leaves out such a lot."

"Leaves out such a lot? What sort of thing does he leave out?"

He told her. There had been a witch-burning in Little St. William as late as 1817—that was never recorded. He described the proceeding to Jessamy with such vigour and reality that her face went quite pale. When he noticed this he apologised, and told her a tale about All Hallows Eve, when two stout souls from Earshot got lost on the moors—this story made her laugh, but it also sent a little thrill down her spine. He told her why the birds did not sing in the copse by Seemly Quiet. He told her when fairies had last been seen in Wundorshire. He told her so many things . . .

"Good gracious!" cried Jessamy. "It's a quarter to seven. I must go."

"When will you be here again?" he asked, his brilliant eyes on hers.

"Oh!" her face glowed. "Will you come again? I shall come on Thursday. That is, if I can escape, George."

"George! You shall tell me about George on Thursday," he said, wheeling her bicycle up on to the cart-track by which she had come. "Good-bye till then."

(All rights strictly reserved.)

"Good-bye," said Jessamy. "Oh, what is your name?"

"Shall we say Robin?" he said. "Good-bye till Thursday—Jessamy."

It was not until she was pedalling down the track that Jessamy realised that she had not told him her name. And again a little shiver ran down her spine.

ON Thursday, telling George that she was going over to tea with her aunt at Holyorm, Jessamy managed to escape to the cup. The track over the moor was empty; there was no one in sight for as far as the eye could see. Was he already there? She knew a strong feeling of disappointment when she reached the rim of the cup, for he was not there.

Perhaps he would come. If she waited——. She knew that it must be at least half an hour before he came, for there was the long walk over the moor. But surely it was worth waiting for.

Jessamy sat down, her hands idle in her lap, her eyes lifted to the rim of the cup. After a few minutes she glanced down at her watch.

"Till half-past," she said to herself. . . .

"My watch must have stopped," she said in wonder, when she heard his voice. "It's only two minutes since I looked."

"It hasn't," he said, lifting her wrist and bending his head. Jessamy gave a little gasp.

"Where *did* you spring from?" she asked.

He placed her hand back in her lap before replying.

"Your choice of words is singularly apt," he said.

He heard all about George that day. How George pestered Jessamy into allowing him to take her out; how he was now badgering her into marriage; how he laughed at her for being romantic; how old Mr. Duff had promised to retire when his son married, and let them have the shop; how George's hands made her shudder—"So big," said Jessamy, "so big and red. I always think," she said, half-afraid that this new friend would laugh, "that George's hands are gradually getting more and more like raw beef."

He did not laugh. He could quite imagine how ugly George's hands must seem to Jessamy, small, fair Jessamy with her thin little fingers and the mouth that drooped so sadly.

"Now——" he touched her shoulder lightly. "Shall we forget about George?"

They forgot about George.

It was very nearly seven when Jessamy looked at her watch again. On the rim of the cup they said good-bye. Jessamy had her hands on the handlebars and one foot raised when he startled her by kissing her. Not the kind of kiss George was in the habit of bestowing—a clutch of the shoulders and a rather wild kiss aimed at her mouth and usually landing on her nose. Robin put one finger under her chin, lifted her face, and kissed her mouth. For a moment she stood as still as death, her face radiant. . . .

"Till next Thursday," said Robin with a laugh rippling through his voice, and dismissed her with the lightest of pats on her shoulder.

ALL next week Jessamy lived in a world of her own. She served the literary young man with the same casual detachment as she served old Mrs. Hen from the laundry or Lady Eglantine Greville herself on the rare occasion that the august dame had patronised the Brambly Post Office. Her intense absorption in something beyond the ken of her friends and relations puzzled and irritated everyone with whom she came in contact. Dallas thought she was sickening for something, and confided her opinion to Dr. Neill. Dr. Neill bought a halfpenny stamp from Jessamy and said that she was either in love or doped. The literary young man (whose name was William Vernoui—you have read his "Willy Nilly," of course?) forgot to smile at her when she forgot to give him his change. Kitty Pollard said she had never seen love take anyone in *that* way before. Sir Charles Moir said she probably needed a holiday. And her employer, whose patience was rapidly being exhausted, was heard to remark that she would get one she didn't bargain for if she didn't watch out.

Meanwhile Jessamy hugged her secret to her heart. He loved her, he loved her! The soft July breeze sang to her: He loves you. The stars twinkled at her: He loves you. The stream that murmured past the gate of the house that Jessamy lived in gurgled: He loves you. Everything sang to Jessamy that week.

What castles she built in the air! Would they live in Brambly? She didn't think it would be quite comfortable to live in Brambly, with George almost on top of them, as it were. And would it be considered spiteful if she bought their meat from Duff and Son? Or if she didn't? She didn't even know what work Robin did, or if he did work. All she knew was that she loved him, and that he loved her, he loved her. . . .

ILLUSTRATION BY ADRIAN GRAHAM

"George pestered Jessamy into allowing him to take her out . . . and was now badgering her into marriage"

AFTER five grilling days the weather broke.

It rained and rained and rained. Jessamy's face was tragic. Dallas lent her another book, the most cheerful romance on the Dower House shelves. Kitty said it *must* be love. (Kitty had a disconcerting habit of discussing love at all moments, particularly when there were shy members of the opposite sex present.) Mr. Jestico, the manager, with an acerbity unusual in one of the sunny Jesticoes gave her a week's notice, which he promptly took back when he saw the great tears slipping down her cheeks.

"Now," said George, slipping a proprietary arm in hers as she came out of the Post Office on Wednesday evening, "let me tell you, my girl, that to-morrow afternoon you are coming to the pictures with me."

"Oh, no, George," said Jessamy, "not to-morrow——"

"Oh, yes, George," her lover mocked, to-morrow as ever was."

"No, no," said Jessamy piteously.

"You can't go bike-riding in the rain," George reminded her. "Be

(*Continued on page 82*)

LARGE
WATER
BISCUITS
"RETURNING HOME"
MACFARLANE LANG'S
BISCUITS

"I'm buying Filmo for Christmas"
BELL-HOWELL
FILMO
PROFESSIONAL MOVIES FOR AMATEURS
People who will have the best entertainment this Christmas are buying Filmo — not because Filmo is cheaper, or to play at movie making, but seriously to produce motion pictures of a high professional standard.
Filmo Cameras and Projectors are made by the manufacturers of the best professional movie apparatus in the world— what better present could you give or receive ?
Obtainable with full descriptive literature
FROM YOUR DEALER
or write direct to
BELL & HOWELL CO., LTD.,
320, Regent Street, London, W.1.

FREE!
To your boy!
Has your boy expressed the wish sometimes to be an "engine driver"? Then let the postman bring him a copy of our free booklet in colours, "RUN YOUR OWN TRAIN SERVICE." He will just love the pictures of locomotives-the real thing in miniature-the corridor express trains and other equipment. Ask for pamphlet No. 63. Send a postcard to-day.
BASSETT-LOWKE, LTD.
NORTHAMPTON.
London Branch: 112, High Holborn, W.C.1.
Manchester Branch: 28, Corporation Street.

DR. BARNARDO'S HOMES
For 65 years Dr. Barnardo's Homes have been rescuing the orphan and destitute children of the Nation, and in that time they have admitted over 111,000 needy little ones, their present family numbering over 8,000. But such a work is constantly in need of funds if their Charter, "No Destitute Child ever Refused Admission," is to be maintained.
Will You Send
A CHRISTMAS GIFT OF 10/-
to feed one child for ten days?
It will give you happiness. Try it!
Cheques and Orders payable "Dr. Barnardo's Homes Food Fund," and crossed, should be sent to Dr. Barnardo's Homes, 74 Barnardo House, Stepney Causeway, London, E.1

GIVE ELECTRICALLY

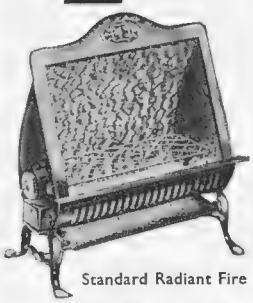
WARMTH

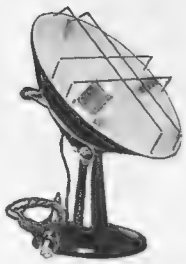
COMFORT

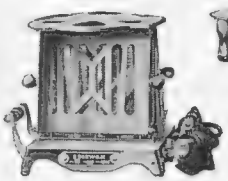
CONVENIENCE

AND

HEALTH

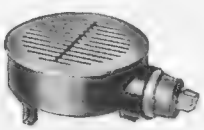

Standard Radiant Fire


Pedestal Bowl Fire

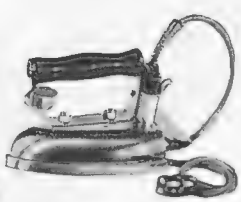

Electric Toaster

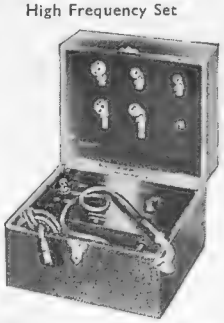
Electric Warming Plate

Electric Table Kettle


Electric Boiling Ring

High Frequency Set


Electric Home Iron


Pneumatic Massage Pulsator

Ultra-Violet Ray Apparatus

—this Christmas

EDISWAN

ELECTRICAL APPLIANCES

THE EDISON SWAN ELECTRIC CO. LTD.
123/5 QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, LONDON, E.C.4

DA46

for "Auld Lang Syne!"

THE crowning moment of your Christmas Dinner. Everybody has dined well—everybody's happy. Out goes each hand to a cracker. Make sure your crackers are as gay and jolly as the rest of your entertainment. They will be if they are TOM SMITH'S.

TOM SMITH'S Crackers look beautiful on the table, with their gay, gleaming scarlets and greens and golds. They go off with a bang every time, and out of them pour all the loveliest caps, toys and jewels, for which TOM SMITH searches the markets of the world. Remember the name TOM SMITH, and the success of the party is sure.

TOM SMITH'S
CHRISTMAS CRACKERS

You cannot be too sure that the Crackers you buy *are* TOM SMITH'S as there are Crackers on the market (usually large in size) which only contain disappointment. *Get TOM SMITH'S! Best for over 80 years.*

THE BYSTANDER
346, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.2.
Telephone : Temple Bar 8020.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

Published Weekly at 1-/.	Twelve months including Double and Xmas Nos.	Six months including Double Nos.	Three months no extras.
AT HOME	£3 3s. 0d.	£1 11s. 6d.	15s. 0d.
CANADA	£3 1s. 0d.	£1 10s. 6d.	15s. 3d.
ELSEWHERE ABROAD	£3 7s. 6d	£1 13s. 0d.	17s. 0d.

In all cases including postage.

ORDER FORM

TO THE PUBLISHER OF
The Bystander,
346, STRAND,
LONDON, W.C 2.

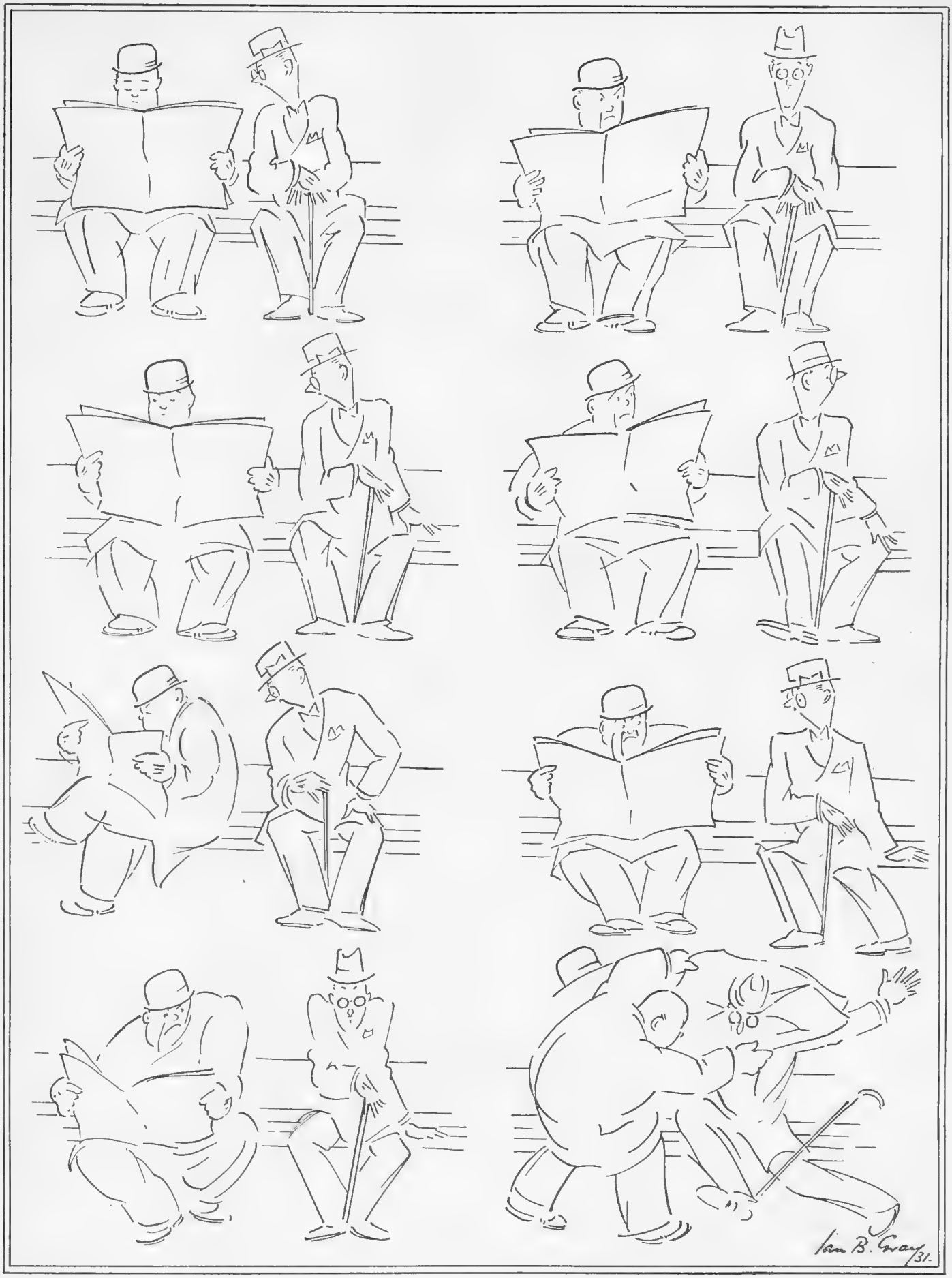
Please send me THE BYSTANDER *weekly for.....months, commencing with the issue of .....*

for which I enclose.....

Name.....

Address.....

Date.....1931.



BY I. B GRAY

RUBBERNECK!

SPANISH CASTLE (*continued from page 78*)

my girl, lovie, and cheer up." Jessamy slipped through the gate without letting him kiss her. She couldn't do that, could she, when she was Robin's girl?

WITH desperate ingenuity Jessamy managed to evade George next day.

"I'll just run over to Lizzie's for a few seconds," she told her mother, and sped off. When dinner was on the table she had not returned. Whereupon Mrs. Dolittle sent her youngest-born, ten-year-old Billy, to seek his sister. Billy returned in a short while with the news that Miss Elizabeth Pond had not seen the missing damsel since that dance up to Church 'All. George's language had to be heard to be believed. . . .

"You shouldn't have come," Robin reproached her. "Not in weather like this."

"Why not?" asked Jessamy. "You came."

"Yes, but I'm different."

She could not be persuaded of this.

"You mustn't stay, Jessamy," he told her. "See, we can't sit on this soaking ground, and you'll be tired if you stand too long."

She assured him that she would not be in the least tired.

"You shouldn't have come," he said again. "I shouldn't have let you come."

"You couldn't have stopped me," she whispered, her little face shining.

"Stop, stop!" his voice was urgent. "Jessamy, you must remember George."

"George?" Her voice was still pitched in a rapt whisper. "Last time you said we'd forget George."

"But you mustn't," he said, "you mustn't forget him this time. For——listen, Jessamy. Are you listening?"

"Yes," said the rapt voice.

"This is the last time, Jessamy, the last time."

"The last time?" echoed the rapt voice. "The last——?" Her voice changed, and a sharp note of anguish forced its way through. "Wh-hat do you mean?"

"Jessamy, Jessamy!" he chid her. "Tell me. Who do you think I am?"

"I think," said Jessamy, and her words fell slowly and clearly across the wet space between them, "I think that you are the most wonderful person in the world. I think that it was just pure magic that sent you here that day. I think—I *know*—that I love you." And she closed her eyes and held out her hands.

"Jessamy, Jessamy!" He took her hands in his. "Do you remember, I told you once that your choice of words was apt? Well, I am telling you so again. Do you remember?"

"Yes, I do," she answered, opening her eyes wide, but not looking at him. Did she not remember every word they said to each other?

"I asked you where you'd sprung from."

"Yes. And just now you said, 'I think it was just pure magic that sent you here that day.' Jessamy—hold on to yourself—it *was* pure magic."

Jessamy's eyes moved reluctantly round to his face.

"Magic?"

"You remember all the stories I told you? About the last time the Folk were seen in Wundorshire? What if——?"

"Oh!"

She sprang a step back from him, her clasped hands held against her mouth.

"I knew it was too good to be true!"

Again she shut her eyes, and the scalding tears coursed down her face to mingle with the raindrops. For a long moment she stood, her hands still against her mouth.

When she opened her eyes the cup was empty.

IT was just outside Brambly that George found her. She was pushing the bicycle, for the back tyre was flat. Her face, between the blue of her mackintosh and the red of her little hat, was chalk white.

George went quickly towards her and took hold of the bicycle, and then, slipping his arm gently round her said: "Where have you been, my lamb? There now, come home. See, my pretty, nothing shall hurt you now."

"George," her voice was so low that he had to stoop to hear her, "you will be *kind* to me, George, won't you?"

"I will, my lovie, come fire, come flood, come elf-bane," promised George; and wondered why the homely saying made her shudder so. He had no objection, however, when it made her shrink the closer to him. M. J.

BY A. R. CANE

1ST BURGLAR: "Well, I think we've got everything"

2ND BURGLAR: "Yus, I think so. Anyway, if we ain't they're sure to tell us in the morning pipers!"

"Say when, Man!!"

COPYRIGHT

KING GEORGE IV

WORLD-FAMED PRODUCT OF
THE DISTILLERS AGENCY LTD., EDINBURGH

OLD SCOTCH WHISKY

PLEASING HUES GIVE ADDED CHARM TO FINE CRAFTSMANSHIP

"Eterna" "Swan" 444/53 27/6

"Swan" 242/54 23/6

"Swan" 230/50 23/6

"Swan" 242½/52 21/-

"Swan" 242½/48 25/-

"Swan" 1000/1 15/-

"Blackbird" BB2B/50 10/6

'SWAN' PENS

HERE are pens to please both eye and hand . . . 'Swan' Pens in delightful colours and varied designs. Their matchless beauty and perfect craftsmanship make them a pleasure to use and a pride to own and they are guaranteed, like all 'Swans,' to give lifetime satisfaction.

"Swan" Pens may be obtained of all Stationers and Jewellers Black or Mottled from 15/-, or Artistic Colours from 21/-. "Fyne-Poynt" Pencils to match "Swan" Pens from 5/-.

The new "Swan" Minor Self-filler 10/6 and 12/6

Illustrated list post free from Mabie, Todd & Co., Ltd., Swan House, 133 & 135, Oxford Street, London, W.1. Branches at: 79, High Holborn, W.C.1; 114, Cheapside, E.C.2; 95, Regent Street, W.1; and at 3, Exchange Street, Manchester.

GIFT SET No. 242/49 PEARL 45/-

THE ONE MAN WAR (continued from page 61)

who's done a lot of fighting, one way and another." His pale blue eyes glinted oddly. "And I fight for whoever pays well, regular, and in advance, Señor General," he concluded.

THE General tugged at his moustache and rolled his black eyes. He was bewildered. Machine-guns lying in pieces, with no one to put them together again were not of much use, he knew.

"I'd like to see you reassemble them," he said, pointing to the guns.

"I'm sure!" the little man said. "Well, Señor General, I'll do one," he added, with a leer.

With the same deft assurance that he had shown before, he reassembled a gun, placed it on its tripod, and fumbled in one of the boxes in which the weapons had been packed. Then, before the General could stop him, he had fitted a belt of ammunition into place and squatted himself at the breech of the gun.

"Pock-pock-pock!" roared the gun, and the General leapt a foot in the air, while the negro sprang aside. "Pock-a-pock—pr-r-r-r-r-pock!"

Some two hundred yards away a wooden paling sank gently to the ground. Out of all the nearby huts soldiers came running in every state of undress, their eyes starting from their heads in alarm.

"She seems all right, Señor General," the little man said casually, rising to his feet and lighting a cigarette.

"Dios!" exclaimed the General.

There was no trace of expression on the little man's face as he spoke again.

"You could lick those hombres malos over yonder with a couple of them," he said, pointing in the direction of the enemy. "My salary is ten Mexican dollars a day, a week's pay in advance, the run of my teeth, and no questions asked about looting."

"Put the other gun together," said the General. "But don't fire the accursed thing, or I will not accept your terms, Señor!"

The little man nodded, and immediately bent over the still dismantled machine-gun.

ALONE of General Gonzalez del Pirador's staff the little *gringo*, whose name, so he said, was Smith, seemed to know exactly what to do and how to do it. Even an attack on a position that had been occupied by the enemy for twelve long months appeared to have no terrors for him. Through long hours of interminable argument the General and the rest of his staff vainly sought to pick holes in his plan. His laconic reiteration of his scheme defeated them. After speeches continuing far into the night he would merely say, over and over again—

"Approach by night; attack at dawn; turn their flank."

One day he decided to reconnoitre the enemy's position. He must go alone, he said, lest the alarm be raised. As no one was anxious to accompany him on so dangerous a mission this was easily arranged. He left at dawn and returned long after nightfall. Before the admiring eyes of his colleagues he set a rough but efficient map of the enemy's trenches and of the mountainous terrain surrounding them. Then, pointing at a spot on the map, he reiterated his slogan:

"Approach by night; attack at dawn; turn their flank."

Such persistence was irresistible. No high-flown phrases would rise to the General's lips; he was stunned into acquiescence.

"Let it be so, Señor Smith," he agreed at last, and in his voice there echoed an infinite regret.

The die was cast.

Gloomily the staff made dispositions for the attack. They set back its date as much as they dared. The struggle for the honour of commanding the reserves was long and fierce. But, in an impassioned address, lasting for one and a quarter hours, their General won.

"At the final issue of battle," he concluded, "when the fate of our country hangs in the balance, then I, and I alone, will hurl myself at the head of the last reserve of our brave army, and, sword in hand, will cast myself into the fray, nerved by patriotism, to snatch victory from the arms of defeat, *or* to die in the attempt!"

There were tears in his eyes as he finished. His staff, though bitterly disappointed, could not but be moved by his eloquence. Even Smith seemed to agree with his chief.

"That will suit me all right, Señor General," he said. "If you like, and there's no opposition, I will lead the attack myself. But I am anxious not to tread on anyone's corns, mind you. To do so is not my way."

With impassioned self-sacrifice he was assured that no one would stand in the way of his ambition, that they all knew when to efface themselves for the sake of their country, that, in fact, their corns could not be trodden upon in the cause of patriotism.

"Well, Señores, then that is settled," said the laconic Señor Smith.

FOR endless miles of gradual ascent General Gonzalez del Pirador's army had marched through the tropical moonlight along the road that led to the mountains and to imperishable glory. Far ahead of them rode the dauntless Señor Smith, and, at regular intervals, messages came back from him to say that there was no sign of the enemy in the country he was traversing. At long last the vanguard found him awaiting them, the whole army was halted, and, from now on, Smith said, it must creep through forest trails to its battle position.

"There must be no noise," he cautioned the officers. "No one must smoke—no one must speak aloud. I will guide the leading battalion and, when it is in place, the remainder will only have to get in line with it and await the dawn. The signal for attack will be two bursts of machine-gun fire."

Taking the only two machine-guns with him, Señor Smith boldly struck into a forest, along a track which he had discovered on his reconnaissance, while the troops plodded sadly behind him in single file. They tried to loiter, but Señor Smith was inexorable. Again and again he rode back to hurry them on, urging them with whispers that sounded notably harsh and menacing in the darkness, sending back urgent messages to the commanders of troops in rear. Before dawn, when the unwilling attackers were at last drawn up in some sort of order, Señor Smith rode back to where his General was stationed in a clearing in the forest.

"All is in readiness, Señor General," he reported.

General Gonzalez del Pirador sighed. His reception of the news was far from joyous.

"If we are beaten," he said gloomily, "I shall lose my job. No more shall I command the army of my country. My wife and children must starve."

"We shall not be beaten," Señor Smith reassured him. "We are on the flank of the enemy—they will be surprised. Surprise, as you so well know, my General, is the whole art of war. In an hour from now you will have become the liberator of your country."

"I hope so," the General said, but, from his tone, the hope was a glimmer, the full blaze of faith was not in him. "Of course," he went on in a more hopeful tone, "there is always the possibility that I shall not have to throw in the reserves."

"It is more than a possibility," the other assured him. "Are you sure that you left no men on the road who might alarm any enemy scouts that may be sent out?"

"Yes, yes, I am sure," the General said testily.

They fell silent. Then from the depths of the valley whence they had debouched came an indeterminate sound, stealing through the stillness of the forest.

"What's that?" the General asked.

"The distant roaring of the river," Señor Smith replied.

"But it can't be in flood," the General objected.

"Sounds travel far at night, my General."

"That is true."

Señor Smith glanced at the sky.

"I must be going," he said.

The General gripped his hand. He seemed to be profoundly moved; as, indeed, he was. For in the mind of General Gonzalez del Pirador there lurked not the slightest

intention of moving the reserves into action; moreover, in his present state of depression, he was convinced that the coming battle was lost already. In his mind he had determined to sacrifice this Señor Smith on the altar of safety.

"Adios, Señor Smith!" he said, with deep feeling.

Smith rode quietly into the darkness, and, almost at once, the sound of his horse's hoofs on the floor of the forest was lost in the darkness. The General called, in a low voice, for the commander of the reserve.

"Are all your men ready and under arms, Colonel?" he asked.

"To a man, my General," was the answer, given with a certain hesitation. "They are ready to fight to the death, my General." he added, in a voice that most certainly quavered.

"There will be no need for anything of that sort," his General said testily. "Tell me," he added, "did you hear a noise behind us just now?"

"I did, my General."

"What was it?"

"The noise of waggons going to market, I thought."

"Do any of our supplies come from as far up the valley as this?" the General asked.

"I do not know, Señor General."

"Nor do I, Colonel. But it may be so."

Any further discussion on the matter was driven from their thoughts by an obvious brightening of the sky. In the clearing where they stood it had become possible to see each other's pale and harassed faces. The General felt as though an icy hand was being laid on his breast.

"The dawn is at hand," he whispered.

"I am afraid it is," said his subordinate.

As if moved by a single will the two officers decided to leave the clearing and seek shelter among the trees lining its edge on the side furthest from the enemy. The General planted himself on the trail by which they had come.

"The Señor Smith can most easily find me here," he informed the Commander of the reserves.

"Assuredly, my General," the other quavered.

Slowly the sky brightened until objects in the clearing became visible. A bird hopped on to a branch nearby and began to sing.

"Curse that bird!" the General muttered. Then he glanced across the glade to its far edge. "Line your men along this side of the clearing, Colonel," he ordered, rolling his eyes and tugging at his moustache.

The Colonel obeyed with alacrity. Soon the sound of men creeping through the undergrowth on either side came to the General's ears.

"I should have kept a machine-gun to cover the trail in front," he muttered to himself, and, going to where an orderly was holding his horse, he took the charger from him.

Suddenly an infernal din rang out from in front. Pock-a-pock-pock, went a machine-gun. There was a pause, and pock-a-pock-pock it went again. With deep feeling the General cursed Señor Smith and all his works. There was a struggle of rifle-fire, a feeble cheer. With all his ears the General listened. He fancied that he heard a distant shot or two. There was more firing. It certainly came from further away. The General began to look ferocious. He stuck out his chest and twirled his moustache. In a few minutes a man galloped up with a message from Señor Smith.

"We have turned the enemy's flank and he is in full flight," it read.

General Gonzalez del Pirador mounted his horse. Like a clarion call his voice rang through the forest.

"Forward, my heroes!" he roared.

His heroes, with moderate alacrity, dribbled out from under cover, and formed up in the clearing. Placing himself at their head the General led the way to the trail and rode to the place whence Señor Smith had launched his successful attack. This historic spot was situated on a spur of the main mountain, in front of it was a gorge, the sides of which were sprinkled with scrub and rocks. The sole signs of epic strife were spent cartridges littering the ground.

"We have captured the enemy's position without the loss of a man! Forward!" cried the General, urging his horse into the gorge and up the farther side.

Once in the forest beyond he was overcome with excitement. An officer, left there by Señor Smith, pointed out several rifle-pits to him. Upon seeing which the General formed up his reserves and lectured them upon tactics and the science of attack. It was some time before he could be induced to proceed toward the main position of the enemy. But, once arrived there, he was met by several of his officers who told him that the enemy had fled, that pursuit was useless, and that the army had suffered no casualties.

"The enemy's fire," their spokesman reported, "was terrific in its intensity. Bullets whistled like hail about our ears; but, with magnificent gallantry, your disciplined troops beat down the fire of the enemy and drove them headlong from their entrenchments."

General Gonzalez del Pirador received this news as a great Commander should. Removing his sombrero, he cocked up his eyes to the sky.

"Where are the enemy dead? I would salute them!" he said solemnly.

On being told that none had been discovered, he asked for Señor Smith, who, he was informed, had ridden ahead to observe the fleeing foe, leaving instructions that the army should await the arrival of their General.

"An army must always be reassembled after a great victory," he had said.

"Señor Smith is a great soldier. Señor Smith is right," the General was pleased to reply.

For hours he awaited the return of the little *gringo* with the pale blue eyes and the murderous revolver. He waited in vain.

JUST after nightfall an immensely stout and infinitely weary man in a frock-coat, riding a spavined mule, was brought in from the outpost line and led to where the General was sitting before a camp-fire enjoying the fruits of victory. As the firelight shone on this dust-strewn and pitiful object—a very Sancho Panza in his lamentation—the General was horrified to recognise his friend the President. Instantly rising, he helped the dishevelled politician to dismount.

"Señor Presidente!" he gasped in amazement. "What ill has befallen you?"

The President stared at him with lack-lustre eyes.

"At noon this day," he said hoarsely, "my enemy rode into the capital at the head of his army. He found me in my house, mounted me upon this sorry mule, conducted me to the outskirts of the city and set me upon the road along which I have just come. I protested, my friend," the ex-President said with a flash of spirit, "but an accursed *gringo*, who was with him, drew a heavy revolver, fired two shots to right and to left of my ears, and I departed."

General Gonzalez del Pirador paled.

"Did you see this cursed *gringo*?" he asked.

"Yes," the other replied wearily. "He was a small man, with pale blue eyes, who had an enormous revolver strapped to his thigh."

Silence fell between the two men. The General tugged angrily at his moustache, staring into the red flames of the fire.

"All is not lost, Señor Presidente," he exclaimed suddenly, his eyes rolling. "In fact, nothing is lost. We will now occupy the positions of the enemy and blockade the capital in our turn."

"You may, if you wish, Señor General," the ex-President replied. "You who are a very devil for defence! I shall go to Europe to live." He raised his voice. "For the love of Santa Maria give me food and drink!" he wailed. "You have ruined me, and now you would starve me to death! A curse on all soldiers!"

"And *gringos*!" the General swore under his breath.

B. D. A.

Postage Rates for THE BYSTANDER CHRISTMAS NUMBER: Great Britain and Abroad, 4d. Canada, 1½d.

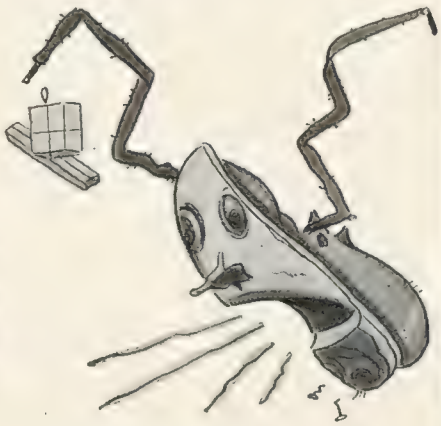
XMAS STOCKING FILLED WITH DISAPPOINTMENT HANGING ITSELF ON A ..... XMAS TREE .....

DILAPIDATED AND GLUTTONOUS MENU DEVOURING ITSELF .....TO DEATH .....

INSANE YULETIDE SNOW FLAKES DASHING THEM -SELVES TO DESTRUCTION ..... OFF BEACHY HEAD .....

WICKED AUTO INTOXICATED LIQUEUR CHOCOLATE TAKING AN UNWILLING ASPIRIN IN SEARCH OF ..... A HEADACHE .....

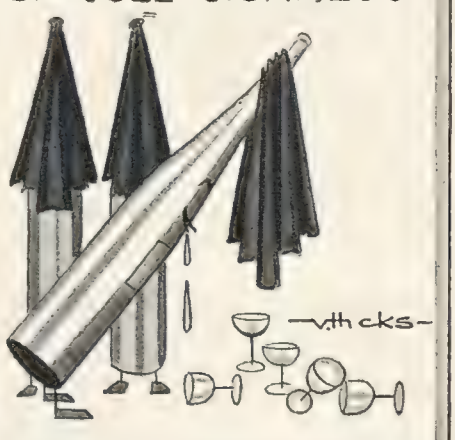
SADISTIC MINCE PIES GOADING A TUMMY-ACHE INTO A FRENZY



HYSTERICAL SHOE WORN OUT WITH XMAS SHOPPING EXPIRING OF SOLE SICKNESS

DESPERATE DUEL BETWEEN A CRACKER AND A TIN-OPENER FOR LOVE OF AN OVER RIPE PEACH.

A STILL-BORN AFTER XMAS .....DINNER SPEECH..... BURYING ITSELF WITH SHAME



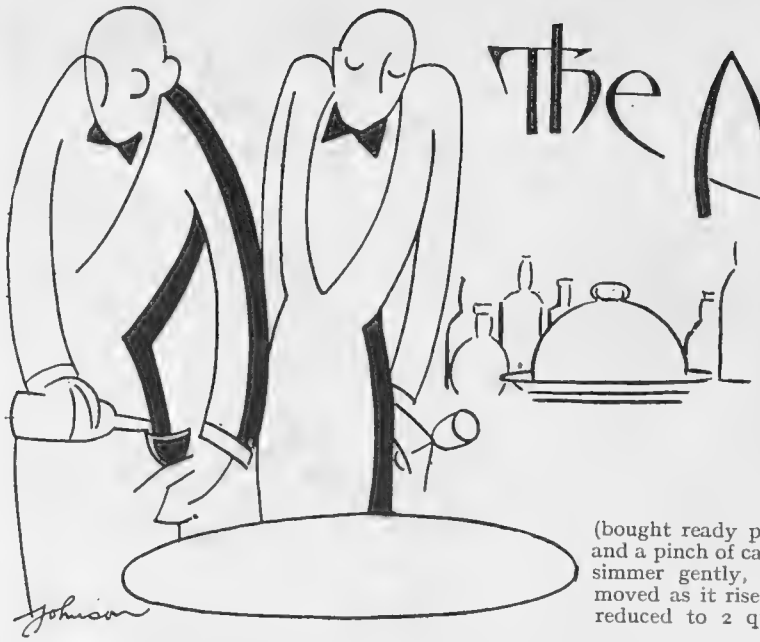
LONG NECK BRANDY BOTTLES IN DEEP MOURNING AFTER THE NIGHT BEFORE

BY VICTOR HICKS

OUR CHRISTMAS "GRAND GUIGNOL"

Collected at enormous expense from all the best Chambers of Horrors

The XMAS Menu



Oyster Cocktail

A TEASPOONFUL of vinegar, a few drops of lemon-juice, a drop or two of Tobasco sauce, and rather more of tomato ketchup to six oysters with all the liquor, well seasoned with salt and pepper. Mix all thoroughly together, and serve in champagne glasses.

Clear Turtle Soup

TAKE ½lb. of sun-dried turtle and let it soak for four days in lukewarm water, changing every twelve hours. Whilst this soaking process goes on keep the turtle in a warm place, and, if possible, stand in a cool oven at night. When the meat is swollen comparatively soft cut into neat pieces about an inch square, let it boil gently for twelve hours in good, clear stock, into which should be put a slice of lean ham, two onions, head of celery, one carrot, one turnip, one leek, and some turtle herbs (bought ready prepared), two cloves, and a pinch of cayenne. Let the soup simmer gently, the scum to be removed as it rises. When the soup is reduced to 2 quarts, strain and remove every bit of fat. When ready, add a claret glass of sherry, a few drops of lemon, and the pieces of turtle flesh; cayenne and lemon cut in quarters are generally added with this soup.

OYSTER COCKTAIL.
CLEAR TURTLE SOUP.
FILETS DE SOLE VICTORIA.
PÂTÉ DE FOIE GRAS.
ROAST TURKEY WITH CHESTNUT STUFFING.
BOILED YORK HAM.
CÉLERI À LA CRÊME. CRANBERRY SAUCE.
CHRISTMAS PUDDING WITH ALMOND SAUCE.
DESERT. CAFÉ.

Filets de Sole Victoria

FILLET the required number of soles, fold them in two and cook them in butter and some mushroom liquor. Place them on a dish in a circle. In the meantime cut up the flesh of a cooked lobster and some truffles. Warm them in butter and place in centre of dish. Cover all with Béchamel sauce. Sprinkle over the top some grated Parmesan cheese, slightly moistened with melted butter. Place in the oven or under the grill until of a golden colour, and serve very hot.

Chestnut Stuffing

SLIT about 1½lb. of chestnuts, plunge them into very hot fat, and fry for a few minutes, then drain, shell, and peel them. Next cook the chestnuts in seasoned stock till tender. When quite soft rub through a sieve. Season the forcemeat with nutmeg and pepper, and fill with it the body of a good-sized turkey.

Christmas Pudding

MIX with 4oz. of flour 1lb. of bread-crumbs, a teaspoonful of salt, and 1lb. of finely chopped beef suet; add to this 1lb. of stoned raisins, ¾lb. of currants, ½lb. of finely sliced candied peel, 3oz. of Demerara sugar, and 2oz. of chopped almonds. Mix thoroughly and add 10 eggs and a wineglassful of brandy. Put the mixture into a mould or pudding basin (previously buttered), cover with a cloth, tie down, and boil for five hours or longer. When required, boil it again for two hours.

EMILIA.

During the Christmas period, when social engagements are at their height, it is the wish of everybody to attend these functions looking their best. Nothing contributes more to a smart appearance than neat, lustrous hair. Rowland's Macassar Oil, which has been the premier hair dressing for 138 years, will keep your hair immaculate, and by using a little of it every day you will have the satisfaction of knowing that your hair could not look better.

Of all chemists, stores and hairdressers, 3/6, 7/- and 10/6. Red for dark hair, golden for fair or grey hair.

Rowland's Macassar Oil

A. ROWLAND & SONS, Ltd., 112, Laystall St., Rosebery Avenue, London, E.C.1.

WE ACCEPT THE £ IN PAYMENT

FROM 9/- PER DAY
PENSION - MODERN COMFORT - ALL ROOMS WITH BATH - FAMOUS COOKING.

FROM £5.17.0 PER MONTH
APARTMENTS WITH KITCHEN AND BATH, SUNNY ROOF TERRACES, LIFT.

PALAIS WILSON
JUAN LES PINS

BEAUTIFORM

Compare BEAUTIFORM with CORSETS and judge for yourself.

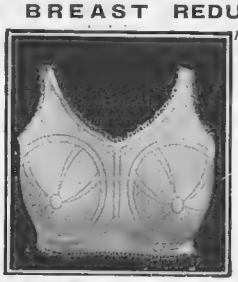
It is neither a Corset nor a Corselette, but a boneless supple garment, which by its sheer dexterity of cut, supports, controls, uplifts, reduces

NEVER LOSES ITS SHAPE.

"ZIP IT" on and off in a moment model

NEW BREAST REDUCER.

Regd. Design



Controls
Uplifts
Reduces

Breasts regain their normal balance and size.

BEAUTIFORM
91a, BAKER STREET, W.1
Welbeck 9121 LONDON (Cr. Crawford St.)
Dept. B for particulars.

VERSUS Corset

BEAUTIFUL EYES

Mr. C. H. Willi, of 40, Baker Street, W.1, the well-known Plastic Surgeon, painlessly and instantaneously removing lined and baggy skin around the eyes by his new electric process. The wonderful result is lasting for life. Mr. Willi has treated over 10,000 men and women for Facial Rejuvenation. Consultation free to readers of this paper.

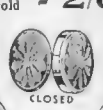
PULL UP your sleeve —the LINK EXPANDS!

No fuss with cuffs or rolling of sleeves for a wash or the odd job. pull up your sleeve —that's all! *"The cuff grips where you wish."*

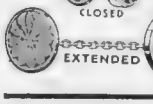
EXPANDA CUFF LINKS

A sound job—not a toy.

Rolled Gold - 2/6
Double extension - 3/6
Hand Enamelled 5/6 per pair.
9ct. gold 30/- per pair.



If unobtainable locally send direct. *Trade enquiries invited.*



STRATTON & CO., LTD. (Dept.B), Balmoral Works Birmingham.

The best possible Velvet value —and British!

When buying velvets—or garments made in velvets—see that they are British, which are acknowledged to be best and most serviceable.

You will prefer "SPEROVEL"—the Rayon Velvet which fills the modern requirement. It makes up splendidly, can be relied upon to regain its original freshness after successive washings, and is practically uncrushable.

Ask any leading draper for a "SPEROVEL" Style Book, or write for one to the Textile Information Bureau, 10, Piccadilly, Manchester.

Guaranteed to be

Worrall Printed VELVET

SPEROVEL

Plain **VELVET** *Printed*

WHY REMAIN GREY?

How Society Men and Women Re-create their Hair's Lost Colour

FREE TREATISE.

How Society men and women guard against the social and business handicap of Grey Hair is revealed in a dainty little Boudoir Book just published.

This book will not take you ten minutes to read, yet it discloses the secret by which you can grow glossy, abundant, and silken hair, and—most important of all—preserve it from the greying and disfiguring touch of Time by the one treatment endorsed by the Press.

THE FOLLY OF DYES.

Dyes and artificial hair paints are, of course, strictly tabooed by men and women of refinement. This is not only good taste, but good sense as well. Dyed hair is always conspicuous. It literally shouts the embarrassing information that its colour came out of a bottle. Further, dye ruins the hair's structure and health, rots it away, and causes it to fall out.

There is only one satisfactory method of curing greyness and hair loss of colour. This is to re-create, naturally, your hair's real colour from root to tip. You will find how to do this between the gold and ivorine covers of the book mentioned above.

The One Method Endorsed by the Press.

"THE QUEEN" (and "COURT CHRONICLE") says:

"'Facktative' certainly is admirable in its results. Its effects are permanent, it is delightfully clean and easy to use." "There are other points which commend it: its admirable effects upon the general **health and condition of the hair,** *and so on: but it is in its* **wonderful powers of restoring the actual colour** *to the hair that its chief interest lies."*

"SUNDAY TIMES" says:

"'Facktative' is Nature's own remedy, and of its efficacy one can scarcely speak sufficiently in praise... I have personally used this restorative... I can myself testify to the truth of all it professes to accomplish."—HYGEIA (Editress "Secrets of Health and Beauty").

Space forbids but a few brief extracts only, but accompanying the free Boudoir Book is sent full, independent and spontaneous testimony which the sterling merits of "Facktative" have called forth from these and numerous other authorities from all parts. Readers should write to-day to the **FACKTATIVE CO. (Suite 37), 66, Victoria Street, Westminster, London, S.W.1,** *for a free treatise which will be sent post free in plain sealed envelope.*

Remarkable results follow this method. Right from the first your hair becomes less and less grey.

No matter how long the greyness has existed, the lost colour is restored.

You can easily prove this. When the colour has been restored, just wash your hair, and you will find not a speck of colour comes away. This is because the colour is part of the very structure of your hair and not a dye or stain.

ENCOURAGES STRONG, LUXURIANT GROWTH AND IMPROVES HAIR-HEALTH AND BEAUTY

Besides restoring the lost colour, the "Facktative" treatment is of especial benefit to those who are returning to the longer hair vogue, and who are anxious to quicken a strong, luxuriant growth.

It removes all accumulations of Scurf or Dandruff.

It prevents the hair falling out and baldness.

Finally, by restoring your hair to exactly the same shade and depth of colour as it possessed before it became faded, dull or grey, it makes you look years younger, and even takes as much as 10 to 15 years from your apparent age.

BOOK OF HAIR-HEALTH AND BEAUTY FREE

Should you be troubled with white, grey, greying, faded or otherwise discoloured hair you should write to-day to the **FACKTATIVE CO. (Suite 37), 66, Victoria Street, Westminster, London, S.W.1,** for a copy of their book describing how to cure grey or faded hair without the use of dye or stains.

Just mention your address and a copy of this book will reach you by return, gratis and post free in plain sealed envelope, free from observation.

THE MOST POPULAR CHRISTMAS PRESENT

A Year's Subscription to

the

BYSTANDER

Including all Special Numbers:

£3 3 0 in the United Kingdom.

£3 1 0 Canada

£3 7 6 Anywhere else in the World.

ORDER FORM

Please send me THE BYSTANDER *weekly for.....months*

commencing with the issue of.....

for which I enclose.....

Name .....

Address .....

*Date.....*1931

TO THE PUBLISHER OF *The Bystander*

346, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.2.

Reveals Secret of Personal Influence

Simple Method that anyone Can Use to Develop the Powers of Personal Magnetism, Memory, Concentration, Will-Power and to Correct Undesirable Habits through the wonder-science of Suggestion. 80-page Book Fully Describing this Unique Method and a Psycho-Analysis Character Delineation FREE to all who write at once.

"The wonderful power of Personal Influence, Magnetism, Fascination, Mind-Control, call it what you will, can surely be acquired by everyone no matter how unattractive or unsuccessful," says Mr. Elmer E. Knowles, author of the new book entitled: "*The Key to the Development of the Inner Forces.*" The book lays bare many astounding facts concerning the practices of the Eastern Yoghis and explains a unique system for the Development of Personal Magnetism, Hypnotic and Telepathic powers, Memory, Concentration, Will-Power and the correction of undesirable habits through the wonder power of Suggestion.

Mr. Martin Goldhardt.

Mr. Martin Goldhardt writes: "My own success with the Knowles System justifies my belief that it does more for the advancement of people than any other existing method." The book which is being distributed broadcast free of charge, is full of photographic reproductions showing how these unseen forces are being used all over the world, and how thousands upon thousands have developed powers which they little dreamed they possessed. The free distribution of 10,000 copies is being conducted by a large Brussels Institution, and a copy will be sent post free to anyone interested.

In addition to supplying the book free, each person who writes at once will also receive a psycho-analysis character delineation of from 400 to 500 words as prepared by Prof. Knowles. If you wish for a copy of Prof. Knowles' book and a Character Delineation, simply copy the following verse in your own handwriting:

"I want power of mind,
Force and strength in my look,
Please read my character,
And send me your book."

Also send your full name and address plainly printed (state whether Mr., Mrs. or Miss), and address your letter to: "PSYCHOLOGY FOUNDATION, S.A. (Dept. 544C) No. 18, rue de Londres, Brussels, Belgium. If you wish you may enclose 4d. (stamps of your own country) to pay postage, etc. Be sure to put sufficient postage on your letter. Postage to Belgium is 2½d.

By A. R. Caine

"What do you think your wife will give you at Christmas?"

"Socks—if ever she finds out about to-night!"

BEFORE THE CURTAIN

Ladies and Gentlemen,—On behalf of the distinguished company of writers and artists assembled in this, our Christmas Number, I thank you for what I'm sure is a kind reception of their efforts, and I cannot do better than to introduce a few to you now. Miss Ethel Mannin, forward. This lady well exemplifies the old proverb, "Out of Strength Cometh Sweetness," for, although usually wielding a trenchant and provocative pen, I am sure you could find no more charming story than her "French Façade."

Now here is John Hastings Turner, well known to you as a playwright and novelist. Although he deals with sudden death in his story, "Wanted for Murder," he is himself the gentlest of men, and would never murder anything, not even the King's English! What's that, sir? Where is D. B. Wyndham Lewis? Ah, here he is, lurking coyly behind that prosperous-looking gentleman who is Hynes, the artist responsible for the illustrations to "Britannia Waives the Rules," the brilliantly satirical pantomime, the book of which Mr. Wyndham Lewis wrote. No, madam, Bruce Woodhouse, who wrote the lyrics, is *not* present, but I have Mr. Wyndham Lewis's assurance that he thoroughly deserved the hiding the latter gave him when they met!

But time presses, as the monkey said when—yes, perhaps you are right, sir—and there are yet a host of talented people I want you to meet. And why shouldn't you meet them? An introduction costs but a shilling a week, for they are on hand to entertain you in every weekly issue of The Bystander. Verb. sap., as they say in the Savoy Grill.—Ladies and Gentlemen, I thank you!

NOW READY

A BOOK OF DRAGONS

INCLUDING

DENNYS

ROUGE DRAGON OF THE FIERY BREATH

This volume is a delightful collection of nearly 100 humorous drawings by

ALFRED LEETE

half of which are printed in colour. The volume includes a number of double-page pictures.

You will enjoy the life-history and adventures of **DENNYS,** the famous benevolent DRAGON, a series which forms at once a charming gift or a treasured possession.

PRICE SIX SHILLINGS

(Postage 9d extra.)

On sale at all principal newsagents and Railway bookstalls, or direct from THE PUBLISHERS, ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LTD., 346, STRAND, W.C.2

SPORTING PRINTS

The value to-day of old sporting prints is a matter of common knowledge. He is a wise collector who takes the opportunity to acquire, before they are exhausted, copies of the limited editions of prints after LIONEL EDWARDS GILBERT HOLIDAY, IVESTER LLOYD, FRANK H. MASON, and other famous sporting artists of the present day.

Prices from One Guinea.

Particulars on application, but a personal visit is recommended.

THE SPORTING GALLERY, 32, King Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.2

50/-

50/- Any Style **COMPLETE ALL-ROUND TRANSFORMATION.**

SEMI-TRANSFORMATION. **25/-**

WIGS from **£3.3s.**

Ladies' or Gent's.

NATURAL SKIN PARTING TRANSFORMATION, **£5 . 5s.** ANY STYLE

NATURAL SKIN PARTING TOUPEES from **50/-**

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE POST FREE TO ANY PART OF THE WORLD.

50/- Any Style **REPAIRS AND RENOVATIONS.**

ANYTHING ON APPROVAL.

ADVICE FREE

TAILS.

16-inch . 3/6
18-inch . 5/-
20-inch . 7/-
22-inch . 11/6
24-inch . 15/-
26-inch . 20/-
28-inch . 25/-
30-inch . 30/-

Special shades extra.

Back Dressing Chignons, all designs. 10/6, 15/6 & 21/-.

Finest value obtainable.

Latest New Bobletts for Sides, 7/6 and 10/6 pair.

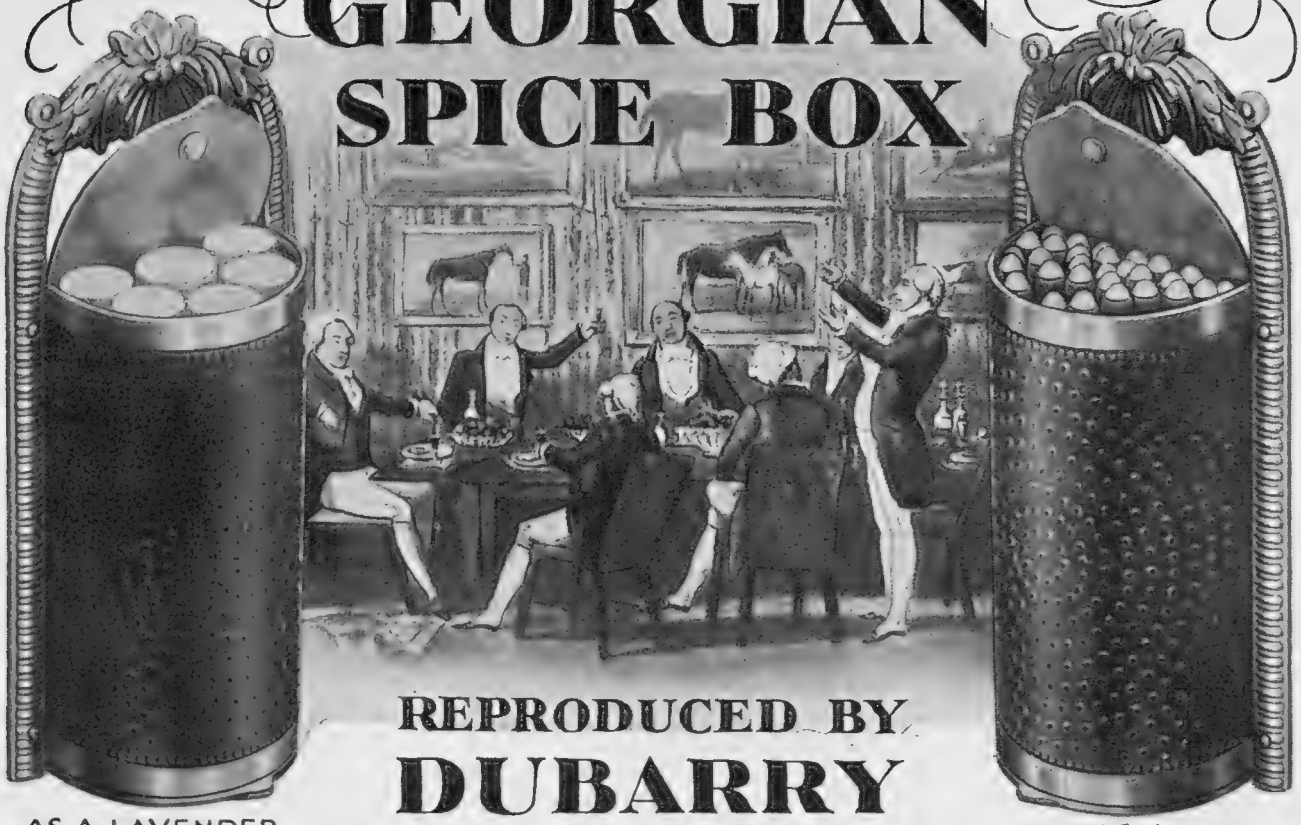
Please send Pattern of Hair.

MADAME B. CHARLES

(Private Showrooms) *'Phone:* 1313 *Museum.*

INTERNATIONAL HAIR CO., LTD., 9, Newman Street, London, W.1 (P.O. Box 738).

The GEORGIAN SPICE BOX



AS A LAVENDER DIFFUSER

AS A MATCH-BOX

REPRODUCED BY DUBARRY as a combined

LAVENDER DIFFUSER & MATCH BOX

A CHARMING AND UNIQUE GIFT WHICH APPEALS TO ALL LOVERS OF THE ANTIQUE

A DELIGHTFUL NOVELTY FOR USE WHEN THE CIGARETTES ARE HANDED ROUND

SPICE BOXES WERE USED BY MEN OF FASHION IN THE REIGN OF GEORGE I

SUPPLIED IN PRESENTATION CASE COMPLETE WITH ESSENCE OF LAVENDER, ETC.
PRICE 7/6

DUBARRY 81 BROMPTON ROAD, LONDON.

WRITE FOR DUBARRY'S XMAS GIFT CATALOGUE
EXQUISITELY ILLUSTRATED IN COLOURS

THE DUBARRY PERFUMERY Co., LTD., IS ENTIRELY BRITISH

The whole of the Share Capital, £150,000, is held by British Shareholders.
The DIRECTORS and the entire staff of nearly 400 EMPLOYÉS is BRITISH.

THE MAGNIFICENT DUBARRY LABORATORIES ARE SITUATED IN HOVE, ENGLAND

Special wing for private patients.

Serving a population of over a million people.

THIS CHRISTMASTIDE PLEASE REMEMBER THE

Over 800 out-patient attendances daily. 461 beds

A maternity service covering 70sq.miles.

ROYAL NORTHERN HOSPITAL

HOLLOWAY, LONDON, N.7

Its need is desperate!

Make a poor family happy this Christmas

THINK what it means to some poor family—the Church Army's big XMAS PARCEL. Sufficient food and fare to last the festive period.

10/- will give them this happiness.

£5 will provide for 10 families.

Gifts to Preb. Carlile,
55, Bryanston St., London, W.1.

CHURCH ARMY

The SAILOR at CHRISTMAS

HE makes *your* Christmas possible. But what of *his?* Many seamen who cannot be by their own firesides will be

WELL ENTERTAINED

at British Sailors' Society Homes and Hostels in over 100 world ports. Seamen's WIDOWS and ORPHANS, LIGHTHOUSE KEEPERS and LIGHTSHIPS' CREWS will share in this hospitality.

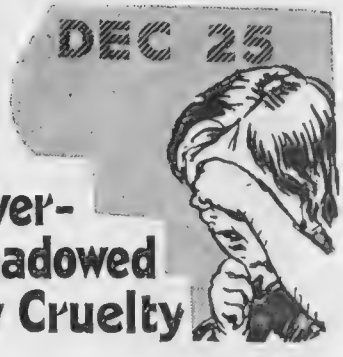
This *year*, our task will be greater owing to the serious unemployment, so please send your "Christmas Cheer" gift *to-day* to

THE BRITISH SAILORS' SOCIETY

ESTABLISHED 1818.

Hon. Treasurer: Sir Ernest W. Glover, Bart.
General Secretary: Herbert E. Barker.

680, COMMERCIAL RD., LONDON, E.14.



Over-shadowed by Cruelty

DO you realise that there are very many little children who exist in daily misery?

It is to lessen their sufferings that the N.S.P.C.C. makes a plea at this Season—the Children's Festival. The Society is restraining cruelty, enlightening ignorant parents and guardians, and befriending the helpless.

CHRISTMAS GIFTS will be gratefully received by Hon. Treasurer, Sir G. Wyatt Truscott, Bart, or William J. Elliott, Director The National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, Victory House, Leicester Square, London, W.C.2

N·S·P·C·C

MISS SMALLWOOD'S

Society for the Assistance of Ladies in Reduced Circumstances.

Under Royal Patronage.

WANTED—MONEY FOR COALS & CHRISTMAS GIFTS

In the approaching Festive Season of generous good will, when purses are loosened and hearts beat warm, will you please remember our poor ladies—over 200 of them?
Extra money and extra comforts are urgently needed to make this a very happy and cheerful Xmas for the aged, the sick and the lonely.

Please make cheques and orders payable to:

Miss Smallwood's Society, Lancaster House, Malvern.

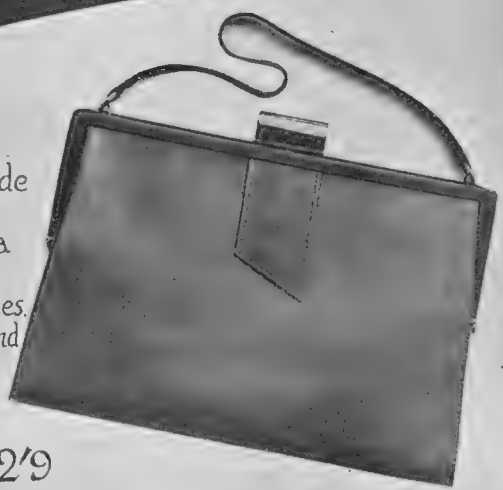
BRITISH BAGS from HARVEY NICHOLS

A smart and capacious Bag of reproduction Ponyskin. In two shades of Brown, and Black. With coloured top. 30/- With plain top 21/-

A slim little Pouch of Morocco, silk-lined and fitted with captive Purse. In shades to match new winter toilettes. 10/6

A most attractive Pochette of Calf with unusual metal clasp. Lined with silk and fitted with inner division. In every good shade 21/-

A smart Hide Bag with handle, in a range of lovely shades. Silk lined and excellently finished, with inner division 12/9



HARVEY NICHOLS & CO LTD.
KNIGHTSBRIDGE LONDON. S.W.1.

corot models by instalments

"la belle dame" *(at right)* accepted as one of the loveliest fabrics one could choose for the evening, the beauty of black velvet is stressed in this perfectly cut model. wing revers outline both the front and the back decolletage, while the supple perfection of the material lends itself so well to the draping of the skirt. **21/-** cash 7 gns. monthly

"la senorita" *(at left)* the new length of the evening coat is shown in this model of supple black chiffon velvet with its deep and most becoming collar of clipped white lapin. the interest in trimming is indicated in the unusual wing effect cuffs, and the low-placed flare of the skirt. lined throughout. **18/-** cash 6 guineas monthly

have you availed yourself of the opportunity of choosing your new outfit at corot's of bond street, and paying for it by instalments without extra charge? call at the showrooms and select an afternoon or evening gown, ensemble, coat, etc, or post the coupon below for full details and the corot fashion guide containing latest illustrations of the new models.

corot
(dept. b.s. 447.)
33, old bond st., london, w.1.
regent 0731.

post this coupon to corot to-day

corot ltd., 33, old bond street, london, w.1.

free please send corot fashion guide and full details.

name .....

address .....

..... b.s. 447

Worrall Dyed VELVET

REGISTERED TRADE MARK

For your own satisfaction, when buying Velvet insist on seeing

WORRALL (Regd.)

on the selvedge.

J. & J. M. Worrall Ltd., Manchester, are the largest dyers, printers and finishers of velvet in the world.

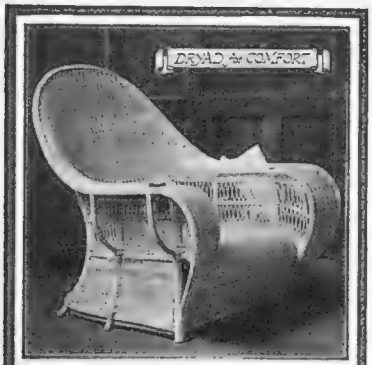
Worrall Printed VELVET

REGISTERED TRADE MARK

MATERNITY WEAR . . . .

M233. Silk Marocain Evening Frock and Velvet Coatee. Price 9½ gns.

RICHARD SANDS & CO.,
187a, 189a, SLOANE ST., LONDON, S.W.1.



DRYAD CANE FURNITURE

is made in a variety of designs to suit any scheme of decoration. Specially suitable for Colonial use, and also for the Clubhouse, etc.

STOCKED BY THE LEADING FURNISHERS

Write for catalogue of Chairs, Tables, Linen Baskets, Log Baskets, Workstands, and many other seasonable gifts.

DRYAD LTD., Dept. N, Leicester

Also suppliers of Handicraft Materials and makers of decorative Metal Work

TURKISH BATHS AT HOME

No form of bathing accomplishes such perfect cleanliness as the combined **HOT AIR and VAPOUR BATH.** It not only cleanses the outer surface, but also opens the pores, eliminates impure matters, and stimulates a healthy flow of—life's principle—the blood, clears the skin, recuperates the body, quiets the nerves, rests the tired, and creates that delightful feeling of invigorated health and strength.

Physicians agree that "Foot's" is

The BEST CABINET

and recommend its use for the prevention of Colds, Influenza, Rheumatism, Kidney and Liver Troubles, Skin Diseases, etc. A FOOT'S Cabinet possesses every desirable feature of efficiency, and has several exclusive advantages, including Improved Outside Heat and Vapour Generator Adjustable Seat, and Heat regulator. The Bather is not fastened to the Cabinet; Exit is Easy and Immediate; no Assistant required. Can be used in any room and folds into a small compact space.

Our "Bath Book," No. 22. contains much interesting information not generally known about Thermal Bathing, and illustrates and describes our Cabinets in various qualities. **Sent Free** on request.

FOOT'S

(Dept. B.22)

168, Great Portland St., LONDON, W.1

'Phone: Museum 0717

So Appealing

Because it's so good to eat "Bermaline" appeals to all as the ideal family loaf. It digests easily, is richly nourishing and always delicious.

ASK YOUR BAKER FOR IT

BERMALINE BREAD

MONTGOMERIE & Co. Ltd.
95 BOTHWELL ST., GLASGOW, C.2

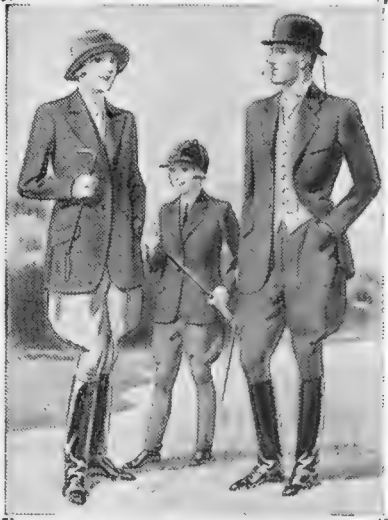
SIGNS of the TIMES

Paying high prices for your Riding Kit.

Order of a reliable firm at reasonable prices with satisfaction guaranteed.

TO THE **BEDFORD RIDING BREECHES CO.**

Makers of Riding Clothes for Ladies., Gents and Children of good quality in correct style at low charges.



BREECHES *from* 21/-
JACKET & BREECHES *from* 84/-

Call and inspect or send for Patterns

(*Dept* 21) 19, NEW QUEBEC ST. MARBLE ARCH LONDON W.1

"Beauty Sleep" every night

These charming helmets are shaped to fit the head and keep the waves in perfect order during sleep. Not genuine "Ladye Jayne" without the tab (inside) Regd. design.

Cotton Net, 1/3, 1/6, 2/- Silk Net, 2/9 Nottingham Lace, 3/11, 4/11, 6/6

"Ladye Jayne" SLUMBER HELMETS

From hairdressers and good stores (including Harrods, Selfridge's, and Boots, Ltd.).

Ask also for 'Ladye Jayne' Hairpins and Grips

When replying to advertisements please mention

THE BYSTANDER

to ensure prompt attention.

"MILWATA" REGD.

WEATHERPROOFS ARE ENTIRELY BRITISH MADE

AND ARE

THE SMARTEST & MOST RELIABLE IN THE WORLD

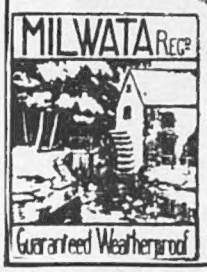
and are supplied by all the leading Outfitters in every Town for Men and Women in Indianas and Double Textures from

14/11

"POINT-TO-POINT" REGD.

The smartest light-weight double texture waterproof coat on the market. Worn by the leading Racegoers at all the Meetings. The vent carries an inverted saddle flap at the back so that it can be worn for riding astride, giving ample protection and room. In White, Putty and Fawn shades of double Texture equal to any other mackintosh selling at double the price - - - - **49/9**

Owing to many inferior imitations of these coats on the Market, insist on seeing the "MILWATA" Trade Mark on the label and ticket.



Wholesale only: **H. E. MILLS, Ltd.**

"Milwata House," 18, WELLS ST., LONDON, W.1.

Tele. No.: Museum 1326 (2 lines).

RADIUM *v* GREY HAIR

20 Years Younger!

Write for Hair Book.

It's astonishing how grey hairs age one, but still more astonishing how a short course of **'Caradium'** Hair Restorer makes the grey-haired look 10 to 20 years younger. 'Caradium' is not a Dye or Stain. The secret of its wonderful power rests in the Radio-active water with which it is prepared, and its results look natural because **'Caradium'** regrows the original colour right from the hair roots. 'Caradium' will stop your HAIR FALLING AND REMOVE EVERY TRACE OF DANDRUFF AT ONCE.

'Caradium' is NOT A DYE

Caradium' Hair Restorer is no new untried remedy. For years it has been a boon and a blessing to tens of thousands of men and women all over the world. It is the proved finest preparation for the hair. IT NEVER FAILS.

GREY HAIR IS IMPOSSIBLE IF CARADIUM IS USED ONCE WEEKLY AS A TONIC.

Olive Oil Shampoo Powders. The finest in the world for producing Soft and Glossy hair, 6d. each. Packets of 12—5/-.

WARNING—Ask for Caradium Regd. and see that you get it; imitations are useless.

Caradium REGD.

Hundreds of original testimonials from delighted clients from all parts of the world can be seen at the 'House of Caradium.'

4/- **A 4/- size is now available for those only slightly grey. 'Caradium' Hair Restorer is obtainable of all good Chemists, Harrods, Whiteleys, Barkers, Selfridges (Hairdressing), Army & Navy Stores, Boots, etc., or direct in plain packages POST FREE from:—** large size **7/6**

'CARADIUM' (Regd.), 38, Gt. Smith St., Westminster, London.

SPORTING BRONZES

Every sportsman appreciates a work of art which reminds him of happy days at home and abroad in the field and in the ring, with horse, hound, gun, rod, rifle, or the gloves, and for those to whom considerations of space or price make the hanging of original pictures prohibitive, a sporting group in bronze has a special attraction. At the Sporting Gallery may be seen many such bronzes by sportsmen-artists, and from amongst them it is easy to select a delightful and very individual gift for a sportsman friend.

Prices from 4 Gns.

THE SPORTING GALLERY,

32, KING STREET, COVENT GARDEN, LONDON, W.C.2.

Practical Gifts at Economical Prices

(Gift Book Post Free)

P. 60.—The English Smock brought up to date. Natural-coloured bodice with Green, Cherry or Blue skirt, collar and cuffs. **Price** for 27-inch - *52/6* Rising **2/6** each size.

Woollands

Exclusive, NOT Expensive

KNIGHTSBRIDGE, S.W.1

Woolland Bros., Ltd. *Knightsbridge, S.W.1*

Nina Hampton

Sagging Facial Muscles and Dry Wrinkled Skins

find little improvement from mere massage owing to the foundation muscles being left untouched.

MUSCLE MANIPULATION & ELECTRIC TREATMENT

given personally in strict privacy by NINA HAMPTON, produces remarkable results, even in aged and extreme cases.

Single Treatment, 10/6. **Course of Twelve, 4 guineas.**

Free Booklet on Application.

35, SACKVILLE ST., PICCADILLY. **Regent 4567.**

On every occasion that takes you out-o'-doors, wear

THE BURBERRY BOOK

tells many things you ought to know about The Burberry. A copy, with patterns of materials and prices, gladly sent on mention of "The Bystander."

THE BURBERRY

and be dry and comfortable whatever the weather

THE WORLD'S BEST WEATHERPROOF AND ONE OF THE WORLD'S BEST OVERCOATS

BURBERRYS Ltd. HAYMARKET LONDON S.W.I

Stop that cold with

VAPEX

(REG. TRADE MARK)

INHALANT

The three-way treatment

Stopping a cold with Vapex is a scientific and at the same time a most pleasant and logical treatment of this common and dangerous ailment.

A drop of Vapex on your handkerchief, a drop on your pillow and a drop on your cigarette give you a twenty-four hour treatment that is as effective as it is pleasant.

Vapex inhaled from your handkerchief clears the breathing passages. It destroys cold germs before they settle in the warm passages of the nose and throat. It fortifies the delicate inner membrane to a greater degree of resistance to disease.

A drop on each end of your pillow gives you comfort and protection as you sleep.

A drop on your cigarette brings the healing vapour into direct contact with the throat and posterior nasal passages.

Vapex grows stronger on exposure to the air. You can feel its strong antiseptic vapour stealing through the deep recesses of the nose and throat, cleansing and soothing the irritated membranes.

It is so simple to stop a cold the Vapex way.

Of Chemists 2/- and 3/-

THOMAS KERFOOT & CO. LTD.

V73

"Luvisca" PYJAMAS

for Peaceful Slumber

EVEN if your friend, having been presented with "Luvisca" Pyjamas, had seen this illustration and taken it literally, no harm would result. The colours of "Luvisca" would thrill him afresh each morning. The luxury of the fabric would drive "carking care" far from his well-earned couch. In inducing kindly thought for many a day, "Luvisca" Pyjamas, as well as Shirts and Soft Collars, have no equal. From the range of reliable colours available, any taste can be satisfied.

COURTAULDS FABRIC

THE MOST PRACTICAL OF ALL XMAS PRESENTS.

SOLD BY LEADING HOSIERS, OUTFITTERS & STORES.

LOOK FOR THE REGD. TAB: Luvisca REGD. COURTAULDS

IF any difficulty in obtaining, write **COURTAULDS, LTD.** (Dept. 8M), 16, St. Martin's-le-Grand, London, E.C.1, for name of nearest retailer and descriptive literature.

Good Health Good Cheer & PAN YAN PICKLE for Christmas

Anzora Cream for greasy scalps. Anzora Viola for dry scalps. Sold in 1/6 and 2/6 (double quantity) bottles by Chemists, Hairdressers and Stores.

ANZORA

MASTERS THE HAIR

Here's the secret of perpetual sleekness

Never mind the boisterous turn Yule festivities sometimes take . . . you will come through them all without a ruffled hair. Your ANZORA will see to that. Just a few drops on your hair in the morning and you are sleek and smart until bedtime.

ANZORA PERFUMERY CO., LTD., LONDON, N.W.6.

Printed for the Proprietors, ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LIMITED, by THE CORNWALL PRESS LTD., 1-6, Paris Garden, Stamford Street, London, S.E.1, and published by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LIMITED, at 346, Strand, London, W.C.2.—November 27, 1931.
Entered as second-class mail matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office. American Agents: International News Company, New York.
Sole Agents for South Africa: Central News Agency, Limited.